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REVISED EDITION.

CHAMBER'S MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

VOLUME XX.

W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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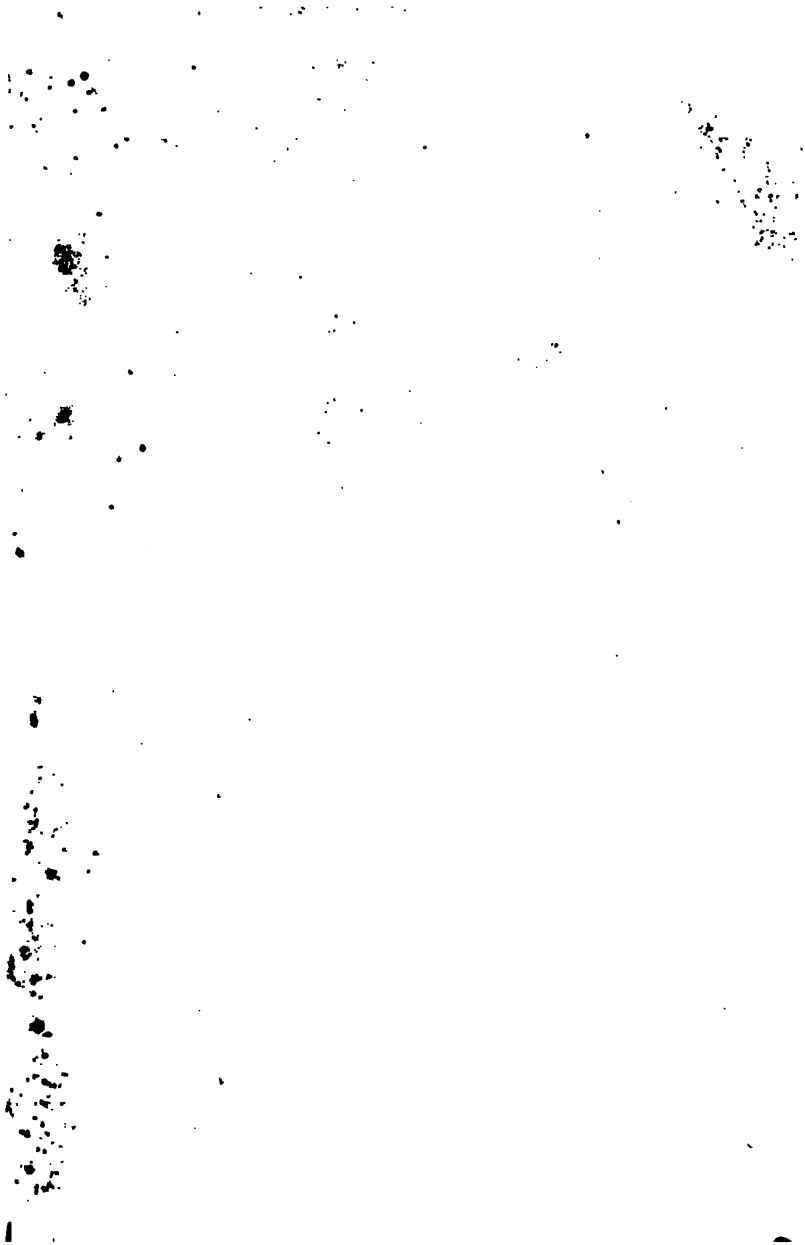
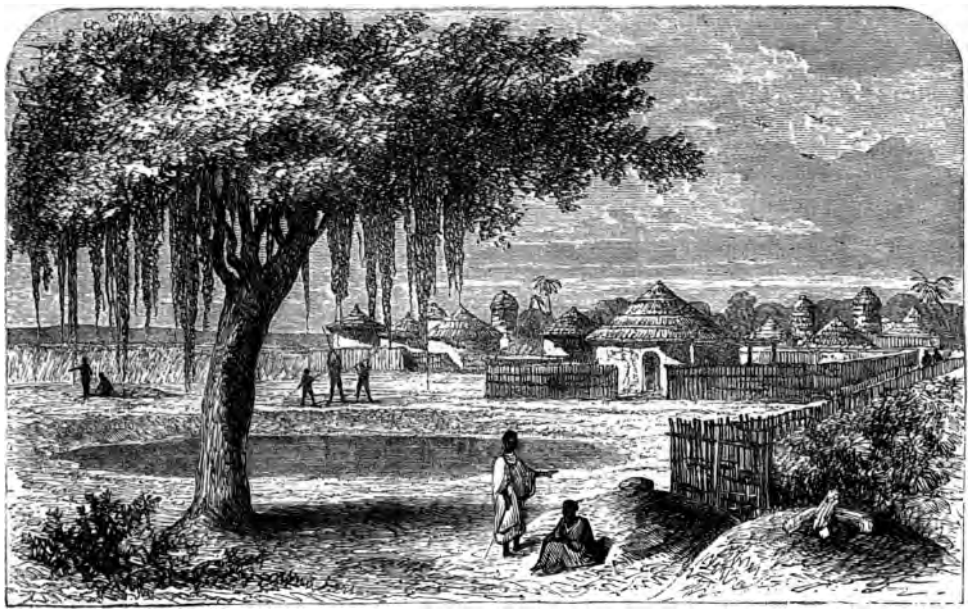




A VILLAGE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHAMBERS'S

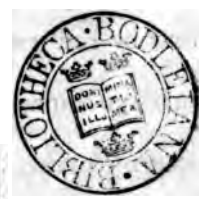
MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. XX.



W. AND R. CHAMBERS
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BENJAMIN THOMPSON, better known by the name of Count Rumford, which he afterwards acquired, was born at Woburn in Massachusetts on the 26th of March 1753. His ancestors appear to have been among the earliest of the colonists of Massachusetts, and in all probability came originally from England. They seem to have held a respectable rank among their neighbours, and to have been for one or two generations moderately wealthy. Ebenezer Thompson, the grandfather of Count Rumford, held a captain's commission in the militia of the province, and was therefore a man of some repute in the place where he resided. Count Rumford's father, whose name was also Benjamin, dying while his son was a mere infant, the mother and child continued in the grandfather's house, which had been their home even while the husband was alive. In October 1755, however, the old man died, leaving a small provision

for his grandson, barely sufficient, it would appear, to maintain him till he should arrive at an age to be able to do something for himself. In the following year, Mrs Thompson, whose maiden name was Ruth Limonds, married a second husband, Josiah Pierce, also a resident in Woburn; and the boy accompanied his mother to the house of his step-father, who stipulated, however, that he should receive the weekly sum of two shillings and fivepence for the child's maintenance till he attained his eighth year. His grandfather's little legacy seems to have furnished the means of meeting this demand.

EDUCATION—EARLY OCCUPATIONS—MARRIAGE.

As soon as young Thompson was able to learn his letters, he was sent to the school of his native town, taught by a Mr John Fowle, who is said to have been 'a gentleman of liberal education and an excellent teacher;' and here, in company with all the children of the place, he was taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and a little Latin, having the reputation, it is said, of being a quick boy. At the age of eleven he left the school of Woburn, and joined one taught by a Mr Hill at Medford, under whose care he made greater advances in mathematics than he had attempted under Mr Fowle. The only circumstance from which we can form an idea of the progress he made is the statement, that his knowledge of mathematics and astronomy was sufficient to enable him to calculate eclipses.

At thirteen years of age Thompson was bound apprentice to Mr John Appleby, a respectable merchant in Salem, the second town in point of size in Massachusetts, although at that time it must have been little more than a village. His occupations with Mr Appleby were principally those of a clerk in the counting-house; and he appears to have had sufficient leisure, while attending to his duties, to extend his reading and his acquaintance with scientific subjects. At this time also he began to exhibit a taste for designing and engraving, as well as for mechanical invention. Among other contrivances upon which he exercised his ingenuity was one for solving the famous problem of the Perpetual Motion; a chimera upon which young men of a turn of mind similar to his often try their untaught powers. One evening, we are informed, the young speculator was so sure that he had at length found out the Perpetual Motion, that he set out with the secret in his head to Woburn, intending to communicate it to a friend and old schoolfellow, Loammi Baldwin, in whose knowledge in such matters he placed great confidence. Loammi spent the night discussing the project with him, and so sensibly, that we are told young Thompson became convinced of the mechanical impossibility of his or any other Perpetual Motion, and returned to his counting-house in Salem next morning, resolved to attempt something less magnificent and more practicable.

About this time the differences between the mother-country and the American colonies were beginning to assume a serious aspect. The imposition of the famous stamp tax in 1765 had excited great indignation among the colonists, and its repeal in the following year was celebrated with proportionate rejoicings. At Salem, where the commercial interest predominated, it was determined that there should be a great display of fireworks on the occasion; and as the town did not possess a professional pyrotechnist, Mr Appleby's clerk contrived to get his services in that capacity accepted. Unluckily, while preparing some detonating mixture, he handled the pestle so as to cause an explosion, by which he was so severely burned that his life was despaired of. At length, he was able to remove from his mother's house at Woburn, to which he had been carried after the accident, and resume his employment at Salem. The renewed attempts of the mother-country, however, to impose taxes upon the colonies, followed as they were by the resolution of the merchants in the colonies not to import any of the products of the mother-country, produced such a stagnation of trade in Salem, as at other towns, that Mr Appleby, having no occasion for the further services of a clerk, was glad to give young Thompson up his indentures, and allow him to return to Woburn.

This happened apparently in 1767 or 1768; and for a year or two afterwards, Thompson's course of life seems to have been wavering and undecided. In the winter of 1769, he taught a school at Wilmington; and some time in the same year he seems to have had thoughts of pursuing the medical profession, for which purpose he placed himself under Dr Hay, a physician in Woburn, and entered zealously upon the study of anatomy and physiology. While with Dr Hay, he is said to have exhibited greater fondness for the mechanical than for other parts of the profession, and to have amused himself by making surgical instruments. How long Thompson pursued his medical studies, is uncertain; in 1770, however, we find him resuming his mercantile avocations, in the capacity of clerk in a dry-goods store at Boston, kept by a Mr Capen. He was in Boston during the famous riots which took place on the attempt to land a cargo of tea from a British vessel, contrary to the resolution of the colonists against admitting British goods. Mr Capen's business seems to have declined in the critical circumstances of the colony, as Mr Appleby's had formerly done; and Thompson was again obliged to return to Woburn. During the summer of 1770, he attended, in company with his friend Baldwin, a course of lectures on experimental philosophy delivered in Harvard College; and at no time of his life does he seem to have been so busily intent upon the acquisition of knowledge. Besides attending the lectures of the professor, he instituted experiments of his own of various kinds, some of which were the germs of valuable conclusions which he published in after-life. In particular, we may mention a course

of experiments which he began for ascertaining and measuring the projectile force of gunpowder.

Thompson, though still only in his seventeenth year, had acquired that degree and kind of reputation which it is usual for youths of his stamp to obtain among intelligent acquaintances; and late in 1770, he was invited by Colonel Timothy Walker, one of the most important residents in the thriving village of Rumford, now Concord, in New Hampshire, to take charge of an academy in that place. Accepting the invitation, Thompson, says his American biographer, Dr Renwick, 'found himself caressed and welcomed by a society not wanting in refinement or pretensions to fashion. His grace and personal advantages, which afterwards gained him access to the proudest circles of Europe, were already developed. His stature of nearly six feet, his erect figure, his finely formed limbs, his bright blue eyes, his features chiselled in the Roman mould, and his dark auburn hair, rendered him a model of manly beauty. He had acquired an address in the highest degree prepossessing; and at the counter of the Boston retailer, had learned, from its fashionable customers, that polish of manner and dialect which obliterates all peculiarities that are provincial, and many of those that are national. He possessed solid acquirements far beyond the standard of the day, and had attained already the last and highest requisite for society —that of conversing with ease, and in a pure language, upon all the subjects with a knowledge of which his mind was stored. In addition, he possessed the most fascinating of all accomplishments, for he had a fine voice; and although far from a proficient in music as a science, sang with much taste, and performed on several instruments.' With such advantages, the young schoolmaster appears to have made an impression on not a few female hearts in the country village where he shone; on none, however, so decidedly as on that of Mrs Rolfe, a colonel's widow, possessed of what was then considered a large fortune, and although considerably older than himself, still young and handsome enough, according to his biographer, 'to render it probable that a feeling more creditable than one arising from interested motives led him to seek her hand.' However this may be, the affair was soon brought to a happy conclusion. On giving out his vacation for the year 1772, the young schoolmaster stepped into the widow's carriage, and they drove together to Boston, where he fitted himself with a dress in the extreme of the fashion of the day, scarlet being then a favourite colour. Clad anew from top to toe, he re-entered the equipage, which whirled away towards Woburn. The astonishment of the villagers at seeing their young townsman in such a guise and in such company was past description. 'Why, Ben, my child,' said his mother, gazing at his splendid outfit as he dismounted at the door, 'how could you spend your whole winter's earnings in this way?' In the presence of his fair companion the youth could hardly

explain, and he was obliged to employ a friend to break the subject of his intended marriage to his mother. No objections were offered on her part, although she took twenty-four hours to deliberate on the matter; and the happy pair drove back to Rumford, where the wedding was forthwith celebrated, the bridegroom being then in his twentieth year.

UNPOPULARITY AMONG THE AMERICANS—FLIGHT TO ENGLAND.

After his marriage, Thompson took his place as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the district in which he resided, and mixed in the best society which the colony afforded. It was not long before he made the acquaintance of his Excellency John Wentworth, the governor of the colony, who, anxious, no doubt, in the critical circumstances in which the American dependencies of Great Britain were then placed, to attach to the party which sided with the mother-country as many influential colonists as he was able, lost no time in endeavouring to gain over so promising a man as Thompson. A vacancy having occurred in a regiment of the New Hampshire militia, Governor Wentworth gave the commission, which was that of major, to his new friend: an act of attention which, while it seems to have been gratifying to Thompson, did not fail to procure him much ill-will from the officers already in the service, over whose heads he had been promoted. From this period, Thompson began to be unpopular in his native province. He was represented as a friend of Great Britain, and an enemy to the interests of the colonies; and this charge was the more readily believed, on account of the marked kindness with which he continued to be treated by the governor, and the indifference which he exhibited to those political questions which were agitating all around him. The truth seems to be, that not only was Thompson, as a man in comfortable circumstances, and fond of the consideration and opportunities of enjoyment which they afforded him, averse to any disturbance, such as a war between the colonies and the mother-country would cause, but that his constitution and temperament, his liking for calm intellectual pursuits, disqualified him from taking part in political agitation. Many men who have distinguished themselves in literature and science have, as a matter of principle, kept themselves aloof from the controversies and political dissensions of their time, alleging that, however important such questions might be, it was not in discussing them that their powers could be employed to most advantage. In the case of Thompson, however, who as yet had not begun to lay claim to the character of a man devoted to scientific pursuits, his countrymen thought, not altogether unreasonably, that they had grounds of complaint. What employment was *he* engaged in, that he ought to be exempted from the duty of a citizen—that of taking an interest in public affairs? So, probably, the most

candid and considerate of the American patriots reasoned; and as for the great mass of the populace, they condemned him in the usual summary manner in which the public judges. Not a name was more detested in Massachusetts than that of Benjamin Thompson. He was denounced as a sycophant of the British—a traitor to the interests of the colonies—an enemy of liberty. To such a length did the public hatred of him proceed, that at length, in the month of November 1774, the mob of Concord had resolved to inflict on him the punishment which several other unpopular persons had already experienced—that of being tarred and feathered in the open streets. Receiving intelligence of the design of the mob before it could be carried into execution, Thompson had no alternative but to withdraw from Concord to some other part of the provinces where political excitement did not run so high. Accordingly, he quitted his wife and an infant daughter, who had been born in the previous year, and took refuge first in his native town of Woburn, from which he afterwards removed to Charleston. From Charleston, after a few months' residence, he went to Boston, which was then garrisoned by a British army commanded by General Gage.

Thompson was well received by General Gage and the officers of the British army; and his intercourse with them, while it probably gave him a stronger bias towards the side of the mother-country than he had yet exhibited, did not contribute to remove the bad opinion his countrymen had formed of his patriotism. Having returned in the spring of 1775 to his native town of Woburn, where he was joined by his wife and daughter, he again ran the risk of being tarred and feathered. The mob surrounded the house where he resided early one morning, armed with guns and sticks, and but for the interference of his old friend Loammi Baldwin, who arrived at the spot in time to use his influence with the crowd, serious consequences might have ensued.

The commencement of open hostilities between the colonists and the British troops in May 1775 made Thompson's position still more critical. As a major in the militia of the province, he would probably have acted on the side of the patriots, obeying the orders of the Provincial Congress, which had superseded the old government; but the odium attached to his name was such, that his very zeal on the patriotic side would have been misrepresented. In order, therefore, to clear himself of all suspicion, and that he might thenceforth live on good terms with his countrymen, he demanded a trial before the Committee of Correspondence established at Woburn by authority of the new power. The trial was granted; he was put under arrest; and an advertisement was inserted in the newspapers for all who had charges to prefer against his patriotism to come forward. Besides the general allegation of his being a Tory, and a friend and correspondent of Governor Wentworth and General Gage, the only charge made against him on his trial was,

that he had been instrumental in sending back to their colours two British deserters, having procured their pardon from General Gage during his residence in Boston. This, which ought properly to have been regarded as a mere act of mercy, was construed in a less favourable manner by Thompson's judges; and although, on the conclusion of his trial, the court declared that he had done nothing which could legally be considered as a crime, he was set at liberty without the satisfaction of a full and formal acquittal. Against this treatment he protested in the strongest manner, insisting that he should either be punished as guilty, or declared innocent; but his protests were unheeded.

With a view, apparently, to convince his countrymen of his patriotism by actual service, or possibly because he could enjoy more quiet in the army than the ill-will of his fellow-citizens would allow him in his own house, Thompson, as soon as his trial was over, joined a detachment of the troops of Congress stationed at Chelsea. 'In the hopes of obtaining a commission,' says his biographer, 'he paid great attention to tactics, and assisted at the drills of the yet undisciplined forces. He also took up the study of fortification, which he pursued with his usual ardour. Towards the close, however, of the summer of 1775, his position had become irksome, and even dangerous. Suspicions, which it seemed impossible to allay, shut against him all access to military rank in the continental army. He now could not go from place to place within the lines of the army without being pointed at as the famous Tory Thompson; and though military discipline sheltered him from actual violence, he was exposed to insults that a man of spirit could not brook, and which his position prevented him from resenting. If thus treated within the army, he might infer what awaited him when he should emerge from the outposts of the camp.' In these circumstances, he came to the desperate resolution of leaving his native country. 'I cannot any longer,' he writes to his father-in-law on the 14th of August 1775, 'bear the insults that are daily offered to me. I cannot bear to be looked upon and treated as the Achan of society. I have done nothing that can deserve this cruel usage. And notwithstanding I have the tenderest regard for my wife and family, and really believe I have an equal return of love and affection from them, though I feel the keenest distress at the thoughts of what Mrs Thompson and my parents and friends will suffer on my account, and though I foresee and realise the distress, poverty, and wretchedness that must attend my pilgrimage in unknown lands, destitute of fortune, friends, and acquaintances, yet all these evils appear to me more tolerable than the treatment which I meet with at the hands of my ungrateful countrymen.'

Two months after writing the above, he carried his resolution into effect. Paying off his debts, and converting some of his property into cash, with the expressed intention of removing to some of the

southern states, where he might live in greater security, he set out from Cambridge, the headquarters of the American army, on the 10th of October 1775, accompanied by his half-brother, Josiah Pierce, who took leave of him at the nearest post-town. 'From that hour,' says his biographer, 'until the close of the revolutionary struggle, his friends and relatives were without any positive tidings of his fate.' From accounts afterwards received, it appeared that he had reached Newport on the 11th of October, apparently undecided as to his future movements; that there finding a boat belonging to the British frigate *Scarborough*, he went on board that vessel, and was afterwards landed at Boston, which his friend General Gage, as commander of the British garrison, was at that time maintaining against the American forces. Here he remained under the protection of the British till the evacuation of the town in March 1776, when he again embarked on board the *Scarborough*, and set sail for England, the bearer of despatches from General Gage to Lord George Germain, the British Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs. Thus had he fairly renounced all connection with his native country, and gone to push his fortunes in the Old World.

RESIDENCE AND OCCUPATIONS IN ENGLAND—INVITATION TO MUNICH.

Arriving in England, as he did, the bearer of gloomy despatches, and sustaining the equivocal character of a deserter from the American cause, Thompson soon proved that he was a man who could command his fortune anywhere. The capacity in which he had come over introduced him to various public men, who could not fail to be struck by his abilities, as well as charmed by his manner; and the consequence was that in a short time after his arrival he was offered a post in the Colonial Office. Probably the minister was of opinion that none of all the American refugees who then swarmed in London was able to render such assistance as Thompson in conducting the department over which he presided.

Of whatever nature were the services which Thompson rendered to the public business, they must have been of considerable value; for in 1780, four years after his arrival in England, he was raised by his patron, Lord Germain, to the post of Under-secretary of State for the Colonies; an instance of promotion which, considering the circumstances in which the subject of it stood, is almost unexampled. The usual accompaniment of such a situation was, and is, a seat in parliament; and according to the practice of those days, when noblemen had seats in the House of Commons at their disposal, Lord Germain, if he had so chosen, might have conferred a seat on his American protégé; but it was probably imagined that the admission into parliament of a man so unpopular in America would be attended with disadvantages, and that, at all events, Thompson's talents were

better fitted for the desk than the senate. The income and consequence, however, which he derived from his office gave him admission to the highest metropolitan circles; and he had thus opportunities not only of becoming known, but also of exercising his inventive mind in many pursuits not immediately connected with his official duties. Fertility—a disposition to propose improvements in all departments—seems to have been his most striking characteristic; and it was probably this ready genius for practical reforms in everything which came under his notice, that recommended him so much to public men. A man who, in his general intercourse with society, can drop valuable suggestions, allowing others to grasp at them, and enjoy the credit of carrying them into effect, is likely to be a favourite. Thompson appears to have been such a man—a person who, holding no ostensible post but that of Under-secretary for the Colonies, could yet, out of the richness of an ever-inventive mind, scatter hints which would be thankfully received by men of all professions.

While concerning himself generally, however, in a variety of matters, Thompson was at the same time following out certain specific lines of scientific investigation. 'As early as 1777,' says his biographer, 'he made some curious and interesting experiments on the strength of solid bodies. These were never published, and would probably have been superseded by more full investigations made by subsequent experiments. In 1778, he employed himself in experiments on the strength of gunpowder and the velocity of military projectiles, and these were followed up by a cruise of some months in the Channel fleet, where he proposed to repeat his investigations on a larger scale.' On this subject, Thompson communicated several papers to the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society, of which he had become a member. Passing over these scientific lucubrations, we hasten to reach that period of Rumford's life at which he found himself in a situation to give full scope to his genius for improvements.

As the war between Great Britain and the colonies proceeded, it became evident that the latter must triumph. The anti-American party in Great Britain lost ground; and on the news of the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis reaching England, a division took place in the cabinet, and Lord George Germain found it necessary to resign office. As his policy, however, in American affairs had been agreeable to the wishes of George III., he retired with the honours of a peerage, and was able still to forward the interests of his friends. Not the least distinguished of these was Under-secretary Thompson, who, whether he had co-operated with his principal in all his measures and views, or whether, 'according to his own statement afterwards to Cuvier, he was disgusted at Lord Germain's want of judgment,' had at least done a sufficient amount of work to deserve a parting token of regard. Accordingly, by the influence of the

fallen minister, Thompson was sent out to New York, in the year 1781, with the royal commission of major, which was afterwards changed for that of lieutenant-colonel, charged with the task of organising an efficient regiment of dragoons out of the broken and disjointed native cavalry regiments which had been fighting on the royalist side. What were to be the specific uses of this force are now uncertain. The regiment, fortunately, was of no avail.

Peace having been concluded between the United States and Great Britain, Colonel Thompson, shortly after his return, obtained leave of absence, in order that he might travel on the continent. Passing through France on his way to Vienna, he had reached Strasbourg on the German frontier, when an incident occurred which changed his prospects, and gave a direction to his life different from what he intended or could have anticipated. A review of the garrison of Strasbourg being held, he presented himself on the field as a spectator, 'mounted on a superb English horse, and in the full uniform of his rank as a colonel of dragoons.' The French officers were eager to make the acquaintance of the conspicuous stranger, the more so that his attendance at a review of French troops in full English uniform was regarded as an act of courtesy, which deserved a return. Among those who entered into conversation with him was Prince Maximilian, nephew and presumptive heir of the Elector of Bavaria, and who had served as the commander of a French regiment in the American war. So agreeable was the impression which Thompson made on the prince, that on learning his circumstances and intentions, the latter offered him an introduction to his uncle, the Bavarian elector, in case he should be inclined to alter his design of proceeding to Vienna, and make trial of the Bavarian service. The proposal pleased Thompson, and, furnished with the prince's letter of introduction, he set out for Munich. Wherever he went, he seems to have had the art, almost in spite of himself, of conciliating favour; and on his very first audience with the Elector of Bavaria, he was offered an important situation at court. Still clinging, however, to his resolution of visiting Vienna, he did not accept the offer; but after spending some time at Munich, during which the elector's esteem for him increased more and more, he set out for the Austrian capital. The elector, however, continued to send him pressing invitations to enter his service; and learning at Vienna that the Turkish war was likely to be brought to a speedy conclusion, Colonel Thompson at length promised that, provided he could obtain the consent of his British majesty, he would take up his residence at Munich. Proceeding to London, in order to obtain the consent which was required, he was received with great kindness by George III., who conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and gave him permission, while resigning the command of his regiment, to retain the title of lieutenant-colonel, and the half-pay attached to it.

RESIDENCE IN MUNICH—REORGANISATION OF THE BAVARIAN ARMY.

In the close of the year 1784, Sir Benjamin Thompson took up his residence in Munich, filling the posts of aide-de-camp and chamberlain to the elector, and thus connected both with the military and the civil service. Charles Theodore, the ruling prince of Bavaria, was a man of enlightened mind, whose ambition was to elevate the state over which he reigned to a high rank among the various members of the German confederacy. The aristocracy of Bavaria itself not furnishing men of sufficient liberality of view to co-operate with him in his designs of improvement, and the prejudices of the court preventing him from employing able men from among the people, even had there been any such qualified for his purpose, he had judiciously resolved to employ foreign talent in the difficult work of reforming his dominions. The capacity, therefore, in which Sir Benjamin Thompson took up his residence in Munich was that of a man who, unconnected by ties of blood or interest with the people of Bavaria, and furnished only with general ideas applicable to all times and places, was to make it his business, under the auspices of the elector, to take a general survey of the condition of Bavaria, with a view to rectify as much as possible of what was wrong in it. A more noble or responsible situation can scarcely be conceived; and the dignity and responsibility will appear all the greater, when we reflect that the government of Bavaria being in its nature despotic, the powers of a man in Thompson's position—that, namely, of virtual though not ostensible prime minister—were almost unlimited, seeing that there were no constitutional forms, and nothing but the absolute will of the elector, to check or thwart his proceedings.

Another circumstance which rendered the situation of Sir Benjamin Thompson a peculiarly interesting one was the position of Bavaria at the time. 'Most of those,' says Cuvier, 'who are called to power by adventitious circumstances are led astray by the opinion of the vulgar. They know that they will infallibly be called men of genius, and be celebrated in prose and verse, if they succeed in changing the forms of government, or in extending the territory of their sovereign but a few additional leagues. Happily for Count Rumford, Bavaria at this period had no such temptations for her ministers. Her constitution was fixed by the laws of the empire, and her frontiers defined by the more powerful states who were her neighbours. She was, in short, reduced to that condition which most states consider so hard a one—namely, to have her attention confined to the sole object of ameliorating the fortune of her people.' The whole attention of Sir Benjamin Thompson, therefore, was necessarily to be concentrated on the internal condition of Bavaria.

—a country about the size of Scotland, but considerably more populous.

The first subject which occupied the attention of the American-born prime minister of Bavaria was the condition of the army. There were three reasons for this early consideration of the state of the army. In the first place, the condition of the continent of Europe at the time rendered the state of the defensive force a matter of extreme importance to so critically situated a state as Bavaria; in the second place, Thompson's own tastes inclined him to take an interest in military matters; and lastly, in a despotic state, where a little physical force might be necessary to compel the people to adopt good sanitary or other regulations, the army was the natural instrument to be employed in all such reforms, and to render this instrument efficient, was but to begin at the right end.

Omitting all the miscellaneous improvements of a minor or mechanical nature which were effected by Thompson in matters connected with the military service—as, for instance, in the construction of cannon, in the uniform of the soldiers, their drill, &c.—let us attend to the moral principle which ruled all his proceedings with regard to the organisation of the army. 'I have endeavoured,' he says, 'in all my operations, to unite the interest of the soldier with the interest of civil society, and to render the military force, even in time of peace, subservient to the *public good*. To facilitate and promote these important objects, to establish a respectable standing army, which should do the least possible harm to the population, morals, manufactures, and agriculture of the country, it was necessary to make soldiers citizens, and citizens soldiers.' To this principle, or at least to the precise form in which it is here stated, different persons will make different objections, according as their sympathies are civil or military; but Rumford's general view, that *'soldiers should be treated as men*, cannot be impugned. The army being essentially the offspring of an age of physical force, it is certainly difficult to organise it conformably to the spirit of an age which repudiates physical force. To do this—in other words, to make the army, as such, a moral agent—is impossible; but it is quite possible to render a large general culture and much individual freedom compatible with strict discipline; and, at all events, the modern maxim is, that the army is a part of society, employed, it is true, in services of a peculiar nature, which require a peculiar organisation, but not on that account cut off from the general mass of the community. Such was the maxim of the Bavarian minister. Besides what he did to increase the physical comfort of the soldier by superior food, clothing, and accommodation, he adopted means for the intellectual and moral improvement of all connected with the military service. 'Schools were established in all the regiments for instructing the soldiers and their children in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Besides these schools of instruction, others, called

schools of industry, were established in the regiments, where the soldiers and their children were taught various kinds of work, and from whence they were supplied with raw materials to work for their own emolument. As nothing is so certainly fatal to morals as habitual idleness, every possible means was adopted that could be devised to introduce a spirit of industry among the troops. Every encouragement was given to the soldiers to employ their leisure time when they were off duty in working for their own emolument; and among other encouragements, the most efficacious of all, that of allowing them full liberty to dispose of the money acquired by their labour in any way they should think proper, without being obliged to give any account of it to anybody.'* Besides working at their various trades for such as chose to employ them, the soldiers were employed as labourers 'in all public works, such as making and repairing highways, draining marshes, repairing the banks of rivers, &c.; and in all such cases the greatest care was taken to provide for their comfortable subsistence, and even for their amusement. To preserve good order and harmony among those who were detached upon these working-parties, a certain proportion of officers and non-commissioned officers were always sent with them, and these commonly served as overseers of the works, and as such were paid.'

The particular plan, however, which enabled Thompson, while he was improving the personal condition of the soldier, and turning the peace establishment to greater account than before for the general good of the country, at the same time to diminish greatly the expense of its support, was that of *permanent garrisons*. The whole army was distributed through the various cities of the electorate, each city being garrisoned by troops drawn from the surrounding district. This plan possessed many advantages. 'A peasant would more readily consent to his son engaging himself to serve as a soldier in a regiment permanently stationed in his neighbourhood, than in one at a great distance, or whose destination was uncertain; and when the station of a regiment is permanent, and it receives its recruits from the district of country immediately surrounding its head-quarters, the men who go home on furlough have but a short journey to make, and are easily assembled in case of an emergency.' Every encouragement was given to all who could be spared from garrison-duty to go home on furlough; an arrangement which was both agreeable to the men—who, during their absence, might be cultivating their little family farms, or otherwise employing themselves at any trade—and economical for the state, because, while the men were on furlough, they received no pay, but only their rations. Thus, while in every garrison town there remained a sufficient nucleus of men to do garrison-duty, and who, while receiving full military pay, were

* Life of Rumford—Sharp's *American Biography*.

at liberty to earn additional money during their leisure time by extra work, the greater part of the army were distributed through the community, pursuing the ordinary occupations of citizens, but ready to assemble at a few hours' notice, and bound to be in the field at least six weeks every year. The assumed necessity for such a state of military preparation gives one a striking idea of the condition of the continent at this epoch.

Not content with the mere negative achievement of organising the army, so that 'it should do the least possible harm,' Thompson endeavoured to make it an instrument of positive good. His plan of permanent garrisons and easy furloughs, by establishing a constant flux of men to and from a centre, suggested the somewhat novel idea of making the army the medium for spreading useful improvements of all kinds through the country. Supposing, for instance, that pains were taken to teach the soldiers in garrison any useful art not then known in Bavaria, but which might be naturalised there, it is obvious that when these men were distributed over the country on furlough, they would carry with them not only their own superior industrial habits, but the art itself. The improvement of Bavarian agriculture by this means was one of Thompson's most anxious wishes. Very few of the recent improvements in that art, he says, such as the cultivation of clover and turnips, the regular succession of crops, &c., had then found their way into general practice; and, above all, the potato was almost unknown in Bavaria. With a view to introduce a better system of agriculture, and especially with a view to naturalise the potato among the Bavarians, Thompson devised the system of military gardens—that is, 'pieces of ground in or adjoining to the garrison towns, which were regularly laid out, and exclusively appropriated to the use of the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers belonging to the regiments in garrison.' In these gardens every private soldier was assigned a piece of ground, about three hundred and sixty-five square feet in extent. This piece of ground was to remain the sole property of that soldier so long as he served in the regiment; he was to be at liberty to cultivate it in any way, and to dispose of the produce in any way, he chose; if, however, he did not choose to work in it, but wished rather to spend his pay in idleness, he might do so; but in that case the piece of ground was to be taken from him, and so also if he neglected it. Every means was used to attach the soldiers to their garden labour: seeds and manure were furnished them at a cheap rate; whatever instruction was necessary, was given them; and little huts or summer-houses were erected in the gardens, to afford them shelter when it rained. 'The effect of the plan,' says Rumford, 'was much greater and more important than I could have expected. The soldiers, from being the most indolent of mortals, and from having very little knowledge of gardening, became industrious and skilful cultivators, and grew so fond of vegetables, particu-

larly of potatoes, that these useful and wholesome productions began to constitute a very essential part of their daily food. These improvements began also to spread among the farmers and peasants throughout the whole country. There was hardly a soldier that went on furlough that did not carry with him a few potatoes for planting, and a little collection of garden seeds; and I have already had the satisfaction to see little gardens here and there making their appearance in different parts of the country.'

Such is a summary description of the changes introduced by Sir Benjamin Thompson into the organisation of the Bavarian army. It is evident that many of them were adapted expressly for a country like Bavaria, and would be inapplicable in a country like ours, where foreign service is regarded as so great a part of the business of an army: still, the experiment ought to be suggestive to those who take an interest in the state of our army; some of the details even might be adopted; and, at all events, the general spirit of the attempt was admirable.

MEASURES FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF MENDICANCY, AND FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF THE POOR IN MUNICH.

After reforming the army, the next subject which occupied the attention of the Bavarian statesman was one of universal and perpetual interest—the condition of the poor. In order, however, not to be interrupted in our narrative of his measures for the relief of the poor of Bavaria, we shall note a few of the principal events in his personal history during the period of his residence in that country. In 1784, when he commenced his residence in Bavaria, he was thirty-one years of age. The titles which were then conferred on him were, as we have already informed our readers, those of aide-de-camp and chamberlain. Soon afterwards, however, he received the appointments of member of the council of state and major-general in the army; the elector at the same time procuring him the decorations of two orders of Polish knighthood, in lieu of the Bavarian order, which the rules of German knighthood prevented him from bestowing. The scientific part of the community also shewed their esteem for him by electing him a member of the academies of Munich and Mannheim. All this took place not long after Thompson had settled in Munich. Every year of his subsequent stay brought him fresh honours. In 1787, when on a visit to Prussia, he was chosen a member of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin; in Bavaria, to follow the list of dignities given by his American biographer, 'he attained the military rank of lieutenant-general, was commander-in-chief of the general staff, minister of war, and superintendent of the police of the electorate; he was for a short time chief of the regency that exercised sovereignty during the absence of the elector; and in the interval between the death

of the Emperor Joseph and the coronation of his successor Leopold, the elector becoming vicar of the empire, availed himself of the prerogatives of that office to make him a Count of the Holy Roman Empire.' When this last dignity was conferred on him, Thompson chose the title of Count of *Rumford*, in memory of the American village where he had once officiated in the humble capacity of schoolmaster. Although it was not till the year 1790 that this title was bestowed on him, and the measures we are about to detail were for the most part matured before that time, we shall consult our convenience by henceforth calling him Count Rumford.

The condition of the poor, and the mode of treating them, are questions which every country on earth must incessantly be occupied with; but in few countries, probably, was the necessity of coming to some decided practical conclusion on the subject more glaring, more imperious, than in Bavaria at the time when Count Rumford undertook the social survey of that state. Beggary had there become an enormous and apparently ineradicable evil—a weed overgrowing the whole field. The beggars almost ate up the industrious part of the community. 'The number of itinerant beggars of both sexes and all ages, as well foreigners as natives, who strolled about the country in all directions, levying contributions upon the industrious inhabitants, stealing and robbing, and leading a life of indolence and the most shameless debauchery, was quite incredible; and so numerous were the swarms of beggars in all the great towns, and particularly in the capital, so great their impudence, and so persevering their importunity, that it was almost impossible to cross the streets without being attacked, and absolutely forced to satisfy their clamorous demands. They not only infested all the streets, public walks, and public places, but they even made a practice of going into private houses; and the churches were so full of them, that people at their devotions were continually interrupted by them, and were frequently obliged to satisfy their demands in order to be permitted to finish their prayers in peace and quiet. In short, these detestable vermin swarmed everywhere; and not only their impudence and clamorous importunity were without any bounds, but they had recourse to the most diabolical arts and most horrid crimes in prosecution of their trade. The growing number of the beggars, and their success, gave a kind of *éclat* to their profession; and the habit of begging became so general, that it ceased to be considered as infamous, and was by degrees in a manner interwoven with the internal regulations of society. Herdsmen and shepherds who attended their flocks by the roadside were known to derive considerable advantage from the contributions which their situation enabled them to levy from passengers; and I have been assured that the wages which they received from their employers were often regulated accordingly. The children in every country village, and those even of the best farmers, made a constant practice

of begging from all strangers who passed; and one hardly ever met a person on foot upon the road, particularly a woman, who did not hold out her hand and ask for charity.'*

Count Rumford determined to grapple with this enormous evil, and, if possible, suppress mendicancy in Bavaria. His sagacity and general knowledge of mankind taught him to believe the achievement practicable, and he had already paved the way by his reform of the army. Other preliminaries, however, were necessary; and, assisted by the genius of the government of Bavaria, where a sudden stroke of benevolent despotism was more in keeping than it would be elsewhere, he resolved first thoroughly to mature his scheme, and then to pounce upon the beggars when he was prepared to receive them. Although he knew that the people of Bavaria would gladly accept any measure which would relieve them from the dreadful scourge which they had so long borne, yet as so many schemes previously proposed had failed, he resolved to carry his plan into successful execution before he asked a farthing from the people in support of it. The elector's treasury was accordingly drawn upon for the amount of money necessary in advance.

Munich was to be the scene of his first experiment. And first of all, a building was necessary to receive the beggars when they should be apprehended. A suitable edifice was found situated in the Au, one of the suburbs of Munich. 'It had formerly been a manufactory, but for many years had been deserted, and falling to ruins. It was now completely repaired, and in part rebuilt. A large kitchen, with a large eating-room adjoining it, and a commodious bakehouse, were added to the buildings; and workshops for carpenters, smiths, turners, and such other mechanics were established, and furnished with tools. Large halls were fitted up for spinners of hemp, for spinners of flax, for spinners of cotton, for spinners of wool, and for spinners of worsted; and adjoining to each hall a small room was fitted up for a clerk or inspector of the hall. Halls were likewise fitted up for weavers of woollens, weavers of serges and shalloons, for linen-weavers, for weavers of cotton goods, and for stocking-weavers; and workshops were provided for clothiers, cloth-shearers, dyers, saddlers; besides rooms for wool-sorters, wool-carders, wool-combers, knitters, seamstresses, &c. Magazines were fitted up, as well for finished manufactures as for raw materials, and rooms for counting-houses; store-rooms for the kitchen and bakehouse; and dwelling-rooms for the inspectors and other officers. The whole edifice, which was very extensive, was fitted up in the neatest manner possible. In doing this, even the external appearance of the building was attended to. It was handsomely painted without as well as within; and pains were taken to give it an air of elegance, as well as of neatness and cleanliness.'†

* Count Rumford's *Essays*. † Ibid.

All these preparations having been made apparently without exciting any special degree of public curiosity, New-year's Day of the year 1790 was chosen as the day for the grand stroke, that being a day when Munich was sure to be unusually full of beggars. The military were posted through the streets, so as to command the whole town, and the neighbouring country was occupied by patrols of cavalry. In the meantime, having assembled at his own residence the magistrates of Munich, and a number of military officers and citizens of rank and dignity, Count Rumford expounded to them his scheme, and requested them to accompany him into the streets, where the most difficult part of the work, that of arresting the beggars, was to commence. 'We were hardly got into the street,' says Rumford in his narrative of the proceedings, 'when we were accosted by a beggar, who asked us for alms. I went up to him, and laying my hand gently upon his shoulder, told him that from thenceforward begging would not be permitted in Munich; that if he really stood in need of assistance (which would be immediately inquired into), the necessary assistance should certainly be given him; but that begging was forbidden, and if he was detected in it again, he would be severely punished. I then delivered him over to an orderly-sergeant, who was following me, with directions to conduct him to the Town-hall, and deliver him into the hands of those he should find there to receive him. Then turning to the officers and magistrates who accompanied me, I begged they would take notice that I had myself, *with my own hands*, arrested the first beggar we had met; and I requested them not only to follow my example themselves, by arresting all the beggars they should meet with, but that they would also endeavour to persuade others, and particularly the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the garrison, that it was by no means derogatory to their character, or in any way disgraceful to them, to assist in so useful and laudable an undertaking. These gentlemen having cheerfully and unanimously promised to do their utmost to second me in this business, dispersed into the different parts of the town, and, with the assistance of the military, the town was so thoroughly cleared of beggars *in less than an hour*, that not one was to be found in the streets.'

The beggars being all taken to the Town-hall, their names were written down, and they were dismissed to their own homes, with directions to repair next day to the 'Military Workhouse,' as the new establishment was called, in consequence of its being fitted out with money from the military chest, and destined chiefly to supply the army with clothing, &c. Here they were told they would find comfortable warm rooms, a good warm dinner every day, and work for such as were able to labour, with good wages, which should be regularly paid. They might, or might not come, just as they chose, but at all events they were not to beg any more; and if they appeared in the streets, they should be apprehended. The circumstances of

them all, they were told, were immediately to be inquired into, and relief granted to such as required it.

The plan met with immediate success. On the next day a great number of the beggars attended at the Military Workhouse; the rest hid themselves; and so vigorous and effective were the measures adopted to apprehend mendicants, that after trying in vain to renew their old practices, these too were obliged at length to yield. The experiment having succeeded so far, it was judged advisable to appeal to the public for their support; and a paper was accordingly drawn up by Professor Babo of Munich, urging the citizens to do their utmost to rid themselves of the scourge of mendicancy, by co-operating in the new scheme. In this paper, allusion is made to a practice of the beggars, which may be here mentioned, as a proof of the deplorable viciousness of the whole system. The beggars of Munich, it appears, drove a lucrative trade in communion and confessional certificates, which they obtained from the clergy by attending twice or thrice a day at the holy sacrament, and at confession, and afterwards sold to such of the citizens as were averse to church-going, and yet desirous of avoiding the inconveniences which neglect of religious observances entailed in a place where the Roman Catholic clergy had so much power.

Professor Babo's address having been circulated, with an outline of Count Rumford's scheme, the citizens of Munich gladly agreed to contribute, to enable the project to be fairly carried out; and indeed, accustomed as they had been to meet the incessant demands of the beggars by as incessant giving, they saw in the new plan not only an immediate moral relief, but a prospect of pecuniary saving. Rumford's principle was, to depend entirely upon the voluntary contributions of the charitable. The city was divided into sixteen districts; the names of all the inhabitants of each district who were willing to subscribe were taken down, with a note of the sum each volunteered to contribute. This sum might be altered at the pleasure of the subscriber—increased, diminished, or even altogether retracted. The sums were to be collected regularly on the last Sunday of every month, by an officer who was to go round on purpose among the subscribers of each district. Arrangements were also made for the receipt of miscellaneous donations, both large and small; and every possible means was adopted to beget a public confidence in the administration of the fund collected, by making the publication of all accounts imperative.

Two distinct things had now been accomplished by Count Rumford—he had established a workhouse, and he had secured a fund for the relief of the poor. Although the two objects were mixed up together at the commencement, and are of necessity included under the general descriptive head of the 'Suppression of Mendicancy,' they ought not to be confounded. In seizing upon the beggars, Count Rumford had adopted the most practicable means for arriving

at a very desirable end—the discrimination of the merely idle from the really necessitous. To classify these two sorts of persons was his first object. When this was done, his work then divided itself into two parts—the reclaiming of the idle to habits of industry, and the relief of the really necessitous. The modes of operation for the one and for the other were expressly kept independent; indeed, it was one of Rumford's most careful provisions that the workhouse should not wear the aspect of an institution supported by charity. We shall describe first the progress of the workhouse by which Rumford meant to suppress idleness, and then the means which he employed for relieving the distress which still remained.

Before the opening of the Military Workhouse, it had been fitted up with looms, spinning-machines, &c., as well as furnished with raw materials, especially hemp, the spinning of which is easily learned. During the first week, 2600 mendicants, of both sexes and various ages, entered the establishment. 'For the first three or four days,' says Rumford, 'it was not possible entirely to prevent confusion. There was nothing like mutinous resistance among the poor people; but their situation was so new to them, and they were so very awkward in it, that it was difficult to bring them into any tolerable order. At length, however, by distributing them among the various halls, and assigning to each his particular place, they were brought into such order as to enable the inspectors and instructors to begin their operations. Those who understood any kind of work were placed in the apartments where the work they understood was carried on; and the others being classed according to their sexes, and as much as possible according to their ages, were placed under the immediate care of the different instructors.'

Every care was taken to promote the comfort of the people while at work, and to render their work agreeable to them. It being winter, the rooms were well warmed by fires kept regularly burning; the whole establishment was swept twice every day; attention was paid to the ventilation; as far as elegance was possible in halls devoted to work, it was consulted; and the kindest usage was the order of the institution. The people arrived at the establishment at a fixed hour in the morning; they continued at work till the hour of dinner, when they repaired to the dining-hall, where they were furnished with a good dinner of white bread and fine rich soup; and after some hours of further work, they were dismissed, as from any other manufactory, and had all the rest of their time at their own disposal. Besides the dinner-hour, which was allowed as relaxation to all in the establishment, two additional hours, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon, were allowed to the children, during which they were assembled in one of the halls, and taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, by a master paid for the purpose; and as the regular hours of labour were not longer than in any other manufactory, neither they nor the adults were

overworked. Lastly, every person in the establishment was regularly paid the wages fixed for the sort of labour he was employed in. The main feature of the scheme was, to impress upon those who attended the establishment that they were not necessarily paupers by their attendance there, but workmen entitled to the wages which they received. 'The workhouse,' says Rumford, 'was merely a manufactory, like any other manufactory, supported by its own private capital, which capital has no connection whatever with any fund destined for the poor.' In order to keep this vividly before the workpeople, an inscription, in letters of gold, was placed over the main entrance of the establishment—'NO ALMS WILL BE RECEIVED HERE.'

It is evident, however, considering the expenses of setting the establishment agoing, considering all the inducements which were held out at first to allure the people to it, especially that of paying them the ordinary rate of wages while they were yet wretchedly bad workmen, in order to keep up their courage—it is evident, in these circumstances, that the institution must at first have been maintained at a loss. Although hemp was selected at first as the material for learners to begin with, as being cheap, yet such was the awkwardness of the beginners, that even in this material a considerable loss was sustained. 'By an exact calculation, it was found,' says Rumford, 'that the manufactory actually lost more than three thousand florins upon the articles of hemp and flax during the first three months. But we were not discouraged by these unfavourable beginnings; and if the establishment was supported at some little expense in the beginning, it afterwards richly repaid the loss.' By constant practice, the workmen became expert, so that not only hemp, but much more expensive materials, could be intrusted to them with safety; and in a short time it was no longer a mere benevolent pretence to treat them as men earning their wages by a fair amount of labour, for such became the fact. The bustle and activity of the establishment increased from year to year. In the sixth year of its existence, the demand upon it for goods amounted to half a million of florins; and the net profits of the six years were calculated at one hundred thousand florins.

It will readily suggest itself to persons acquainted with the doctrines of political economy, that an objection might be raised to Count Rumford's experiment, from a consideration of what may have been its effects upon the labour market. As all the articles manufactured in the Military Workhouse for the supply of the Bavarian army had formerly been manufactured by other persons, it is evident that the immediate effect of the establishment of the workhouse was to withdraw so much custom from those other persons, whoever they may have been. A moment's consideration, however, of the state of Bavaria will rob the consideration of whatever threatening look it may wear in the case which we are now

concerned with. These persons, now supporting themselves by the labour of their own hands, had formerly been mendicants, living at the expense of the industrious portion of the community; and viewing the matter, therefore, in its pecuniary aspect alone, the question with the people of Munich was, whether they sustained a greater loss by admitting 2600 persons to be competitors with themselves in the labour market, or by supporting the same 2600 persons as mendicants. Add to this, the moral comfort of living in a town where not a beggar was to be seen, and the still more exquisite satisfaction of reflecting that a number of their fellow-creatures, formerly loathsome, vicious, and wretched, were now living in cleanliness, propriety, and happiness. On the merits of the institution in this point of view, hear the words of Count Rumford himself. After alluding to the expertness which the members of the establishment acquired in the various manufactures, he proceeds: 'But what was quite surprising, and at the same time interesting in the highest degree, was the apparent and rapid change which was produced in their manners. The kind usage they met with, and the comforts they enjoyed, seemed to have softened their hearts, and awakened in them sentiments as new and surprising to themselves as they were interesting to those about them. The melancholy gloom of misery, the air of uneasiness and embarrassment, disappeared by little and little from their countenances, and were succeeded by a timid dawn of cheerfulness, rendered most exquisitely interesting by a certain mixture of silent gratitude which no language can describe. In the infancy of this establishment, when these poor creatures were first brought together, I used very frequently to visit them, to speak kindly to them, and to encourage them; and I seldom passed through the halls where they were at work without being a witness to the most moving scenes. Objects formerly the most miserable and wretched, whom I had seen for years as beggars in the street; young women, perhaps the unhappy victims of seduction, who, having lost their reputation, and being turned adrift in the world without a friend and without a home, were reduced to the necessity of begging to sustain a miserable existence, now recognised me as their benefactor, and with tears dropping fast from their cheeks, continued their work in the most expressive silence. If they were asked what the matter was with them, their answer was: "*Nichts*" ["Nothing"], accompanied by a look of affectionate regard and gratitude so touching, as frequently to draw tears from the most insensible of the by-standers. Why should I not mention the marks of affectionate respect which I received from the poor people for whose happiness I interested myself? Will it be reckoned vanity if I mention the concern which the poor of Munich expressed in so affecting a manner when I was dangerously ill?—that they went publicly in a body in procession to the cathedral church, where they had divine service performed, and put up public prayers for my recovery—that, four years afterwards,

on hearing that I was again dangerously ill at Naples, they of their own accord set apart an hour each evening, after they had finished their work in the Military Workhouse, to pray for me; for me—a private person—a stranger—a Protestant!'

Having thus described the procedure at the Military Workhouse —which, although it was established with a philanthropic design, and had at first the aspect of a charitable institution, was in fact no such thing, but a mere commercial concern, yielding a profit on the capital invested in it—we shall now briefly narrate Count Rumford's plan of dealing with the pauperism of Munich—with the real poverty and destitution which remained after all that could be effected by the Military Workhouse.

The entire management of the poor of Munich was put into the hands of a committee, consisting of four of the principal Bavarian ministers of state—namely, the President of the Council of War, the President of the Council of Regency, the President of the Ecclesiastical Council, and the President of the Chamber of Finances; and these four were to choose each a councillor of his own department to assist him. Neither the presidents nor the councillors were to be paid for their labours in this committee; and the secretary, clerks, and inferior officers required were to be paid, not out of the fund for the poor, but immediately from the treasury. The mode of reaching the poor was as follows: The whole town, containing about 60,000 inhabitants, was divided into sixteen districts, the houses being all regularly numbered. In each district, a respectable citizen was chosen to be inspector of the poor within its limits. This inspector, whose services were to be purely voluntary and unpaid, was to have for his assistants a priest, a physician, a surgeon, and an apothecary. The business of the inspector was to receive applications for relief, to inquire into the circumstances of the applicants, to furnish immediate assistance if it was required, and, where assistance might be delayed, to refer to the committee. Relief was granted, as might be required, in clothing, in medical aid, or in weekly sums of money; but in making the allowance, care was taken to find out how much the applicant was in a condition to earn. If he was able to work, work was provided for him, either at the Military Workhouse or at home, to be delivered at the workhouse. The fact of his having been industrious was certified by a government stamp affixed by the overseers of the workhouse every week to a slip of paper, on which also was marked the sum he had earned; and whatever was necessary for his support over and above this sum was granted. Those who could not work, were of course provided for. The funds out of which all the provisions were made consisted, as we have already said, of the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. There were a few legacies for the poor; certain fines also went into the poor's fund; but the great mass of the money required was collected statedly from the citizens in the manner described in a previous page.

not by assessment, but by purely voluntary subscription. Besides donations in food and clothing, the sum collected in ready money during five years from the inhabitants of Munich was 200,000 florins, which was found amply sufficient for all purposes. It must be remembered, however, that the peculiar circumstances of the people of Munich, in having just been relieved from the scourge of mendicancy, made them more apt to fall into the habit of voluntary subscriptions than probably might be the case with the inhabitants of other towns not so circumstanced. Indeed, the citizens of Munich effected a clear pecuniary saving by the change—a saving amounting in all to more than two-thirds. This saving consisted of two items: first, an actual diminution of the mass of pauperism, numbers of those who formerly subsisted by charity being now able to support themselves either in whole or in part; and secondly, a retrenchment of all that waste which accompanies a private dispensation of charity, as compared with a system of general management, where, in consequence of the wholesale scale of operations, economy can be studied. The value of this second consideration will appear when we come to speak of Count Rumford's devices for economising food and fuel.

It will now be seen how the Military Workhouse and the system of management for the poor worked into each other's hands, although in principle totally independent of each other. No part of the Military Workhouse was under the control of the committee for the poor, except only the kitchen and bakehouse, which, as being supported out of the funds for the poor, were placed under their management.

Having thus described, at considerable length, Count Rumford's measures for the suppression of mendicancy in Munich, it only remains to be added that our description is to be taken rather as an historical account of an interesting and apparently successful experiment, than as a thorough appreciation of its merits as a social scheme. To criticise all the details of Count Rumford's plan, especially as a plan of universal application, would require much space, and would lead to controversy. It may be safely said, however, that while some parts of the scheme may be theoretically objectionable, and others may not be adapted for circumstances different from those in which they had their origin, the general features of the scheme are as sound as the spirit which prompted it was philanthropic.

PLANS FOR ECONOMISING FOOD AND FUEL.

As one of Count Rumford's reasons for preferring a general system for the administration of charity was the superior economy which it admitted, especially in the articles of food and fuel, it is not to be wondered at that he turned his attention to a consideration of the

subject of food and fuel itself. In doing so, he opened up a new field for the exercise of his practical genius. What is the cheapest way of feeding large bodies of men? and what is the most economical way of applying heat for the purposes of warmth, of cooking, and of manufactures? These are questions upon which Count Rumford occupied himself more zealously and more successfully than any one had done before him, or, probably, than any one has done since his time. With the former question he was engaged while yet resident in Bavaria—one of his subsidiary schemes for the benefit of the poor there, and in other large towns, being the establishment of public kitchens and dining-rooms, where the poor, or indeed the labouring classes generally, might be supplied with better food at a cheaper rate than in their own houses. As the subject of cookery—of the improvements which are possible in the mode of preparing food for the use of man, whether with respect to economy or to the gratification of the palate, or to both—is one to which scientific men have not yet applied themselves with sufficient zeal, we will note down such of Rumford's conclusions on it as do not appear to be antiquated. The importance which Count Rumford himself attached to the subject will appear from his extraordinary saying, that 'the number of inhabitants who may be supported in any country upon its internal produce depends almost as much upon the state of its *art of cookery* as upon that of its *agriculture*.'

With regard to the materials of food, it needs only to be mentioned that Rumford, besides recommending in Bavaria a larger use of vegetables generally, advocated in a special manner the introduction of the potato and of Indian corn—the former by cultivation, the latter by importation. In recommending Indian corn, he says: 'The common people in the northern parts of Italy live almost entirely upon it, and throughout the whole continent of America it makes a principal article of food. In Italy it is called *polenta;* and it is there prepared in a variety of ways, and forms the basis of a number of very nourishing dishes. The most common way of using it in that country is to grind it into meal, and, with water, to make it into a thick kind of pudding, like what in England is called hasty-pudding, which is eaten with various kinds of sauce, and sometimes without sauce.' In America, besides being used for puddings, it forms an ingredient of bread. In testimony to its pleasantness and wholesomeness as an article of food, he mentions the circumstance of the universal fondness of the Americans for it; and the fact that the negroes, in countries where both rice and Indian corn are grown, invariably prefer it to rice, alleging that 'rice turns to water in their bellies,' but 'Indian corn stays with them, and makes them strong to work.'

As to the best mode of preparing food for the purposes of economy, Rumford's grand recipe was—*soup*. 'At the time when Rumford entered the service of the elector,' says his biographer, Dr Renwick,

'the pay of the private soldier was no more than about three cents a day; under his administration it was raised to about four cents. Out of this he was compelled to purchase every article of food, except bread, of which a ration of little more than two pounds was issued to him. When we compare this scanty allowance with the rations of our own army and navy, we should fancy that the condition of the Bavarian soldiers must have been miserable in the extreme; but so far from this being the case, they are described as "the finest, stoutest, and strongest men in the world, whose countenances shew the most evident marks of health and perfect contentment." Such was the skill in cookery possessed by the Bavarian soldier, that he was enabled to subsist on two-thirds of his scanty pay, and, in addition, to save five-sixths of his ration of bread, which he sold.'* By inquiries and experiments, Rumford became convinced that the cause of the mystery lay in the fact, that the Bavarian soldier used his food almost universally in the form of soup. 'What surprised me not a little,' he says, 'was the discovery of the very small quantity of *solid food* which, when properly prepared, will suffice to satisfy hunger and support life and health; and the very trifling expense at which the stoutest and most laborious man may in any country be fed. After an experience of nearly five years in feeding the poor at Munich, it was found that the cheapest, most savoury, and most nourishing food that could be prepared was a soup composed of pearl-barley, pease, potatoes, cuttings of fine wheaten bread, vinegar, salt, and water, in certain proportions. I constantly found that the richness or quality of a soup depended more upon a proper choice of the ingredients and a proper management of the fire, than upon the quantity of solid nutritious matter employed—much more upon the art and skill of the cook, than upon the amount of the sums laid out in the market. I found also that the nutritiousness of a soup, or its power of satisfying hunger and affording nourishment, seemed always to be in proportion to its apparent richness or palatableness.' Struck with these remarkable results, Rumford endeavoured to explain them, by supposing that the *water* used in converting solid nutritious matter into soup became of itself nutritious, serving not merely as the vehicle for food, but really constituting a part of the food itself. This supposition of Rumford is now ascertained to be a mistake. 'Physiologists, however,' says Dr Renwick, 'have reached the true explanation. The quantity of matter required to supply the waste of the body at all ages, and furnish the material for the growth of the young, is small compared with the actual capacity of the digestive organ; while the latter is not satiated, nor the appetite satisfied, unless it receive a certain degree of distention. A quantity of warm liquid, holding so much nutritious matter in solution as to render digestion necessary, will fulfil the latter object as well as an

* Life of Count Rumford—Sharp's *American Biography*.

equal bulk of solid food; while the necessity of expelling the excess above the actual wants of the system may in the latter case be productive of evil.'

With such a decided preference for the soup form of food as Count Rumford had been led to entertain, it is not to be wondered at that soup was an essential feature in all his schemes for the benefit of the poor. Soup was the great article of food employed in his experiments in Munich; and in his contemplated project of public kitchens and dining-rooms for large towns, the necessary condition of success was, that soup should be the staple diet. He even went into the details of the composition of soup; and his *Essays* contain recipes for making various kinds of soup, with and without butcher-meat. The following judicious observations of Rumford's American biographer seem to sum up both the merits and the demerits of these experiments and speculations: 'The only question which admits of doubt is, how the description of food preferred by Rumford is adapted to the circumstances of all countries. Now, to the greater part of the Anglo-Saxon race, soup, if not an abomination, will never be received as the staple of more than one daily meal; while tea and coffee, whose use Rumford reprobates, with their accompaniment of sugar, have become necessaries of life. In Paris, soup, which became for a while the fashionable mode of administering charity, was well adapted to the habits of the people; but in England and America it was received with grumbling, or rejected by all who could in any other mode obtain food. One reason no doubt was, that it was considered sufficient to make the food nutritious, without attempting to make it pleasing to the palate. This defect is far from inherent; for the soups of Rumford, whether containing none but vegetable matter, or a mixture of animal substance, may be easily rendered as delicious as the most costly preparations of the French kitchen.'

Besides the general schemes which we have mentioned, Count Rumford was engaged, during his residence in Bavaria, in many minor plans of social improvement; indeed, as we have already said, he acted the part of surveyor-general of the abuses of the electorate. It was not in the nature of things that he should be able to proceed in his various innovations and reforms without provoking some jealousy and opposition among the Bavarian nobles: the support and favour, however, of the elector never failed him, and with the people at large he was exceedingly popular. In the year 1794, finding his health greatly impaired by his close attention to business, he obtained leave of absence from the elector, and employed sixteen months in travelling through various parts of the continent, especially Italy. During his absence, two very gratifying testimonies of respect and gratitude were borne to him by the Bavarians. The first was, the erection of a monument to commemorate his public services. The other was still more honourable to him: it was the

resolution, already referred to, of the inmates of the Military Workhouse, when they heard that he was dangerously ill at Naples, to set apart an hour every evening to pray for his recovery. In 1795, Rumford returned to Bavaria, but left it almost immediately, to proceed on a visit to England. Here he was received with all distinction, and his opinion and advice were asked by all engaged in philanthropic schemes. To save himself the labour thus entailed upon him, he resolved to publish an account of his doings and experiments in Bavaria, and accordingly prepared for the press the two volumes of *Essays* which go by his name.* The only subject of general interest in these *Essays*, apart from the purely scientific disquisitions, which remains to be mentioned by us, is that of *fuel*.

In undertaking to reform chimneys and fire-places, Count Rumford had three objects in view—the saving of fuel, the prevention of smoke, and the avoidance of the injury to health arising from draughts. The extent of his services in this unpretending but most important department will be better estimated if we consider the state of fire-places in most European countries seventy or eighty years ago. 'The most polished nations of antiquity,' says Dr Renwick, 'had no other means of providing for the issue of the smoke of their fires than by leaving openings in the roof. They indeed appear, in some instances, to have heated apartments by flues circulating beneath the floors, which must have terminated in a vertical funnel, thus forming an approximation to the chimney; but there appears to be no instance of the arrangement of an open hearth and vertical flue until late in the middle ages. Chimneys and fire-places of the latter date are still to be seen in the kitchens and halls of baronial mansions; but the hearths were of great size, the arched openings wide and lofty, insomuch that they could be entered by persons standing upright, and admitted seats to be placed on each side of the fire. The latter, indeed, were the only places where the warmth of the fire could be enjoyed without exposure to the currents of cold air continually rushing in to join the ascending column in the chimney. Even when an increasing scarcity of fuel compelled less extravagant modes of applying it to be sought, the arched opening remained of a large size, the fire-place of a depth equal in extent to its front, and the walls were carried back perpendicularly to the latter. In England, where coal had come into almost universal use as a fuel, the grates in which it was burned were almost exact cubes, and were lined with cast-iron on the sides and back. The evils of these fire-places may be recollected by all whose age reaches sixty or seventy; and they are remembered with feelings in which shuddering and scorching are strangely combined, but which are almost unknown, and scarcely

* *Essays Political, Economical, and Philosophical.* By Benjamin, Count of Rumford, Knight of the Orders of the White Eagle and St Stanislaus; Chamberlain, Privy-councillor of State, and Lieutenant-general in the Service of his Most Serene Highness the Elector Palatine, reigning Duke of Bavaria, &c.

to be imagined, by the present generation. Chimneys which did not smoke were the exception to the general rule; and the exposure of the surface of the body to cold currents generated the acute pains of rheumatism; while the frequent alternations of an increased and checked perspiration caused colds, to be followed, in regular course, by pulmonary complaints. In this state of things Rumford undertook to remedy the manifold evils of the open fire-place.'

Observing that the heat of a mass of blazing fuel in a grate consisted of two parts—that which radiated into the room, and served the purposes of warmth; and that which, by heating the column of air in the chimney, caused it to ascend, Rumford saw that an enormous saving could be effected by diminishing the size of the grate. Instead of a cubical mass of fuel, such as was generally used, he proposed to employ a grate of ordinarily broad front, but not deep backward, and with the sides not perpendicular to the front, but inclining. The effect of this was to limit the fire to the single function of warming the room by radiation from its front, while the mass of coal which had formerly been consumed without any benefit to the apartment was saved. In order, however, to prevent the smoking of the chimneys which would have arisen from this diminution of the burning mass, another change was necessary; and this was the narrowing the throat of the chimney, so as to allow no more air to pass through it than the precise quantity required to maintain the combustion. 'The immoderate size of the throats of chimneys,' says Rumford, 'is the great fault of their construction. It is this fault which ought always first to be attended to in every attempt which is made to improve them; for however perfect the construction of a fire-place may be in other respects, if the opening left for the passage of the smoke is larger than is necessary for that purpose, nothing can prevent the warm air of the room from escaping through it; and whenever this happens, there is not only an unnecessary loss of heat, but the warm air which leaves the room to go up the chimney being replaced by cold air from without, draughts of cold air cannot fail to be produced in the room, to the great annoyance of those who inhabit it.'

Such is a general description of Count Rumford's alterations in fire-places. The subject, however, was pursued by him to its minutest details, and illustrated by numerous and specific plans for curing smoky chimneys under all possible circumstances. He likewise invented various forms of stoves and grates, intended to exhibit the model perfection of an apparatus for heating rooms or for cooking victuals. So thorough and complete was his investigation of the subject, that little remained afterwards to be added to his conclusions; and it may be said, that any case of the continuance of a smoky chimney after the publication of his *Essays* arose from a neglect or misapplication of the principles there developed.

The investigation of the subject of the construction of grates and

fire-places led Rumford to researches on heat, which ultimately assumed an almost purely scientific character. It is indeed a feature worthy of remark in Count Rumford's life, that, unlike the greater number of eminent scientific men, he did not begin by attention to the abstract doctrines of science, and carry these out into practical application, but he was led originally to a consideration of the doctrines through his desire of practical improvement. Always exhibiting scientific tendencies and talents, the circumstances of his life were such as to demand constant practical activity and a sacrifice of his purely scientific aspirations to present utility; and it was only in the latter part of his life that his inquiries and studies assumed an abstract character. The most important of these inquiries were in relation to heat, light, and the projectile force of gunpowder; but as an enumeration of Rumford's scientific discoveries, or an examination of his claims to be considered a scientific discoverer, would be beyond the scope of the present Tract, we shall only mention that Count Rumford is entitled to the honour of having been the first to explain the manner in which heat is propagated in fluids, having demonstrated that the boiling of water over a fire takes place, not in consequence of the travelling of the heat upwards through the fluid by conduction, but in consequence of the perpetual circulation of the particles of the fluid themselves, the heated particles rising, and the cooler descending.

QUITS THE BAVARIAN SERVICE—RESIDENCE IN LONDON AND PARIS—DEATH AND CHARACTER.

To return to Count Rumford's life. After some stay in Great Britain, he returned to Munich in 1796, accompanied by his daughter, who had come over from America at his request, her mother having died in 1792. What were Count Rumford's relations with America during the long interval of his absence from it, we have no means of ascertaining; as far as can be inferred, however, he seems to have maintained little correspondence with his former friends in the United States till after his wife's death; and one cannot help remarking the unpleasing circumstance, that while on one side of the Atlantic the husband was enjoying an honourable position, and filling a large space in the public eye, the wife and daughter continued during the life of the former to reside on the other.

Rumford, on his return to Munich, was occupied in very important affairs. The advance of the French republican army under Moreau obliged the elector to quit the capital, leaving a Council of Regency, with Rumford at its head. Rumford succeeded in the arduous task of freeing Bavaria from the invasion, and his conduct on this occasion increased his reputation with the elector and with the people. Among other tokens of the elector's gratitude for his services, he

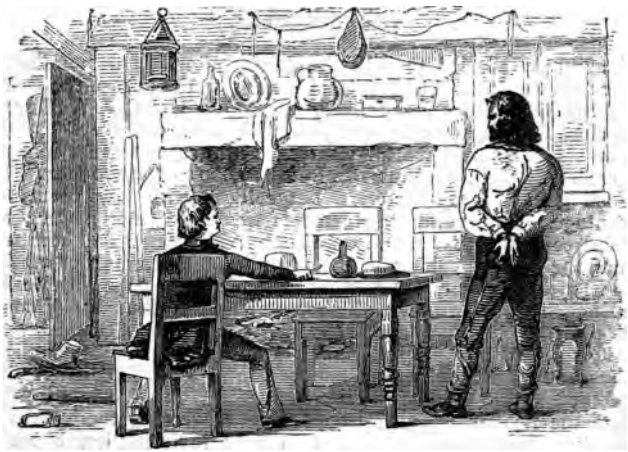
was permitted to settle one-half of the pension which he enjoyed on his daughter, to be paid during her lifetime. In 1798, the elector, partly with a view to gratify him with an honour which he knew he desired, and partly to afford him another opportunity of relaxation for the improvement of his health, appointed him his ambassador at the court of Great Britain. On arriving in London, however, Rumford found, that in consequence of the English legal fiction, by which a born subject of the country is declared incapable of ever alienating his allegiance, he could not be received as the Bavarian ambassador. Mortified as he must have been by this circumstance, and still more deeply grieved by the loss of his friend and patron, the Elector Charles Theodore, who died in 1799, Rumford contemplated returning to spend the remainder of his life in the land of his birth. In compliance with a formal invitation which he received from the United States government, he was making preparations for his return, and had written to a friend to secure a cottage in the vicinity of Boston, as 'a quiet little retreat,' when he was led to change his design, and remain in London, in the society of which he occupied a conspicuous place. During several years, a great part of Count Rumford's time was devoted to the interests of the Royal Institution, of which indeed he may be considered the founder. The objects of this institution, now one of the recognised scientific establishments of the world, and which can boast of having given employment to such men as Young, Davy, Brande, and Faraday, were 'to diffuse the knowledge and facilitate the general introduction of useful mechanical inventions and improvements, and to teach, by courses of philosophical lectures and experiments, the application of science to the useful purposes of life.' Such an institution was precisely the one which Rumford was qualified to superintend; and in its early history, the influence of his peculiar habits of thought is discernible in the choice of subjects for investigation by the members. Subsequently, the institution assumed the high scientific character which it yet holds.

In 1802, Count Rumford left England, and spent some time in travel. Revisiting Munich, he found the workhouse which he had planned, and which had been instrumental in producing so much good, abolished, and the new elector, Maximilian, friendly indeed, but indisposed to follow the footsteps of his predecessor. Accordingly, after assisting in modelling a Bavarian Academy of Sciences, he took farewell of his adopted country, and went to reside in Paris, retaining an income of about £1200 from the Bavarian court. At the same time his daughter returned to America, her father having abandoned his intention of returning along with her. In Paris, Count Rumford appears at first to have gained that good-will and esteem which had attended him so remarkably during his previous life; and not long after he began his residence there, he contracted a second marriage with the widow of the celebrated Lavoisier, but

to death during the French Revolution. From 1804 to 1814, he resided with his wife at Auteuil, a villa at a short distance from Paris, the property of Madame Lavoisier, and the scene of many of her former husband's discoveries. Here Rumford employed himself in scientific pursuits of a miscellaneous nature. The union of the American-born citizen of the world with the widow of the illustrious Frenchman does not appear to have been a happy one; and there is evidence that, towards the end of his life, Rumford had become unpopular in Parisian society. Cuvier attributes this to a certain coarseness and want of urbanity of manner; possibly, however, the fault was less in the person criticised than in the Parisian standard of criticism, for the charge seems inconsistent with the tenor of Rumford's life.

Rumford's death took place at Auteuil on the 21st of August 1814, in the sixty-second year of his age. He left some bequests for the promotion of science in America; the rest of his property, which does not appear to have been great, he left to his relatives. His only daughter inherited the title of Countess of Rumford, with the continuation of her father's Bavarian pension.

Rumford, whose memoirs we have now detailed, was not a faultless character, or a person in every respect exemplary; but making due allowances for circumstances in which he was at the outset unfortunately placed, and keeping in mind that every man is less or more the creature of the age in which he lives, we arrive at the conclusion, that few individuals occupying a public position have been so thoroughly deserving of esteem. The practical, calm, and comprehensive nature of his mind, his resolute and methodical habits, the benevolence and usefulness of his projects, all excite our admiration. Cuvier speaks of Rumford as 'having been the benefactor of his species without loving or esteeming them, as well as of holding the opinion, that the mass of mankind ought to be treated as mere machines:' a remark this which is applicable to not a few men who have been eminent for labours of a humane description, and which naturally gives rise to this other remark—that a good intellectual method, directed to practical ends, is often of more value to mankind than what is called a good heart.



THE GUERRILLA.

A STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

I.

FROM the year 1807 to 1814, Spain and Portugal were the theatre of one of the most desperate warlike struggles recorded in history, and which is usually spoken of in England as the *Peninsular War*. The origin of this remarkable contest was partly civil dissensions, arising from the weakness and incompetence of the reigning powers, but principally the ambition of Napoleon Bonaparte, at that time Emperor of the French, who entertained the design of subduing the whole Peninsula to his authority, and forming it into a kingdom for one of his own family. At first, the native forces of Spain and Portugal made an effort to withstand this foreign aggression; but so far as they were concerned, it would have proved a hopeless struggle. Great Britain, in vindication of her policy in overthrowing the enormous, and, as it was believed, dangerous power of Napoleon, plunged into the disturbance, and in 1808 despatched an army to support the Spanish and Portuguese forces. After this event, the contest in the Peninsula became in reality an English and French war.

The native or patriot armies, as they were called, were as much an encumbrance as a help; and in history they are little heard of,

and are only alluded to with the contempt which demoralisation never fails to merit. The principal leaders on the part of the British were Sir John Moore, and Lord, afterwards Duke of, Wellington. The chief French generals were Junot, Massena, and Ney.

For six years this fearful war raged throughout the Peninsula. On each side there were in arms from 120,000 to 200,000 men. The French gained many victories, but seldom with any permanent advantage. Succeeding engagements weakened their power; and the fortresses they had taken were captured by sieges and bombardments, the most appalling in their details in the annals of warfare. The French, however, had another kind of foe to cope with besides the English armies, and one which materially contributed to discomfit their projects. This was the *guerrillas*. Guerrilla is a Spanish word, signifying a small or petty war, and is applied to persons who lie in ambuscade to kill whatever enemy comes within reach of their carabines. Spain became an extensive scene of this irregular warfare. While the regular Spanish troops were disgracing themselves by cowardice, and leaving strangers to fight their battles, bands of peasants and others, armed with short muskets, pistols, and daggers —sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback—entered with zeal into the struggle which was going on, and remorselessly cut off every Frenchman who had the misfortune to fall into their hands.

In vain did the French endeavour to extirpate the guerrillas. Their tactics consisted in never presenting a tangible part to any large body sent out against them. Having effected their purpose in cutting off small detachments, intercepting couriers with despatches, or seizing supplies, they quickly disappeared in the mountains—only to reassemble at a new point, in order to attempt some fresh outrage. Language cannot describe the vindictiveness, the cunning, and the intrepidity of these men. The greater number had in some way been injured by the invasion: their houses had been burned; members of their families had been killed or insulted; and their prospects altogether ruined. Added to these causes of hostility against the French, many of them were fired with an extraordinary patriotic zeal and religious fanaticism, and counted it a pious service to rid the earth of wretches who had deluged their country with blood, and desecrated all that religion taught them to venerate. What may seem more strange, the Spanish women, animated with an equally implacable hatred of the French, often performed deeds rivalling in atrocity those committed by guerrilla marauders. Nowhere were prisoners safe from female poniards; and thousands of sick and wounded, consigned to hospitals, were ruthlessly murdered. The only hope of safety for the vanquished or disabled French consisted in falling into the hands of the British, by whom they were protected, and sent out of the country as prisoners of war. According to regular military maxims, none of these furtive and vindictive measures could be sanctioned by the English commander-

in-chief; yet neither was the guerrilla mode of warfare unacceptable in the existing state of affairs. The guerrillas ranked as a convenient body of skirmishers, whose fidelity could be reckoned on; and they were useful in proclaiming, in all quarters, and with almost telegraphic rapidity, any victories achieved by the British forces.

It may be supposed that the guerrilla system could not have attained to consistency or importance without an acknowledged head. This personage was Juan Martin Diaz. He was the son of a peasant, and was born in the district of Valladolid, in Old Castile, in 1775. In his youth he was a soldier, and served some time as a private in a regiment of dragoons. Quitting the army on the restoration of peace, he returned home, married, and betook himself to agricultural employments. Patriotism and a love of enterprise drew him from his peaceful labours on the invasion of the territory of Spain by Napoleon. In 1808, he placed himself at the head of a party of four or five of his neighbours, and commenced hostilities against the enemy; killing their couriers, and thus obtaining a supply of horses, arms, and ammunition. The cruelties of the French having procured him many associates, he prosecuted with uncompromising rigour his system of annoyance and extermination. At this period he acquired the appellation of the *Empecinado*, from the darkness of his complexion. With the increase of his band, he extended the sphere of his operations, and performed feats of daring and ingenuity which would fill a volume of narrative.

The Empecinado was no ordinary man. He possessed great strength and powers of endurance, was ready in device, and although not without some of the imperfections of the Spanish character, he was honest, generous, and grateful. Among his countrymen, he was highly esteemed for his bravery and patriotic ardour; and it cannot be doubted that, had he been exposed to a more fortunate class of circumstances, he would have attained a world-wide renown, instead of the narrow popularity of a Spanish partisan warrior.

It is chiefly of an incident in the career of the Empecinado that we propose to speak in the ensuing historiette. Greatly disinclined to recall the remembrance of military strife—cordially detesting war on principle—anxious to spread sentiments of peace and good-will among men—the relation of any circumstances connected with the war of independence in Spain is scarcely congenial with our feelings. What we have to say, however, is not a recital of battles and slaughter, calculated to excite the youthful fancy, but an anecdote illustrative of the unhappy condition into which a country may be thrown by military convulsion, and of the emotions of gratitude which were entertained by one who might almost have been called a houseless outlaw.

II.

A couple of hours before sunset, on a fine evening in the month of August 1809, a party of about thirty French dragoons were assembled in the court-yard of a small *venta*, or roadside inn, in the province of Old Castile. That they were not permanently quartered there, but had merely halted *en route*, for the temporary refreshment of men and horses, was evident from the travel-soiled appearance of the former, and the fact that the latter stood picketed together, with their housings unremoved, beneath a row of sheds which occupied one side of the quadrangle forming the courtyard. But that the business which at the moment engaged their attention was of a tragical import, might likewise be inferred from the appearance of three men, one of them clad in the ordinary dress of a householder of the better class, the others wearing the motley garb, half-peasant and half-military, of the Spanish guerrilla of the period, who were placed in a kneeling posture, with the hands of each bound behind him; whilst at the distance of about ten paces in their front were drawn up a dozen of the Frenchmen, carabine in hand, evidently waiting but the order to execute the sentence of death which had just been adjudged to the Spaniards by the officer in command of the party. Independently of the profound interest which such a spectacle would naturally excite in a humane mind under any circumstances, the attention of the beholder would, in this instance, have been powerfully arrested by the striking contrast exhibited between the demeanour of one of the condemned and that of his two companions in adversity. Whilst the sun-browned countenances of the guerrillas darkened into a scowl, which conveyed the combined expression of unyielding fortitude and inextinguishable hatred, as they fixed their stern gaze on the persons of their executioners and the weapons which were to consign them to a bloody grave, the person and deportment of the other presented a spectacle rare indeed in the annals of Peninsular warfare. His countenance was white with fear; the perspiration which started from his pores stood in large beads on his temples and forehead; his whole frame was convulsed with mortal terror; and had he not been placed in a kneeling posture, as already stated, he would probably have fallen to the ground. He was loud and incessant in his entreaties for mercy, urged with all the eloquence of woe, and addressed in turn to every individual within his hearing, from the officer who commanded the firing-party, down to the trumpeter who accompanied the troop. His comrades in misfortune endeavoured to appear insensible of his presence; but a close observer might have detected in their bearing something approaching to a consciousness of degradation at the idea of being assimilated in the estimation of their captors with their craven companion.

Two days previously, the Frenchmen had been employed in the escort, from the city of Burgos, where the headquarters of their regiment were stationed, of a quantity of ammunition for the supply of the garrison at Valladolid. On that occasion they had halted at the little inn in question, for the double purpose of obtaining refreshment, and availing themselves of the shade during a few hours of the hottest portion of the day. When about to resume their march, the sergeant of the party, on paying his score, execrated the quality of the wine with which they had been furnished: adding, in a half-laughing tone, as he nodded to the landlord on turning to leave the house: 'Take care that, when we visit you again, on our return to Burgos the day following to-morrow, you furnish us with something better than the sour stuff you have dosed us with to-day, else we may regard you as a rebel who designs to poison the troops of the emperor, and treat you to justice which you may find more summary than satisfactory.' In a few minutes more they were on the road; and in the evening of the following day, delivered up their charge in safety to the commandant of Valladolid. On the succeeding morning, the party were again in the saddle on their return to head-quarters. They started at an early hour, Captain Dubois, the officer in command, being determined to accomplish the distance in one day, which had previously occupied them nearly two, when encumbered with the wagons they had been sent to escort. They had, therefore, reached the wine-house ere the hottest part of the day had set in, and, according to custom, halted to refresh themselves, and enjoy the shade, with the intention of resuming their march in the cool of the afternoon. Several leagues still remained to be traversed before they could reach Burgos; but by borrowing a couple of hours from the night, the distance would be easily accomplished, and both men and horses in much better condition than if the march were prosecuted under the fierce blaze of the meridian sun.

Having halted in front of the venta, the officer dismounted, whilst the sergeant shouted to the landlord to open the gate of the court-yard for the admission of the troop. No response was given. He dismounted, and entered the house; but the host, in general its sole occupant, was nowhere to be seen. Having repeatedly called for him in vain within and without the house, the sergeant himself admitted the troop; who, in a very few minutes, having placed their horses beneath the sheds already alluded to, and furnished them with provender, proceeded to supply their personal wants on the most liberal scale from the food and wine which they found in abundance in the house; observing that, if the landlord did not choose to remain at home and look after his own interests, that was no reason whatever why they should be regardless of theirs.

Some hours subsequently, about a dozen of their number, who, though not by any means intoxicated, had arrived at the state generally described as 'convivial,' were seated round a wine-skin,

chanting at the top of their voices a ditty, of which the praises of *la belle France* and the glories of the Grand Army formed the burden, when their harmony received an unexpected interruption. The crash of breaking timber was heard; a slight ceiling, composed of a species of hurdle, forming the floor of a small loft, and extending over about half the room in which they sat, gave way immediately above them, and a man tumbled head-foremost into the centre of the astonished group. So very sudden and unexpected was his appearance, that it might readily have been mistaken for the commencement of a violent attack. The Frenchmen involuntarily sprang to their feet, and their sabres flashed from the scabbards; but the individual who had so abruptly intruded on their mirth was himself evidently by far the most startled of the party. Dropping on his knees, he exclaimed: 'Mercy, senors!—mercy! I am your poor servant José, landlord of the venta, as you must remember. I have never injured any one, and love the brave French! Mercy, senors!' And certainly he was immediately recognised as the host who had supplied them with refreshment two days previously, and whose absence on the present occasion had caused them so much surprise. His abrupt and involuntary advent was now greeted with a hearty peal of laughter, and he was pledged in a bumper of his own wine; whilst inquiries were addressed to him on every side as to the causes which had induced him to seek concealment. José seemed for a time considerably puzzled to find a satisfactory reply to this very natural inquiry; but at length succeeded in impressing the Frenchmen with the belief that, whilst he entertained the highest respect and the greatest affection for their nation and themselves, he was at the same time influenced by a very wholesome dread of their martial qualities; and whilst perfectly willing to afford them all the accommodation which his house could furnish, deemed it much the wiser and better way to retire into private life, so far as his person was concerned, until they should have departed from his premises. He experienced no great difficulty in making these excuses pass current with the body of the Frenchmen, who were perhaps all the more willing to receive them, that his previous absence necessarily involved his ignorance of the quantity of his property which they had eaten and drunk, and of which, no doubt, they would find the benefit in the reckoning. Compelling him, therefore, to join their party, they were soon again absorbed in their investigations as to the quality of the contents of the wine-skin.

III.

Before long, the tidings of José's appearance, after so very novel a fashion, reached the ears of the officer in command of the troop. Captain Dubois was a man who, though little past the middle age, was already a veteran in experience. He had served from boyhood

in the army, and had risen from the ranks under the eye of Bonaparte; and like most of those selected by that general for promotion, he combined great penetration, sagacity, and readiness of resource, with the utmost personal bravery; but, like them also, to those qualities he united a very considerable degree of unscrupulosity as to the means to be employed for the attainment of any desirable end. Being well aware of the nature of the sentiments with which the French were regarded by the great body of the Spanish people, and of the necessity for exercising the most sleepless vigilance whilst quartered in the heart of a hostile country, he seemed to view the circumstance as affording matter for anything rather than mirth. After pondering for a time, he proceeded to view the place of José's concealment. This was a kind of loft, employed as a receptacle for articles of clothing and lighter lumber, but certainly never intended to sustain the weight of a man. It would, however, in all probability have answered that purpose on the present occasion, had not the dragoons who occupied the room beneath, in relieving themselves of their heavier equipments, hung their well-filled cartouch-pouches on the projecting ends of the slight timbers forming the joists, the additional weight of which produced the unexpected catastrophe already described. Having made his survey, the captain returned to the room in which he had been sitting, and ordering the landlord to his presence, questioned him, at first with apparent indifference and unconcern, as to his reason for secreting himself on their approach. José, having by this time in a great degree recovered his confidence, replied to the captain in pretty much the same terms he had used to the men; adding, that no doubt he had been in error in entertaining any fear of his very excellent friends, and on every future occasion that might lead them that way, they should find him prepared to pay them all due respect by his personal attendance. He was about to retire, deeming the commander completely satisfied, when the demeanour of the latter underwent a sudden and entire alteration. He gave way for an instant to a burst of ferocious laughter, which grated most ominously on the ear of poor José, checking which, he glared on him with an eye that seemed to read his very soul; and addressing him in tones the sternness of which contrasted strangely with the apparent indifference, and even blandness of those he had employed but a moment before—'That silly tale might serve your purpose,' he exclaimed, 'if told to a beardless conscript, but will scarcely deceive a man who has passed through a dozen campaigns. No, no; the motive must be a powerful one indeed which induces a Spanish innkeeper to conceal himself, and leave his property at the mercy of a troop of dragoons. But I am not accustomed to trifle; nor will I be trifled with. Now, mark me!'—and he rose from his chair, and approached the landlord—'in half an hour I leave this place; but I'll know your reason for secreting yourself from the presence of my men, *or before I* go, I'll

hang you from the topmost bough of yonder tree!' pointing to one which grew before the window.

The countenance of the wretched man was instantly blanched with terror. From head to foot he shook as in a palsy; and at length, dropping on his knees, he poured forth protestations and oaths of his innocence of any act or any design which could possibly prove offensive to his very excellent friends the French; and appealed to every saint in the calendar for the truth of his statement, that the reason he had already assigned was his only one for seeking to avoid their presence. His declaration, however, might have been addressed with equal effect to the passing breeze as to Captain Dubois. Consigning him to the custody of a couple of his men, that officer continued coolly to enjoy his cigar and wine, until half the period he had named to his captive had elapsed, when he approached, and informing him that but a quarter of an hour now remained, again demanded the reason of his secretion, and again received a similar reply. The captain, without deigning an answer, turned on his heel, and ordered the trumpeter to sound the recall for the men, many of whom were sauntering about the road and fields adjoining the venta. Ten minutes more had elapsed, when he again addressed his prisoner; and on receiving a similar reply as formerly, ordered the men in whose custody he was to bind his arms and lead him forth. This was accordingly done; and poor José, standing on the threshold of his own door, beheld all the preparations for his execution, from the very tree in whose friendly shade he had so often sat, and pledged in the wine-cup the frequenters of his humble hostelry. Here his courage, which had for some time been waxing faint, failed him altogether.

'Mercy, senor!' he exclaimed. 'Spare my life, and you shall know all!'

'I expected as much by the time we should get thus far,' coolly replied the captain.

Whether he really intended to have carried his threat into execution, it is impossible to say. It is probable he merely speculated on the effect to be produced by the fear of death, in forcing a confession from the landlord, if indeed he were privy to any plot or project against the French: in which case the result proved the correctness of his calculations.

'You will spare my life, senor, if I reveal all?' besought the landlord.

'I shall not hang you, provided you make a candid and full confession; but should you attempt to conceal anything, I shall certainly discover it, and put you to death upon the spot,' was the reply.

To enable the reader to understand the revelation which followed, it is necessary to explain some facts concerning the locality. The city of Burgos, whither the French were proceeding, was distant

from the venta about five leagues by the shortest route. The road, however, was exceedingly hilly, rugged, and uneven, and seldom or never employed for the transit of vehicles; though in fine weather horsemen frequently adopted it, when pressed for time, without experiencing any very extraordinary inconvenience. At the distance of a league from the venta, another road, leading to the same destination, diverged from this to the right, very far superior, and consequently much more frequently adopted, though more circuitous than the former, by fully two leagues. By this latter road the dragoons had come from Burgos two days previously; but their selection of it then might have been accounted for on the ground of their having in convoy the heavy ammunition-wagons, to which the shorter one would have been quite impassable; whilst on the present occasion, being wholly unencumbered, they were free to adopt either route as their commander might decide.

The information now afforded by José was to the effect, that an attack on the Frenchmen, in the course of their evening march through the mountain-passes, which must be traversed in order to reach Burgos, had been determined on by the leader of a guerrilla band—one as yet unknown to the French, but whose name was destined ere long to become a word of terror in the ears of every detached party of their army in the province of Old Castile, and ultimately to survive, in the grateful recollection of his countrymen, so long as the records of the war of independence shall find a place on the page of Spanish history—Juan Martin Diaz, the Empecinado.

As the greatest number of followers that Diaz could muster, however, so little exceeded those of the French, that their superiority in discipline, arms, and general equipment would throw the chances of success altogether in favour of the latter in case of an open attack, an ambuscade and surprise were the means which the guerrilla chief sought to adopt for their destruction. But in order to effect his purpose in this way, it was absolutely necessary that he should have previous information as to which of the two lines of road already described would be adopted by his enemy. For the purpose of obtaining this information, at an early hour on the morning of that day he repaired to the venta, accompanied by two of his most trusty and intelligent followers, whom he placed in concealment in a dilapidated granary, or barn, which stood at some distance in the rear of the house, and almost hidden from view by intervening trees. José was then instructed to ascertain from the Frenchmen, as soon after their arrival, and in a manner as little pointed as possible, the route which the commander meant to pursue on resuming his march; which intelligence he was to communicate immediately to the emissaries of Diaz, as it was conceived he could absent himself for this purpose for a few minutes whilst the dragoons refreshed themselves, without attracting their attention. Having obtained the necessary information, one of the guerrillas was to start immediately,

keeping the wooded ground, to avoid being seen by any straggler of the French party; and Diaz was to await him at the point where the two roads separated, the chief having left the remainder of his men concealed, with their horses, in a sort of natural amphitheatre, about midway between the two lines, whence they could easily gain, by mountain-paths, the most convenient spot on either long before the Frenchmen could possibly arrive. The second guerrilla was still to remain secreted, lest any unforeseen occurrence, up to the moment of the departure of the French troops, should cause a change in the intentions of their officer, which he might still be able to communicate to Diaz in sufficient time to enable him to alter the plans he had adopted in conformity with the information previously conveyed by the other.

José proceeded to state that he had been compelled by the threats of Diaz to promise performance of the part allotted him, but that he had no real intention of engaging in any project tending to the injury of his very excellent friends the French; whilst on the other hand, unprotected as he was, and exposed at all times to the vengeance of the guerrillas, he dared not go the length of making the Frenchmen acquainted with the plot, and putting them upon their guard; and that, under these circumstances, and hoping, by taking no active part in the transaction, to avoid incurring the direct hostility of either party, he had sought concealment from both for the present, as already described, leaving them to decide their quarrel among themselves as they best might.

Now, so far as the plans and movements of the Empecinado were concerned, the above statement was perfectly correct. But as 'on their own merits modest men are dumb,' there were some few particulars concerning his own share in the transaction the mention of which José altogether omitted. He did not deem it necessary to inform Captain Dubois that, having learned from the incautious language of the sergeant the period when the troop might be expected to pass on their return, the moment they were out of sight he had despatched a messenger with the intelligence to Diaz, well knowing that he would gladly seize the opportunity to waylay, and, if possible, destroy them. There, however, he conceived his part of the performance to have terminated; and by no means relished the proposition of the guerrilla chief, that he should undertake the risk of conveying intelligence of the Frenchmen's intentions to his emissaries, as they lay concealed actually within pistol-shot of the troop. His habitual dread of Diaz, however, left him no resource; and accordingly he gave a reluctant promise of obedience, which he would no doubt have fulfilled, had his courage been equal to his sincerity. But though his hatred of the French was as intense as Diaz himself could desire, his dread of them was, if possible, more deeply rooted still. Accordingly, whilst he awaited their appearance on that eventful day, the little stock of courage he possessed waxed each

moment lower and feebler as he contemplated with increasing misgivings the hazards of the enterprise: and when at length the martial band, whose destruction he was plotting, came full in view, the loud ringing of their accoutrements, and the flashing of their helmets and sabres in the sunshine, struck such terror to his heart, that he instantly resolved to abandon its prosecution altogether. In such a case, had he been possessed of ordinary nerve, his obvious course would have been to proceed to the discharge of his regular duties as landlord of the house; and he would probably have found little difficulty in persuading Diaz that he had been unable to extract the desired information from the French. But alas! that 'conscience,' which 'doth make cowards of us all,' whispered to José his utter inability to emulate the coolness and unconcern of innocence, and at the same time avoid suspicion; and acting on its promptings, he made a precipitate retreat, and the abortive effort at concealment, which terminated as already recorded.

Having heard his recital to the close with the utmost attention, Captain Dubois inquired: 'So, then, the two spies of whom you speak are at this moment concealed in the barn?'

'Si, senor.'

Directing him to lead the way to the building in question, whilst by a gesture he instructed a couple of his men to look sharply after him, the officer easily managed to surround the house with the dragoons ere the unfortunate men within had the slightest intimation that they had been betrayed. Even after the soldiers had passed the doorway, the devoted guerrillas, probably regarding them as idle stragglers from the main body, lay still and silent in the place of their concealment; nor was it until—the faithless landlord having pointed out the spot—they were actually seized and dragged into the light of day, that they attempted to resist or flee. But it was then too late. One fierce struggle, which lasted but a moment, and they were overpowered, securely bound, and conducted to the venta. A brief examination followed, in which Captain Dubois exerted his persuasive powers in vain to induce the faithful fellows to furnish him with any information concerning their leader or his band. They remained silent, or answered his inquiries either with terrible maledictions on the invaders of their country, or with statements grossly and obviously wide of the truth, until their interrogator, discovering the uselessness alike of threats and promises, and recollecting the somewhat critical position he occupied, and the already advanced hour of the afternoon, ordered them to be led out into the courtyard for execution, and then inquired for the landlord. He soon appeared, and claimed the promise given him by the captain, whilst an assumed confidence struggled for the mastery with ill-dissembled terror in his tones and countenance.

'I promised not to hang you for anything you should reveal to me,' replied the captain, 'and that promise I shall keep; though

I fancy we are indebted more to your fears than your good-will. But there 's a trifling matter you have altogether overlooked in your confession, and concerning which I feel curious to obtain a little information. The troops which march from Burgos to Valladolid generally remain there for several days; now how came this fellow Diaz to know of my intention, contrary to the usual custom, to return to-day?'

The countenance of the wretched man instantly fell. Such an inquiry he had never anticipated, and consequently was quite unprepared to meet it. He faltered out a denial of any knowledge on the subject; but his interrogator was not a man to be so easily deceived. Directing José to accompany him, he proceeded to the yard, whither the doomed guerrillas had been led for execution, and inquired of them how Diaz came to be acquainted with his intentions. The result answered his expectations. The Spaniards, believing the landlord to have voluntarily betrayed them, hesitated not to make an avowal which would involve the betrayer in their doom, whilst it could not possibly injure their leader or his cause. As if actuated by one mind, and making an effort with their pinioned arms to point to the unhappy landlord, they exclaimed together: 'He sent the information!'

'A lie!—a lie!' exclaimed the trembling wretch. 'I knew not myself, senor, of your intention to return to-day; and how, then, could I have informed Diaz?'

''Tis false!' said the sergeant, who immediately recollected the language he had used to the landlord two days before. 'I myself informed you when on our march to Valladolid, and desired you to have better wine for us to-day.'

'Sergeant,' said the captain in a grave tone, 'I had intended forwarding your name with a recommendation for promotion on the next vacancy occurring; but the man who has so little discretion as to communicate to his majesty's enemies the intended movements of his troops, is scarcely a fit person to bear his commission.—Seize the fellow,' he cried, pointing to the landlord, 'and give him a traitor's doom!'

'Your promise, senor!—your promise!' gasped the miserable man.

'My promise was not to *hang* you; and though your having failed to fulfil the conditions might justify me in so doing, my word once passed, I scorn to break it, even to a dog like you! But I 'll *shoot* you!—Bind him, and place him with the others; though it 's almost a pity that such a craven should fall by a soldier's weapon, and yonder brave and faithful fellows be compelled to die in the company of so base a hound.'

IV.

The unfortunate, but certainly treacherous innkeeper was instantly bound, according to the command of the officer, and, heedless of his cries, the dragoons placed him in that position described in the opening paragraph of our narrative. A few minutes at most would have sufficed to close the tragedy, when the sentry posted on the road in front of the venta was heard to challenge, and another actor was unexpectedly ushered on the scene. The appearance of the new-comer was striking in the extreme. Though little above the middle height, his limbs and body indicated the possession of gigantic strength; his broad chest and brawny neck were on a perfectly colossal scale; his features, which, though large and coarse, were far from disagreeable, conveyed the expression of daring and decision in an eminent degree, their effect being heightened by his long coal-black hair and thick moustache, and bushy whiskers of the same colour, which met beneath his chin, whilst a broad-leafed hat threw on his naturally dark countenance a still more sombre shade. He was clad in the ordinary peasant garb. On being ushered into the yard, he gazed about him with apparently a vacant look, as if he understood not the meaning of the preparations before described. Captain Dubois, however, fancied he perceived a start of surprise on the part of the kneeling guerrillas at the moment of the new-comer's appearance; and as his eye fell upon the stranger, he detected something marvellously like a mute gesture of intelligence on his side. He whispered an order to the sergeant, and a moment after, half-a-dozen of the dragoons threw themselves at once upon the man, and despite the amazing strength which he put forth to shake them off, and against which a couple of ordinary men would have had little chance of success, he was soon overpowered, and bound so securely, as to set at defiance all his efforts to regain his liberty.

'Who are you?' inquired the captain, when his prisoner was secured, and stood before him.

'I am Nicolas Herastas the woodman,' replied the other; 'and have come to the venta to sell yonder fagots to Senor José for firewood. What mischief have I done, that you should seize and bind me thus?' The appearance of an enormous bundle of fagots, which he bore on his shoulder when he entered the yard, seemed to support his assertion.

'Know you this man?' inquired the captain of the kneeling guerrillas.

'We know him not,' was the steady response.

'Know you this man?' he asked of the landlord.

'Si, senor—si,' he replied.

'Who is he?'

'Juan Martin Diaz, el Empecinado!'

'What! the fellow whom you described as the leader of the band to which these belong?'

'The same, senor.'

Captain Dubois paused for a moment; then directing the execution to be staid till his return, he ordered the new prisoner to be led into the house. The following conversation ensued:

'You are Martin Diaz, whom they call the Empecinado?'

'If José speak the truth, I am; but I should have thought the men who kneel beside him equally entitled to credit.'

'You complained just now of having been seized and bound. Of course you know that your life, as well as your liberty, is in my hands. But I have power also to spare the one, and restore the other; and I presume, of course, that you, as a sensible man, would wish me to do so.'

'Life is sweet to most men, and I have no wish to die just yet.'

'Then tell me the number of men whom you command, and conduct me to the place where you have concealed them, and I pledge you the honour of a Frenchman, that when you have performed that service, you shall go unharmed.'

Cool and self-possessed as Captain Dubois was, he actually quailed beneath the look of supreme scorn and contempt with which his offer was received. Resuming, however, in a few moments his former calmness of demeanour, the Spaniard replied: 'The Empecinado never betrays his comrades; and therefore, if I am he, your offer is thrown away. If I am *not* he, I know nothing, and can reveal nothing.'

'Then your blood be on your own head!' said the Frenchman, as he rose to give an order for his removal. 'Make your peace with God, for in five minutes you die.'

Martin Diaz in truth it was. Having waited at the place appointed for some hours after the time when he had expected the arrival of his emissaries with the desired information from the venta, and discovering no signs of their approach, he began to fear he should be compelled to abandon the enterprise altogether. Resolved, however, not to do so without a further effort, he adopted the bold step of presenting himself in the disguise of a woodman, with the view of obtaining, if possible, the necessary intelligence in person. He conceived, indeed, that he ran but little risk in doing so, as his person was wholly unknown to the French, and he never contemplated the possibility of treachery on the part of José. The result, however, was as we have described.

There was present at the conversation between Captain Dubois and Diaz an individual whom we have not hitherto introduced to the reader, the circumstances of the narrative up to this point not requiring it. This was the captain's son, a generous and high-spirited youth, about sixteen years of age, who had accompanied

his father into Spain, and was generally his companion on the march. Though destined for the profession of arms, he had not yet entered on that career. Still he was looked on by both officers and men as already belonging to the regiment; and had, in fact, encountered with them not only the discomforts, but the dangers of more than one campaign. The youth had felt powerfully interested in Diaz from the moment of his appearance; and now, greatly impressed in his favour from the coolness and boldness of his replies, and the good faith he exhibited in reference to his comrades, he determined on making an effort to avert his fate. 'Father,' he said, seizing the captain's arm as he rose from his seat, 'you will not put him to death?'

'Foolish boy! I must,' replied his father. 'Why should I spare him? Who can say what amount of mischief a determined fellow like that might not do to the emperor's troops? If, indeed, he would consent to deliver up the rebels he commands, and enlist himself into the troop, he might make a tolerable dragoon. But he rushes on his fate.'

'But, father,' pursued the lad, 'you have no proof that he is the person you suspect him to be. The only man who states him to be Diaz is one whom you have yourself proved to be a traitor and a liar. At least spare him for the present, and take him to head-quarters, as you can easily do.'

'I have no doubt whatever that he is Diaz,' said Captain Dubois; 'and I cannot encumber myself with prisoners, especially as we have those mountain-passes to traverse after dark, and know not when or where we may fall in with the rebels. His time has come.' So saying he left the room, for the purpose of summoning a guard to convey the prisoner to the court-yard.

But Diaz had heard words of comfort; and though at all times ready to hazard life, was not the man uselessly to throw away a single chance of preserving it. He was left for the moment alone with young Dubois, and he hastened to improve it. A sentry indeed stood at the door, but a party in the room might speak in a low tone without being overheard. 'Young man,' said the guerrilla chief, 'you have shewn you have a heart. Would you perform the last request, and ease the last moments of a dying man, when it involved no danger or trouble to yourself?'

'How can I serve you?' inquired the youth with evident sympathy.

The guerrilla turned round, so as to exhibit his hands covered with blood; the cords which bound his wrists behind cutting him to the bone, and doubtless inflicting the most exquisite pain. 'Cut these cords,' he said. 'In a few minutes it will signify little whether I am bound or loose; but release me from this torture, and earn the last blessing of a dying man.'

The young Frenchman snatched a knife from the table at which he and his father had been partaking of refreshment with the other

officers of the troop, severed the cords, and replaced the knife without observation; the prisoner still keeping his arms in the same position, to conceal the circumstance. A minute after, he was led into the court-yard, and placed, like the others, in a kneeling posture, to receive his death-wound.

That the reader may comprehend aright what followed, it is necessary here to explain that the yard, which was quadrangular in shape, was bounded in front by the dwelling-house; on one side by the sheds, beneath which stood the horses of the troop; on the other by a high wall and the entrance-gate; and in the rear by a steep descent of twelve or fifteen feet in depth, nearly to the foot of which reached the thicket, concealing the barn before alluded to, and in reality forming the commencement of a wood some miles in extent. At the open side of the yard, and within a few feet of the edge of the bank, were placed the men about to be executed; the dragoons who were to perform the office being drawn up about ten paces in their front.

The officer had taken his place at one extremity of the line formed by the firing-party, and a couple of paces in advance of them; and, save the loud sobbing of the wretched landlord of the venta, all was still as death. The word of command was given, and the soldiers came to the 'ready.' Again the word was given, and they came to the 'present.' A third time its tones were heard; but as the lips of the officer parted to utter the fatal 'fire!' Diaz, who had intently watched the motion of the muscles of his countenance, threw himself flat upon his face; the volley pealed, three men rolled lifeless on the ground, the three balls intended for the fourth whistled harmlessly nearly a yard above his head: he bounded to his feet; and with one wild shout of 'Venganza!' he sprang from the top of the bank, and in a few seconds was lost to view in the adjoining thicket.

For a moment the whole band of Frenchmen, officers and privates, were literally paralysed with astonishment at the ruse of the Spaniard, and the success which seemed likely to attend it. The loud voice of their commander speedily aroused them to exertion. 'Follow!' he shouted in tones hoarse with rage at having been thus baffled and defeated by an unarmed captive in the centre of his troop—'follow, and shoot or cut him down upon the spot: no quarter to the rebel!'

To follow him, however, promised to be no very easy task; whilst either to shoot or cut him down seemed one of still more difficult achievement. The firing-party had already emptied their carabines, and Diaz exhibited no disposition to wait until they should have reloaded. The remainder of the troop, who were grouped around the yard on foot, had of course left their firearms attached to their saddles: to rush to the sheds and detach them necessarily occupied some time, before the expiration of which the fugitive had

disappeared among the bushes. Few of the troopers were inclined to take the leap from the top of the bank which he had done, and considerable ground was necessarily lost in going round through the house into the road, and seeking some easier method of descent. Even when fairly started on his track, the encumbrance of their long spurs, sabres, and heavy dragoon equipments, so ill adapted for a chase on foot through bushes and brushwood, threw the odds completely against the pursuers; the result of which was so evident to Captain Dubois, that within a few minutes from its commencement, he ordered the recall to be sounded, and directed his men to prepare for the road. He probably reflected on the difficulties he might yet have to contend with before reaching Burgos; and though individually as gallant a soldier as any in the imperial army, he had too much good sense to undervalue the danger attendant on fighting an enemy of whose numbers he was ignorant, in a country to which he was a stranger, and labouring under all the disadvantages of exposure to an ambuscade in the dark, and at any point his enemy might think fit to select.

After some deliberation, he decided on taking the longer road to Burgos, which being by far the better one, would afford him the greatest facilities for availing himself of the advantages of superior discipline on the part of his troop in case of an attack. Adopting the precaution of throwing out strong advanced and rear guards, he pushed forward at a smart pace. The Empecinado probably was unable to reach his band in time to intercept them; or, seeing that a surprise was now out of the question, gave up the enterprise as hopeless. At all events, no symptoms of the presence of the guerrillas were discovered by the Frenchmen, who reached Burgos about midnight, without any further adventure requiring a place in this narrative.

V.

Three years had almost passed away since the occurrence of the events just related, and the setting sun was pouring down his softened glories, bathing in a flood of molten gold, as if in cruel mockery, the mass of mangled and lifeless, as well as still suffering humanity, which thickly strewed the hard-fought field of Salamanca, when the curtain rose on the second act of this drama of real life. In the interval, young Dubois had entered the army, and now commanded the troop of which his father had previously been captain. The latter had been promoted to the rank of colonel, and now went forth at the head of his regiment to battle.

The details and results of that memorable day have long been matter of history, rendering it unnecessary, even were it not foreign to our purpose, to record them here. Though the fighting had not actually ceased, the battle was already decided: the wreck of what,

a few hours previously, had been a splendid French army, was in full flight—their general, Marmont, being himself among the wounded; and the remnant of the cavalry had been hastily got together, for the purpose of attempting to protect the rear and cover the retreat, Colonel Dubois selecting, and occupying with his regiment, the rearmost position, as, in retreat, the most honourable, because the most dangerous of all.

Before turning to quit the field, the colonel determined on an effort to rescue a battery of four guns which had been captured by the British, and were already turned against, and hurling destruction on their former masters. Though always foremost in the charge and loudest in the cheer, he had hitherto passed unscathed through the dangers of that bloody day. The ranks of his men had indeed been fearfully thinned; but—

'Few, and faint, but fearless still'—

they responded, as ever, with ardour to their gallant leader's battle-cry. The word was given: on they came, 'like a mighty rushing wind,' the pace increasing at every stride. The British artillerymen, cool as on a field-day in the Park, allowed them to approach so near, that a few bounds more would have placed them beside the guns ere they applied the matches. The murderous discharge took place; the leading files were literally exterminated; men and horses went down by dozens before the iron storm; and the same round shot, first passing through the neck of the charger of Colonel Dubois, and then perforating the body of its rider, closed the career of both for ever. An infantry regiment, posted immediately in the rear of the guns, now poured in a shattering volley; and before the smoke had cleared, the British cavalry came thundering down the slope, tore like a whirlwind through their broken ranks, emptying many a saddle, and converting the attempted retreat into a disorderly and terrified flight.

Stunned by a grape-shot which had grazed his temple, and with the blood welling forth at every movement from a deep sabre-wound in his side, young Dubois was borne along by the crowd of fugitives, almost involuntarily, and had reached some distance from the field of slaughter and blood ere he arrived at a thorough consciousness of his position. Then, indeed, the scene which presented itself was disheartening in the extreme. In front, as far as the eye could penetrate amid the thickening shades of evening, the road was covered with the wreck of the beaten army; from the rear, the scattered discharges of musketry, the hoarse thunder of the drums, and the shrill music of the bugles, proclaimed the vigour of the pursuit with which the victors were following up their triumph; whilst every moment, along the line of retreat, some mangled wretch, whom love of life had stimulated thus far to exertion, sunk upon the road, to be trodden into the mud beneath the feet of his former comrades, or

the hoofs of their chargers, or else crawled into some neighbouring ditch, to expire in comparative tranquillity.

Increasing weakness from loss of blood warned Captain Dubois of his inability much longer to retain the saddle. But what was his alternative? He dared not await the arrival of the victorious troops, animated as they were with the first ruthless ardour of the pursuit; whilst to seek an asylum in the dwellings of any of the native inhabitants of the country, would be to throw himself into the hands of those whose very mercy towards his countrymen was cruel. Casting a despairing glance around, he observed what seemed to be a half-ruined shed, and about which no appearance of life was visible, at some distance from the road. Approaching it, a closer investigation shewed it to have been originally intended as a place for cattle; but as it bore no appearance of having been used for some time, he gladly availed himself of the shelter and seclusion it afforded; and having led his horse through the doorway—the door having been removed, if indeed it had ever had one—prepared to pass the night. Having stanched the wound in his side in the best manner his means permitted—that in his head not being serious—he came to the determination, if unable to continue his retreat on the following day, to seek, and surrender himself to the first party of British soldiers he could discover; certain that, as the ardour of the pursuit would then have slackened, he would be treated with attention and humanity as a prisoner of war. Having come to this resolution, he yielded to the drowsiness produced by his utter exhaustion, and was soon buried in a profound slumber.

Several hours had passed away, during which, despite his wounds, he had enjoyed deep and refreshing sleep, when he was suddenly aroused by the tramp of horses and the sound of human voices. The moon had gone down, and morning had not yet dawned; consequently, though the new-comers were grouped together immediately without the open doorway, his sense of hearing furnished his only clue to their character. Friends he could not expect them to be; and the most sanguine hope he ventured to indulge was, that they might prove a party of the British. The first articulate sounds which met his ear dissipated even this faint expectation: the Spanish language was that which was spoken; and too well did the unfortunate young Frenchman know that to be a Spaniard was to be his deadly enemy. He felt, therefore, that his only chance of concealment and escape depended on the departure of the Spaniards without entering the building. A short time sufficed to decide this point. A light was struck, and a man bearing a torch entered the house. His shout of surprise, as the brilliant accoutrements of the Frenchman reflected the light and glittered through the gloom, brought his comrades to the spot; and Dubois found himself—his worst fears realised—in the centre of a guerrilla band.

Summoning his courage to meet, with the boldest front he could

assume, the fate he now deemed inevitable, he replied with composure to their inquiries as to the circumstances which had led him there; after which the party retired some paces, and conversed for a time in a tone so low that few of their remarks were audible to their prisoner. They then dispersed themselves in various attitudes about the building, and appeared to wait the approach of day; the captive meanwhile feeling, it may be presumed, little further disposition to sleep.

The sun had fairly risen when the guerrillas again bestirred themselves. They led forth the charger of Dubois, and ordered him to follow and mount. He had reached the open air, and was feebly endeavouring to comply with the latter command, the slight exertion having already caused the blood to flow from his wound afresh, when another individual rode rapidly up to the party, and sprang to the ground. In the strongly marked features and powerful and massive frame of the new-comer, Dubois thought he discovered a resemblance to some one he had seen before; but when or where, he could not recall; nor, indeed, in such an emergency did his mind dwell much on the circumstance. His costume and general equipment differed but slightly from those of the men who had previously arrived. He carried, like each of them, a sabre and carabine, but of somewhat more elegant and expensive workmanship: he had also holsters at his saddle-bow, of which they were destitute; and his garb partook somewhat less of the peasant, and more of the military character than theirs. The greeting with which he was received having subsided, he inquired where they had taken the Frenchman, and for what purpose they were permitting him to mount.

'We found him here, whither he had crawled after the battle of yesterday,' replied a tall swarthy-looking fellow, whose dark eyes burned like live-coals in their sockets as he glared upon his victim; 'and we are taking him to hang him on the same tree from which the hounds his countrymen hanged my father at his own door last week, for refusing to become their guide.'

'But don't you see he won't live to accomplish half the journey?' said the other. 'Besides, there's better game on foot; and I want you all just now for more active service than to escort a wounded man a dozen leagues.'

'Stand clear, then,' cried the former to his comrades, 'and let me exterminate the accursed *Francese!*'

The group gave way, and left the man standing face to face with his intended victim, at the distance of half-a-dozen feet. In leading the latter from the house, his shako had been forgotten or overlooked; and as he now stood with uncovered head, waiting to receive his death-wound, the bright rays of the early sun shone full on his features, rendering every muscle and line of his countenance visible with the utmost possible distinctness. The Spaniard unslung the carabine which he carried at his back, glared at the countenance

of Dubois for an instant, and raised the weapon to his shoulder. For a moment, as he levelled at the fair forehead of the young Frenchman, the piece and the arm which sustained it were immovable, as if hewn in marble; already his finger contracted on the trigger, and in another moment the contents would have penetrated the brain of his victim, when the new-comer, who stood beside him, shouted, with a suddenness and energy which thrilled the hearts of those who heard him: 'Hold!' Even this interference would have come too late had he not at the same instant seconded the word by striking up the weapon with his hand, which caused the contents to pass several feet above the prisoner's head.

'What mean you, Juan Martin Diaz?' angrily exclaimed the baffled Spaniard. 'Why do you interrupt the course of my vengeance, and compel me to waste a second cartouch, when the first would have sufficed?'

'It strikes me,' quietly replied Diaz—for the new-comer was indeed the Empecinado—'that this young gentleman and I are old acquaintances—old *friends*, for that matter, in case my conjectures prove correct; and if so, not a hair of his head shall be injured.—Your name, young man?' he continued, turning to the Frenchman.

'Dubois.'

'Ha! I thought as much. Does your father bear a commission in the French army?'

'He did till the evening of yesterday. His was a nobler fate than that reserved for me. He died on the field of battle.'

'How long have you been in the army?'

'I have accompanied my father with the army for many years, but have actually borne a commission for little more than two.

'Enough,' said Diaz, grasping his hand; and he related briefly to the attentive group the obligation he had incurred to the young man nearly three years previously, concluding by stating his determination to befriend him to the utmost of his power.

The Spaniard who had attempted the life of Dubois heard him to the end with ill-concealed impatience. 'And think you,' he exclaimed, as the other ceased to speak, 'that I will suffer you, or any man, to defraud me of my just revenge? The prisoner belongs to me—not to you; and I shall dispose of him as I please, without asking your permission.'

'Why, Tomas,' replied the Empecinado, 'you have heard that I owe him a life, and I am determined to repay the obligation. True, he is your prisoner; but resign the poor boy to me, and I 'll take and hand over to you half-a-dozen of his countrymen before the week is out, to deal with as you list.'

A brief altercation ensued, in which the mildness of Diaz contrasted strangely with the increasing ferocity of Tomas. The latter at length, with a bound, brought himself almost in contact with Dubois; and at the same moment the long two-edged knife, which,

like most of the Spanish guerrillas, he carried at his girdle, glittered in his uplifted hand. Before it could descend in execution of his bloody purpose, his arm was seized by Diaz, and held as in a vice.

'Tomas,' he said, in calm but stern tones, whilst an ominous frown gathered on his brow, 'for old acquaintance' sake, I recommend you to drop that knife.'

An ineffectual struggle to release his arm from the iron grasp that held it was the only reply. 'Tomas,' said Diaz in a somewhat higher key than before, 'we have been companions from childhood, and I should be sorry to do you an injury. Again I say drop that knife: I'll not tell you a third time.'

'Never!' shouted his antagonist, 'until it finds a sheath in the Frenchman's heart.'

A slight turn of the wrist of Diaz was followed by a shriek of mingled rage and anguish from the lips of the other, whilst the knife dropped from his nerveless grasp. Diaz loosened his hold, and the arm of Tomas, *dislocated at the shoulder*, fell helplessly against his side.

'Now, my friend,' said Diaz to the Frenchman—who might be said not merely to have stood on the brink of the abyss of eternity a few minutes previously, but actually to have gazed into its giddy depths—'what shall I do to serve you? Command me, and to the utmost of my power it shall be done.'

When the latter was able fully to master his emotions—emotions that will be readily understood, and his experience of which involved no imputation on his manhood—he replied: 'Take me to the nearest station of the British army. There I shall be safe, and my wounds will be cared for.'

'Ay, but there you will be a prisoner also,' replied his preserver. 'Trust yourself in my care for the present. You shall be well attended to; and when able to travel, conducted to any station of your own troops you please on this side the Pyrenees.—Nay, never fear these men,' observing and interpreting aright the look of distrust and dread which Dubois cast on the fierce-looking band that surrounded them; 'there's not a man among them who will not be ready to risk his life in defence of the man whom the Empecinado calls his friend.'

Shouts of 'Viva el Empecinado!' 'Viva el Francese!' attested the truth of his statement. Dubois no longer hesitated; but submitting himself to the guidance of his new and powerful friend, was conveyed, with all the tenderness which his state required, to a farm-house at no great distance from the spot on which the transactions just detailed had taken place, whose inhabitants prepared, with the utmost alacrity, to meet the wishes of the Empecinado. His wounds having been attended to, and having partaken of such simple food as alone was suited to his debilitated and suffering condition, he was conducted to the chamber prepared for him, where,

on a humble yet comfortable couch, the recollection of the exciting scenes of the previous twenty-four hours was speedily effaced by the oblivion of sound and refreshing slumber. Ere he retired to rest, however, Diaz made particular inquiry of him as to the part of the field and the period of the conflict of the foregoing day in which his father had fallen; then wringing his hand, informed him that he was about to leave him for the present, but would see him again before long, and had meanwhile taken all necessary precautions to insure his safety during his temporary absence.

VI.

An act of gratitude had thus saved the life of young Dubois, and so far the Empecinado may be said to have cleared scores with his friend. But he still felt that something more was wanting.

At an early hour in the forenoon of the following day, the rapid clatter of a horse's hoofs along the paved causeway conducting to the farm-house caused a quickened circulation of the blood in the veins of the young Frenchman, who had not yet been able so completely to divest himself of his apprehensions as to feel perfectly at ease while surrounded by Spanish guerrillas. A heavy footstep, in connection with which his practised ear distinguished the ringing of spurs and the clank of a sabre, was heard in the passage which led to his room, announcing the approach of the new-comer; and the next moment the homely but manly countenance and stalwart form of the Empecinado appeared in the doorway. Having greeted his guest with a cordial frankness, which thoroughly reassured him, and inquired with evident solicitude concerning his wounds, he acquainted him that, after having left him on the previous day, he had proceeded to the scene of conflict, and, acting on the information with which the young man had furnished him concerning the locality, had succeeded without much difficulty in discovering the body of his father, which was readily recognised by the uniform and some other particulars, having hitherto escaped spoliation by those human vultures who invariably hang on the skirts of an army in the field, and prey alike on the wounded and the dead. He had already caused the remains to be removed to an adjacent hamlet; where, having undergone the simple preparations which the peasantry were accustomed to employ on such occasions, they lay in a house contiguous to the village graveyard, and, when the state of Captain Dubois's health would permit him to attend, should be placed in the consecrated earth. The Frenchman was deeply affected by this touching and delicate attention on the part of the rude and fiery guerrilla, and signified his wish that, if convenient, the ceremony should take place that evening. This was done; and the body of the late colonel was committed to its final resting-place in accordance with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, of which he had been a member.

In the course of conversation subsequently, Diaz informed his guest that he had made a solemn vow of dire vengeance to be inflicted on the head of the deceased, in consequence of the affair already described as having occurred at the venta. Chance, however, had never thrown in his way an opportunity for its fulfilment. The Frenchman had, since that period, been occupied with duties which detained him principally at headquarters; and even when detached, the guerrilla chief had ample employment to engage his attention, and demand his resources, elsewhere; and thus they had never met since the eventful day first described, until, amid a heap of slain on the field of Salamanca, the Empecinado recognised in the bloody corpse before him the once martial figure and still stern features of his former foe. 'Nor do I now regret,' said he, 'that it has not happened otherwise. Falling as he did, he has died like a brave and gallant man—a fate from which no soldier shrinks—whilst his death has released me from my vow, and fully balanced the account between us. And for your sake, therefore, young man, notwithstanding that he deprived me of two of my most faithful followers, and sought my own life, I rejoice that it has terminated so; for had it been otherwise, I could scarcely have expected the son to grasp in friendship the hand which had shed his father's blood.'

For a period of three weeks, during which Captain Dubois remained at the farm-house, he continued to experience the unremitting attentions which his state required—attentions springing from no motive of sordid interest, and characterised by a delicacy and considerateness which excited his astonishment, as proceeding from the untutored peasants who were its permanent inhabitants. The guerrilla leader spent much of his time in his company; and during the periods of his occasional absence—occasions on which, in all probability, he was employed in operations against the French troops; but of which fact, with judicious forbearance, he omitted all mention to Dubois—a guard of three or four of his most stanch and trusty adherents was constantly maintained to watch over the safety of his protégé. In the course of the intimacy which such a state of things naturally produced, the Frenchman had casually expressed a desire to be made acquainted with the facts of some of the many stirring adventures in which the other had been engaged, and the 'hair-breadth 'scapes' he had experienced, the reports of which had frequently reached his ears through the medium of his military friends. These reports, though distorted, no doubt, in many of their particulars, were yet sufficiently invested with the wild and wondrous characteristics of romance to interest the feelings and most powerfully stimulate the curiosity of his youthful and imaginative mind, especially when he remembered that he had himself been in personal contact with the daring partisan. The latter, on his part, exhibited little reluctance to comply with his request; for

though, notwithstanding all his dash and gallantry, the Empecinado was really and essentially a modest man, never disposed to dwell ostentatiously on his own exploits, and wholly free from that tendency to braggadocio which attaches so largely to the character of his countrymen in general, it required little of his usual penetration to discover that the inquirer felt a real interest in the events of his career, and would derive a high degree of gratification from his compliance. Dubois having particularly referred to a case in which an officer of his acquaintance, who had been despatched with a party to arrest the guerrilla some two years previously, had subsequently been tried by court-martial, and broken for misconduct and failure in the enterprise, the Empecinado immediately proceeded to meet his wishes, by relating as follows the real circumstances of the affair.

In the northern extremity of Old Castile, and at a distance of some eight or ten leagues from the city of Burgos, was a mountain of peculiar form, which rose from the plain by a gentle and gradual ascent on all sides save the south. In that direction it terminated abruptly in a sheer precipice of six hundred feet in depth, smooth and perpendicular as a wall, presenting, from the base to the summit, a gaunt and grim sterility of barren rock, and without a solitary twig to intercept the course or break the fall of any object thrown from above. Projecting from the top of the cliff into mid air, at about the central point between the two extremities, at which the broad platform of the summit of the mountain commenced gradually to slope downwards towards the east and west, was a portion of the rock, which, had it been surrounded with water instead of empty space, would have been called a peninsula on a diminutive scale. It was about six feet in diameter at top, and nearly the same extent in depth, and connected with the main cliff by an *isthmus*, so to speak, of the same material, of rather more than three feet in length, by perhaps eighteen inches in breadth, and of a depth which had originally been equal to that of the peninsular rock it supported, but which, either by the hand of man, or by some strange convulsion of nature, had been deprived of fully two-thirds of its substance from the upper surface downwards. To one standing a few yards from the edge of the cliff, therefore, the outer and larger portion of the rock—generally called by the inhabitants of the adjacent district 'the Devil's Crag'—presented the appearance of a mass of matter self-suspended in space, or supported by some invisible agency, as it was only on a nearer approach to the brink of the frightful gulf that gaped below than would prove agreeable to the nerves of most persons, professional chamois-hunters excepted, that the connecting fragment was revealed, from the fact that its upper surface, as already stated, was fully four feet below the level of the adjoining cliff at both ends. But it was necessary to proceed some distance, either east or west, along the top of the cliff, in order to appreciate

aright the apparent frailty of the connecting link, and its seeming disproportion to the comparatively vast weight of solid rock which it sustained, as it was from such a point of view only that the limited depth of the mass became apparent. Then, indeed, especially if viewed from a point somewhat lower than itself, when it would stand out in bold relief against the bright southern sky, it presented an aspect striking and impressive even to sublimity; seeming as if the gentlest sighing of a zephyr would sweep it at once from its precarious position, and forcing on the spectator the belief that any object one atom weightier than thistle-down alighting on the surface of the Devil's Crag, must inevitably bring the whole huge mass crashing into the abyss, which apparently yawned for its reception beneath. And yet its frailty existed much more in appearance than in reality. The hurricanes of a hundred winters had careered around that lone and stern crag, and it had scowled unmoved upon them all: within the memory of man it had undergone no change; and more than once or twice had the youthful mountaineers who dwelt in the neighbourhood dared to test the truth of the superstitious legend, which told that he who should venture on the eve of All-Hallows along the narrow isthmus, and standing erect on the flat surface of the Devil's Crag, repeat towards each quarter of the compass the formula prescribed, should be permitted to behold the features of the maiden whom fate had destined to be his partner through life.

It is necessary further to state, that in every other quarter the sides of the mountain were clothed with olive and other trees, from the plain below to within a short distance of the summit, leaving merely at the top a clear open platform, of about two acres in extent, bounded on the southern side by the precipice alluded to above.

On a certain bright forenoon in the spring of 1810, the Empecinado was seated on this platform, within a few feet of the edge of the cliff, and immediately opposite the Devil's Crag, intently scrutinising, with the aid of a telescope, a road which wound among the hills, and swept the base of the mountain on which he had taken his station, and every object on which, to the distance of a couple of leagues, was visible from the spot he occupied. He had received intelligence, through the medium of his spies, that a valuable convoy of treasure and arms for the supply of the French troops would pass on that day, for an attack on which he conceived the guerrilla force then under his command sufficiently strong, and had made his dispositions accordingly. He had his followers placed in a convenient situation, and, accompanied by a single individual, ascended the mountain, to watch for the approach of the anticipated prize. But treachery had been at work. The principal fault in the military character of Diaz was a tendency to rash and reckless hardihood, and a reliance so unbounded on his personal resources in emergency, as to lead him habitually to disregard all those

precautions which prudence would have suggested, and the adoption of which would have implied no imputation whatever on his courage. Accordingly, on this occasion, as on many others, never conceiving the possibility of a traitor being found among his band, he had made no secret of the nature of his arrangements; and for some days previously, it had been generally known by the men composing it that it was his intention to be on the look-out from the summit of the hill at an early hour in the morning, they having received instructions to repair to the appointed place of rendezvous, and there await his coming, which would be immediately after he had discovered the approach of the convoy. Among the number, however, was one who had already accepted French gold, and who, stimulated by the price which the commander of the imperial troops had offered for the capture or destruction of Diaz, had for months previously been watching for an opportunity to betray his unsuspecting leader to a felon's death. That opportunity seemed at length within his grasp. He managed, without incurring suspicion, to put himself in communication with the French authorities; and some hours before sunrise, a company of soldiers, which the traitor conducted by secluded by-paths to the spot, was placed in concealment in a thickly wooded hollow at the foot of the mountain, in an opposite quarter to that by which Diaz was expected to arrive, thereby avoiding all risk of his discovering them before he should be completely in their toils. The faithless caitiff, who had thus sold his gallant and confiding chief, then departed to take up his position at a spot which commanded a view of the course which the apparently doomed guerrilla must adopt in his ascent. The forenoon was already considerably advanced, when he again appeared with the intelligence that the Empecinado, accompanied by a single individual, had passed up the mountain, and was in all probability at that time on the summit. The soldiers were instantly in motion, and the officer in command repeated to them the orders he had received from his superior, to the effect that the Empecinado was, if possible, to be taken alive, with the view of making of him an example so public and terrible, as to awe into submission the peasantry of the province, and thus secure the homage at least of their fear, since that of their respect and attachment was not to be obtained. With his companion, he added, they might make short work, as the least troublesome method of disposing of him was the best—the dress and general appearance of the Empecinado being accurately described to them, so as to prevent the possibility of the one being mistaken for the other. The hill, though precipitous on the southern side, being in reality of very limited extent, a circle was easily formed by the men, which enclosed all its accessible portion, and which necessarily contracted as they advanced, its parts naturally approaching nearer to each other as they approached the summit.

Diaz was intently gazing on the road by which he expected the convoy, when a loud shout from his companion causing him to turn his head, he beheld a sight well calculated to try the strength of even *his* iron nerves. Within fifty yards of him were double that number of French sharp-shooters, all armed to the teeth, and each one thirsting for his blood, forming, in extended order, an almost unbroken line between him and the wooded portion of the mountain, and still steadily advancing, and completely surrounding him on all sides, save the one bounded by the precipice, which was naturally considered a sufficient barrier to his escape in that direction. In these circumstances, a man of ordinary mind would have either surrendered at discretion, or sought to reach by instant flight the cover of the adjoining plantation. The companion of Diaz was a man of this stamp. To surrender, he must have been well aware, was but to yield himself up to the infliction of certain death, and probably a much more painful and protracted one than that which he should otherwise experience in case even of the failure of an attempt to escape. Adopting, therefore, the latter alternative, desperate as it was, he rushed forward, and made for the wood. Before he had run twenty yards, a few of the nearest files had fired, and half-a-dozen rifle-bullets had closed his career for ever!

But the Empecinado was a man of extraordinary mind; and it was on the occasion of such emergencies as the present that his wonderful facility of resource, and promptitude in its display, shone forth in their unrivalled pre-eminence. For a few seconds, indeed, as he afterwards acknowledged, he believed escape to be utterly impracticable, and felt convinced that his hour had come. The idea of escape by flight, whilst a hundred riflemen were prepared to pour in their fire within less than pistol-shot distance, was so absurd, that he disdained to attempt it, not choosing to give his enemies the certain triumph of defeating the effort. For the moment, his only resolution was, in any event, neither to be taken alive nor to fall unrevenged; and drawn up to his full height, and steady and motionless as the hill on which he stood, he maintained his position, close to the verge of the precipice, whilst the circle of military, gradually contracting, closed around him on every other side, and reached within twenty feet of the spot on which he stood. At this moment, the officer in command of the party, in his exultation at the capture of the far-famed guerrilla, which he considered already effected, and which no doubt would have procured his promotion at least a step, rushed before his men, and placed his grasp on the collar of the Empecinado. The latter, it has been already stated, was possessed of strength perfectly colossal; but his superiority to ordinary men was not one whit greater in muscular power than in activity and skilfulness in its exercise, whilst he was appropriately aided in the development of both by the possession of a hardihood that actually knew not how to quail at danger. Never did he more

greatly need those qualities than now, and never did they stand him in better stead. Throwing his right arm round the waist of the officer, who was of a short slight figure, he lifted him from the ground with apparently as much ease as a girl lifts her doll, turned on his heel, and cleared at a bound, which was accompanied by a shriek of terror from the affrighted Frenchman, the chasm between the face of the precipice and the Devil's Crag; and the next moment, standing erect on its narrow surface, shouted to the soldiers in the deep stern tone which he assumed when highly excited, and which resembled rather the loud bray of a trumpet than a sound proceeding from human organs: 'Halt!'

The command was unnecessary. At the moment of his plunge, the whole body, believing he had really thrown himself over the precipice, and carried their officer with him, had, paralysed at the sight, involuntarily halted, as suddenly as if transformed into stone by the touch of a magician's wand, whilst a cry of horror broke from every lip. Ere they had recovered from their astonishment and inaction, he again spoke: 'Advance but a step, point but a rifle, and down I go, and carry your officer along with me!'

Turning to the latter, he inquired: 'Know you who I am?'

'Yes,' faintly replied the Frenchman; 'you are Martin Diaz, called the Empecinado.'

'And you have come hither to arrest me; is it not so?' pursued Diaz.

'Yes,' was the reply.

'Then,' said the guerrilla, 'I need scarcely inform you that it is not my intention either to be taken alive or to die alone. Now look below you.'

The appalled soldier, who probably had never shrunk from the prospect of death amid the roar of battle, cast a shuddering glance on the awful abyss over which he found himself in effect hair-hung and breeze-shaken, and then, in utter agony, clung even more closely than before to the terrible man in whose hands he felt his fate to be.

'I perceive you don't admire the prospect,' coolly resumed Diaz. 'Now mark my words: I leave this hill by the way I came, unharmed and free; or I leave it by *the shorter route*, and take you in my company. But do as I direct you, and not a hair of your head shall be injured. First order your men to face towards the wood, and discharge their rifles.'

'What security have I that you will keep your promise, should I do as you direct?' inquired the Frenchman.

'For security,' said Diaz, 'you have only the word of a man who never broke his pledge to friend or foe! But then what other choice have you than to trust me? Your only alternative is one which you don't appear to relish much. Do as I direct you,' he continued, raising his voice as the other still hesitated, 'or we take the leap together!'

The officer complied. The men, whose training and discipline would have insured their obedience even had they been less powerfully influenced by the contemplation of his danger, at once faced round in the opposite direction, and in another second every rifle in the company was empty.

'Now order them to pile their arms, and retire a hundred paces to the right,' said Diaz.

Again he was obeyed. The men piled their arms in silence, and retired to the prescribed distance.

'One word more,' said the Empecinado. 'Have I been betrayed by any Spaniard?'

'Yes,' said the Frenchman, who in his heart abhorred a traitor, though willing to profit by the treachery; 'by a member of your own band.'

'His name?' asked Diaz.

'His name is Pedro Velascas,' was the reply. 'He awaits me at the fountain where the three roads meet, near the foot of the hill, where he expects to receive the reward offered for your apprehension.'

'He has earned his reward; and he shall have it!' said the guerrilla in a stern tone. He bounded lightly from the crag to the top of the cliff, and called on the Frenchman to follow. This, however, he feared to attempt, though the distance was little more than a lengthened stride; and it was only after grasping the stout belt of Diaz, the end of which he threw him for the purpose, that he could bring himself to adopt even the apparently less bold, though in reality more hazardous, method of scrambling down upon the connecting fragment, and thence to the top of the precipice at the opposite side. When at length he stood in safety on the firm ground, his bolder companion wished him a laughing good-morning, and started for the wood in a direction opposite to that in which the military were still drawn up. The latter, on perceiving him run, followed his example, and made for their arms. Before they had traversed the hundred paces, however, the Empecinado had traversed a hundred and fifty; and long before the most expert soldier amongst them had reloaded his rifle, the fugitive was completely lost to view in the plantation. A brief pursuit took place, which was one in name rather than reality; for, if the truth were known, the French officer had little desire to hold further communication with Martin Diaz for that day.

Diaz, however, continued his headlong course until he had reached the foot of the hill, when, turning from the path he had previously pursued, he proceeded in the direction of the fountain where he had been told his betrayer waited to receive the reward of his treachery. Velascas was stretched beneath a tree, but started to his feet on hearing a heavy body crashing through the bushes, and the next moment found himself face to face with the man whose confidence

he had so grossly violated, and whose person he had sought to betray to a cruel and shameful death. He would have turned to flee, however fruitlessly, but his limbs refused to perform their office. He would have spoken, but, conscience-stricken, his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. The Empecinado uttered but one word: 'Traitor!' he shouted in a voice of thunder, as he grasped him by the throat. They were the last human accents that ever fell upon the wretch's ear: the blood gushed in torrents from his mouth and nose; Diaz maintained his grasp for a few seconds, then hurled him to the earth, and again was lost among the trees. On passing the spot an hour subsequently, the Frenchmen found it difficult to recognise, in the blackened and distorted features of the corpse which lay across the path, the countenance of Pedro Velascas, their guide of the morning.

The relation of such adventures as this, in a simple and unostentatious manner, by the hero of them himself, possessed an interest for the young and ardent Frenchman which may be more readily conceived than described. So thoroughly at ease did he feel himself before long in his novel position, that he almost regretted when, his wounds having healed, the period arrived when he could no longer honourably remain in retirement whilst the army to which he belonged was actively engaged in the field. Faithful to his promise, Diaz escorted him in person to the lines of his countrymen, and bade him farewell only when almost within musket-shot of the French outpost, farther than which he could not have ventured in safety. They parted with genuine feelings of mutual regard; and often afterwards did Dubois entertain his companions in arms, on the march or in the mess-tent, with his reminiscences of the heroic Empecinado.

A word may be added on the result of the Peninsular War, and the fate of the Empecinado. Under Wellington, the British army drove the French from Spain; and in 1814 the war was closed by the fall of Napoleon. Spain being now free to re-establish a native government, recalled Ferdinand VII., who had for some years been a prisoner in France; on the understanding, however, that he confirmed the constitution established by the Cortes, and which was wished for by the nation. As soon as Ferdinand had securely fixed himself on the throne, he repudiated the constitution, and resumed a despotic and tyrannical sway. A protracted civil war followed this invasion of the liberties of the people, in which monstrous barbarities were perpetrated by the royalists. The Empecinado placed himself at the head of a body of Constitutionalists, and he struggled manfully for national freedom, but in vain. On the faith of a treaty, he laid down his arms; notwithstanding which he was

seized, and executed at Rueda, August 19, 1825, with circumstances of insulting cruelty highly disgraceful to his persecutors.

What Spain has been ever since, everybody knows—a scene of contention and disaster; nor is any change for the better likely soon to ensue. Prosperity and happiness are ever denied to national disorganisation. And such are the consequences of the great struggle made by Britain for the sake of this naturally fine country! The Peninsular War—with all its *glory*, bloodshed, and expenditure of means—ended in putting Spain into a ten times worse position than it would in all likelihood have been under the rule of a Bonapartean king. In relieving Spain from the authority of an invader, England delivered up the people to the domination of an imbecile dynasty, which went on from bad to worse, until the nation has at last risen in indignation, and shaken off the incubus, without, however, being able, as yet, to organise a stable government in its stead. A great act of heroism has thus gone for nothing, as far as the parties immediately concerned are interested. What a lesson to those who would heedlessly plunge into foreign quarrels, and pour out the blood and treasure of Britain in wars with which it has no proper concern!

HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

THE Hebrew nation, as is well known, has been for ages scattered over the face of the earth, and now exists in different portions in every civilised country; retaining, however, in all situations, the religion, manners, and recollections of its ancestry—almost everywhere less or more oppressed, yet everywhere possessing the same unconquerable buoyancy of spirit and the same indomitable industry. It would be a very long and dismal story to tell of the settlement and sufferings of the Jews in the various countries of Europe, and we propose, therefore, to confine ourselves to a brief narration principally concerning their residence and treatment in Great Britain.

Whence or by what route the exiles of Judea found their way to this island, cannot now be satisfactorily traced; but, scattered as they were over the extensive domains of their Roman conquerors, it is not unlikely that they originally crossed the Channel whilst England also was under imperial sway; at anyrate we find them settled there soon after the Saxon conquest, for decrees were issued as early as 740 by Egbert, Archbishop of York, and again in 833 by the monks of Croyland, prohibiting Christians from appearing at Jewish feasts. From these decrees it may be inferred that the Jews had become somewhat numerous and influential. No further allusion being made to them during the Saxon monarchy, the decrees of the priests were probably obeyed, and no excuse given for persecution. When Canute of Denmark conquered England, however, the Jews shared the servitude of their Saxon brethren; and in 1020,

without any assigned cause but the will of the sovereign, were banished from the kingdom. They crossed the Channel, and took refuge in the dominions of William, Duke of Normandy, where they were so kindly received, that, on his conquest of England and assumption of her crown, they returned, increased in numbers, to their old homes, and purchased from William the right of settlement in the island.

The sons of the Conqueror pursued their father's kindly policy towards them. Under William Rufus they established themselves in London and Oxford, erecting in the latter town three halls or colleges—Lombard Hall, Moses Hall, and Jacob Hall—where they instructed young men of either persuasion in the Hebrew language and the sciences. Until this reign, the only burial-ground allowed them in all England was St Giles, Cripplegate, where Jewin Street now stands; but under Rufus they obtained a place of interment also at Oxford, now the site of part of Magdalen College. Indeed, Rufus, from what is narrated to us by the chroniclers, would appear to have respected the feelings of the Jews more than those of the Christian portion of his subjects. 'He appointed,' says Milman, 'a public debate in London between the two parties, and swore, by "the face of St Luke," that if the rabbins defeated the bishops, he would turn Jew himself. He received at Rouen the complaint of certain Jews, that their children had been seduced to the profession of Christianity. Their petition was supported by a liberal offer of money. One Stephen offered sixty marks for his son's restoration to Judaism, but the son had the courage to resist the imperious monarch. Rufus gave still deeper offence by farming to the Jews the vacant bishoprics.'

During this breathing-time from persecution, their opulence naturally increased, and with it their unpopularity. The civil wars between Matilda and Stephen had drained the royal coffers; money became more and more imperatively needed; and, following the example of the continental nations, charges the most false, but from their very horror and improbability eagerly credited by the ignorant populace, were promulgated against the Jews, and immense sums extorted from them to purchase remission from suffering and exile. Those who refused acceptance of the royal terms were mercilessly banished, and their estates and other possessions confiscated to the crown.

During the reigns of Stephen and Henry II., these persecutions continued with little intermission, yet still they remained industrious and uncomplaining, eager on every occasion to testify their loyalty and allegiance.

In the last year of Henry II.'s reign (1188), a parliament was convened at Northampton to raise supplies for an expedition to the Holy Land. The whole Christian population were assessed at £70,000, while the Jews alone, in numbers but a very small fraction

of the king's native subjects, were burdened with a tax of £60,000; £3330 having been during this one reign already tortured from them. The abandonment of the project, followed as it was by the king's death, prevented this illegal extortion; and it was perhaps from joy at this unexpected relief that the Hebrews thronged in crowds to Westminster to witness the coronation of Richard, sumptuously attired, and bearing rich offerings, to testify their eager desire to conciliate the king.

This, however, was not permitted. The nobles and populace resolved on their exclusion. The presence of such ill-omened sorcerers at the coronation, it was declared, would blight every hope of prosperity for the reign, and commands were peremptorily issued that no Jews should be admitted to witness the ceremony. Some few individuals dared the danger of discovery, and made their way within the church. Their boldness was fatal, and not to themselves alone. Insulted and maltreated almost to death, they were dragged from the church, and the signal given for universal outrage. The populace spread through every Jewish quarter, destroying and pillaging without pause, setting even the royal commands at defiance; for avarice and hatred had obtained sole possession of their hearts. For a day and a night these awful scenes continued in London, and not a Jewish dwelling in the city escaped. England was at that time thronged with friars preaching the Crusade; and, as had previously been the case on the continent, they urged the sacrifice of the unbelieving Jews as a fit commencement of their holy expedition. The example of London was held forth as an exhibition of praiseworthy enthusiasm; and at Edmondsbury, Norwich, and Stamford, the same scenes of blood and outrage were enacted. At Lincoln, the miserable Hebrews obtained protection from the governor. At York, after a vain attempt to check the popular fury, a great number retreated to the castle with their most valuable effects. Those not fortunate or expeditious enough to reach the temporary shelter were all put to the sword, neither age nor sex spared, their riches appropriated, and their dwellings burned to the ground. For a short time the castle appeared to promise a secure retreat; but gradually the suspicion spread that the governor was secretly negotiating for their surrender, the price of his treachery being a large portion of their wealth. Whether this suspicion was correct or not was never ascertained, but it worked so strongly on the minds of the Jews, that they seized the first occasion of the governor's absence from the castle, on a visit to the town, to close the gates against him. They then themselves manned the ramparts, and awaited a siege. It happened that the sheriff of the county (without whose permission no measures to recover the castle could be taken) was passing through York with an armed force; the incensed governor instantly applied to him, and demanded the aid of his men. Recollecting the king's attempt to keep peace between

his Christian and Jewish subjects in London, the sheriff at first hesitated; but, urged on by the indignant representations of the governor, he at length permitted the assault.

The frantic fury with which the shouting rabble rushed to the attack, the horrid nature of the scenes which he knew must inevitably ensue, caused him, even at that moment, to revoke the order; but it was too late. License once given, the passions of the surging multitude could not be assuaged. The clergy fanned them into yet hotter flame, by encouraging their mad fury as holy zeal, promising salvation to all who shed the blood of a Jew; and themselves, in strange contradiction to the professions signified by the garbs they wore, joining in the affray, and often heading the attack. The unshrinking courage, the noble self-denial and heroic endurance of the hapless Hebrews, could little avail them against the wild excitement and immense multitude of their assailants; yet still they resisted with vigour. Accused as they were of never handling the weapons or experiencing the emotions of the warrior, it was now shewn that circumstances and not character were at fault. The spirit of true heroism peculiar to their race in the olden time might indeed *appear* crushed and lost beneath the heavy fetters of oppression, but it burned still, ready to burst into life and energy whenever occasion demanded its display.

Notwithstanding the bold defence of the besieged, resistance was too soon seen to be hopeless, and in stern unbending resolution they assembled in the council-room. Their rabbi (the word, which is Hebrew, signifies 'master'), a man of great learning and eminent virtue, rose up, and with mournful dignity thus addressed them: 'Men of Israel, the God of our ancestors is omniscient, and there is no one who can say: "What doest thou?" This day he commands us to die for his law—that law which we have cherished from the first hour it was given, which we have preserved pure throughout our captivity in all nations, and for which, for the many consolations it has given us, and the belief in eternal life which it communicates, can we do less than die? Posterity shall behold its solemn truths sealed with our blood; and our death, while it confirms our sincerity, shall impart strength to the wanderers of Israel. Death is before our eyes; we have only to choose an easy and an honourable one. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, which fate you know we cannot elude, our death will be ignominious and cruel; for these Christians, who picture the Spirit of God in a dove, and confide in the meek Jesus, are athirst for our blood, and prowl like wolves around us. Let us escape their tortures, and surrender, as our ancestors have done before us, our lives with our own hands to our Creator. God seems to call for us; let us not be unworthy of that call.'

It was a fearful counsel, and the venerable elder himself wept as he ceased to speak; but by far the greater number declared that he had spoken well, and they would abide by his words. The few that

hesitated were desired by their chief, if they approved not of his counsel, to depart in peace; and some obeyed. It was night ere the council closed, and during the hours of darkness not a sound betrayed the awful proceedings within the castle to the besiegers. At dawn the multitudes furiously renewed the attack, falling back appalled for the minute by the sight of flames bursting from all parts of the citadel. A few miserable objects rushing to and fro on the battlements also became visible, with wild cries entreating mercy for themselves, imploring baptism rather than death, and relating with groans and lamentations the fate of their companions. The men had all slain their wives and children, and then fallen by each others' hands, the most distinguished receiving the sad honour of death from the sword of their old chief, who was the last to die. Their precious effects were burned or buried, according as they were combustible or not; so that, when the gates were flung open, and the rabble rushed in, eager to appropriate the wealth which they believed awaited them, they found nothing but heaps of ashes. Maddened with disappointment, all pledges of safety to the survivors, if the gates were opened, were forgotten, and every human being that remained was tortured and slain. Five hundred had already fallen by their own hands, and these voluntary martyrs were mostly men forced by persecution into such mean and servile occupations as to appear incapable of a lofty thought or heroic deed.

No punishment followed the atrocious proceedings at York. The laws of England never interfered in behalf of the king's Jewish subjects, though they would have been somewhat rigidly obeyed had the sufferers been the offenders. On King Richard's return from captivity, the Hebrews were, under certain statutes, acknowledged as the exclusive property of the crown. John commenced his reign with a semblance of extreme lenity towards them. The privileges formerly granted to them by Henry I. were confirmed. They might settle in any part of England, instead of being confined to certain quarters of certain towns; hold lands, and receive mortgages. Their evidence might be taken in courts of justice. All English subjects were commanded to protect their persons and possessions as they would the especial property of the king. Other laws equally lenient were issued; and, misled by such favourable appearances, many of the continental Hebrews flocked to England. This increase of Jewish population of course materially increased Jewish wealth; the hatred of the people was anew excited, and several indignities were perpetrated against the Jews. The king wrote a strong rebuke to the perpetrators; and then, at the very time that the Jews were rejoicing at this undeniable proof of his sincerity, and their own security, completely changed his policy, and from the extreme of lenity proceeded to the extreme of rigour. He had, in fact, only favoured them to multiply their wealth, and then revelled in its seizure; glad that there were now some possessions he could appropriate without

any interference from the pope. The unhappy Israelites were imprisoned, tortured, murdered, and their treasures all confiscated to the crown. A Jew of Bristol having refused to betray his hoards, was condemned to have a tooth pulled out every day until he should yield. The man suffered seven of his teeth to be extracted before he complied: the king gained 10,000 marks by his cruel device. In the war between John and his barons they were persecuted by both parties—by the king for their wealth; by the barons, because they were vassals of the king. Even the stern and noble assertors of liberty, the heroes of the Magna Charta, seeking justice and freedom for all classes of Englishmen, had no pity for the wretched Jews; seizing their possessions, and demolishing their homes, to repair the walls of London, which had been greatly injured in the civil war.

The guardians of England during the reign of Henry III. sought in some degree to meliorate the condition of the Jews. Twenty-four burgesses of every town where they resided were appointed to protect their persons and property; but the protection even of royalty could avail little when every class of men conspired to detest and oppress them. The merchants were jealous of the privileges permitting the Jews to buy and sell. The people hated them, from the idle tales of horrible crimes attributed to them, which had no foundation whatever in truth, but which ignorance and prejudice not only believed, but so magnified and multiplied as to cause them to be inseparably associated with the word Jew. The clergy—men who, both professors and preachers of a religion of peace, should have been the first to protect the injured, and calm the turbulent passions of the populace—were the constant inciters to persecution and cruelty, believing, by a most extraordinary hallucination, that to maltreat a Jew was the surest evidence of Christian zeal.

The guardians of the young king had, however, so guided him, that for a brief interval after attaining his majority, the royal protection shielded the Jews in some measure from popular oppression. But this was only until the king's coffers became impoverished: when these were empty, the only means of refilling them was to follow the example of his predecessors, and by fair means or foul, extort money from the Jews. In this reign alone, the enormous sum of 170,000 marks was, under various pretences and various cruelties, wrung from them; and when all other means of extortion seemed exhausted, an extraordinary spectacle was displayed in the convention of a Jewish parliament. The sheriffs of the different towns had orders to return six of the wealthiest and most influential Jews from the larger cities, and two from the smaller. In those times almost the only function of a parliament was to *vote supplies;* this Jewish parliament, therefore, in being informed by the sovereign that he must have 20,000 marks from the Jews of England, served for the Jewish part of the population pretty nearly the same purpose as the ordinary parliament served for the rest of the community.

The assembled members were probably left to decide the amount of assessment which the various ranks of Jews should pay, so as to make up the total sum required; and as this right of proportioning the assessment was generally the only right exercised by ancient parliaments, properly so called, the particular hardship of the Jews, as compared with their fellow-subjects, consisted not in having no liberty of refusal—for that is a liberty which only modern parliaments have acquired—but in the enormous sum demanded from them, and in the rigours which they knew would be employed to enforce its speedy collection. Assembled, and made aware of the demand which was made upon them, the unfortunate Jewish representatives were dismissed to collect the money from their own resources as speedily as possible; and because it was not forthcoming as quickly as was requisite for the royal necessities, all their possessions were seized, and their families imprisoned.

Believing, at length, that their wealth must be exhausted by such demands, or weary of the trouble of extortion, Henry consummated his acts of oppression by actually selling his Jewish subjects, their persons and effects, to his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, for 5000 marks. The records of this disgraceful bargain are still preserved; and that the king had power to conclude it, marks the oppressed and fearful position of this hapless people more emphatically than any lengthened narrative. Yet the barbarity of the sovereign met with universal approbation; the wretchedness of the victims with neither sympathy nor commiseration.

On the election of Richard of Cornwall as king of the Romans, the Jews became again the property of the crown, and were again sold by Henry. This time their purchaser was the heir to the throne, Prince Edward, by whom they were sold, to still better advantage, to the merchants of Dauphiné; and this traffic was actually the sale and purchase of human beings, in all respects like ourselves, gifted with immortal souls, intelligent minds, and the tenderest affections: husbands, fathers, sons, wives, mothers, innocent childhood, and helpless age. The sufferers were inoffensive and unobtrusive, seeking no vengeance, patient, and even cringing under all their injuries. Of all the crimes imputed to them, and some of these were of the most horrible nature, not one appears ever to have been really proved against them, except, perhaps, that of clipping the coin of the realm; and even on this point the evidence is not clear. And yet had all the accusations against them been true, one could hardly have wondered, considering their treatment.

After the battle of Lewes, reports became current that the Hebrews at Northampton, Lincoln, and London had sided with the king against the barons. This, of course, roused the latter in their turn to plunder and destroy; while Henry annulled his bargain with his son, and for a while treated them with greater lenity. But again one

of the usual excuses for persecution—insult offered by the Jews to some symbol reverenced by the Catholics—found voice, and not only were extortions renewed, but a solemn statute was passed, disqualifying the Jews from possessing any lands, or even dwellings. They might not erect any new habitations, only repair their present homes, or rebuild on the same foundations.

All lands and manors already in their hands were violently wrested from them; and those held in mortgages returned to their owners without any interest on the bonds. All arrears of charges were demanded, and imprisonment threatened if payment were postponed: an extortion apparently more oppressive than all the rest, as we find the distress it occasioned amongst the Jews actually moved the pity of their rivals, the Caorsini bankers, and of the friars, their deadliest foes.

The death of Henry was so far a reprieve that the above-named extortion was suspended; but the accession of Edward I. only aggravated their social bondage. Laws as severe, if not more severe in some respects than those of previous sovereigns, were issued against them, followed by an act of parliament prohibiting all usury, and desiring the Jews to confine themselves to the pursuits of traffic, manufactures, and agriculture; for which last, though they could not hold, they might hire farms for fifteen years. But how could men, debarred so long from similar occupations, so debased by oppression, with minds so disabled as to render it difficult for them to commence any new pursuit, obey so violent a decree? Had they received the fit education for traffic, manufactures, and agriculture *before* the laws commanding such employments were passed, there would have been many glad and eager to obey them; but as it was, obedience was impossible. That usurers and Jews in the dark ages were synonymous, and that the Jews in their capacity of money-lenders did exhibit an extraordinary spirit of rapacity and extortion, cannot be denied. But although this spirit of money-making, even by methods esteemed dishonourable, characterising, as it did, the Jews of the Roman empire, as well as those of Europe in the middle ages, must be referred partly to an inherent national bent, there can be no doubt that much of the greed displayed by the Jews of the middle ages in their quest of wealth, is attributable to the oppression which absolutely fettered them to that one pursuit, and to the heavy risk they incurred in lending money at all. Even if there were times when a Shylock pressed for his pound of flesh, when it would have been nobler to shew mercy, was it unnatural? Can we ever expect oppression to create kindness—social cruelty to bring forth social love?

After eighteen years of persecution, little varied in its nature and its causes from the persecutions of previous reigns, the seal was set on Jewish misery by an edict of total expulsion, issued in 1290. All their property was seized except a very scanty supply, supposed

sufficient to transport them to other lands. No reason was given for this barbarous proceeding. The charge previously brought against them of clipping and adulterating the coin of the realm, for which 280 had been executed in London alone, was never fully proved; nor, as might naturally have been expected, had the charge been really true, was it made the cause of their expulsion. A people's unfounded hate, and a monarch's cruel pleasure, exposed 16,511 human beings to all the miseries of exile. There were very few countries which were not equally inhospitable; for edicts of expulsion had gone forth from many of the continental kingdoms. Even if they could find other homes, the confiscation of all their property before they left England exposed them to multiplied sufferings, which no individual efforts could assuage; and the loss of life ever attendant on these wholesale expulsions was fearful. The greater number probably never lived to reach another shore; and to what retreats those who were more fortunate betook themselves, history does not say. From this date (1290), therefore, all trace of the English Jews, properly so called, is lost.

Their great synagogue, situated in Old Jewry, was seized by an order of friars, called Fratres de Sacra or de Penitentia, who had not been long established in England. In 1305, Robert Fitzwalter, the greater banner-bearer of the city, and whose house it adjoined, requested, we are told by the old chroniclers, that it might be assigned to him; a request no doubt complied with in return for a good round sum of money. During the fifteenth century it belonged to two or three successive mayors, and was ultimately degraded into a tavern, known by the sign of the Windmill. The locality of this early Jewish house of worship, however, still retains its name and associations as Old Jewry.

Their valuable libraries at Stamford and Oxford were appropriated by the neighbouring monasteries. From that at Oxford, fifty years previous to their expulsion, Roger Bacon is said to have derived much of that chemical and astronomical information which enabled him to startle the age in which he lived by the boldness and novelty of his views. The Babylonian Talmud, a series of gigantic tomes, of which, and of lesser works compiled from them, the Jewish libraries were composed, contained elaborate treatises on the various sciences which occupied the attention of the learned in the middle ages, including, of course, magic and astrology; and as it was to the Franciscan convent at Oxford, by which the Hebrew library had been appropriated, that Roger Bacon retreated on his return to England from Paris, it is by no means improbable that he may have been indebted to the Hebrew books thus placed within his reach.

From the year 1290 to 1655 the shores of Great Britain were closed against the Jews. No attempt ever appears to have been made on their part to revoke the order of expulsion. Oppression, perhaps, had left too blackened traces on their memories for England to be

regarded with that strong feeling of local attachment which bound them, even after expulsion, so closely to Portugal and Spain. In France they were once and again recalled after being expelled. In the German and Italian states they were constantly persecuted and murdered by thousands, but never cast forth from the soil. In Spain and Portugal they had always held the highest offices, not only in the schools, but in the state and the camp; nay, royalty itself, in more than one instance, was closely connected with Jewish blood. Oppressive exactments and degrading distinctions were frequently made, but never interfered with the positions of trust and dignity which the larger portion of the nation enjoyed; so that when the edict of their universal expulsion from the peninsula came in 1492, there was no galling remembrance of debasing misery to conquer the love of fatherland, so fondly fostered in every human heart. Notwithstanding the danger from the constant dread of death, if discovered, secret Jews peopled the most Catholic kingdoms of Portugal and Spain. The extraordinary skill and ingenuity with which these Spanish and Portuguese Jews preserved their secret, and their numerous expedients for the strictest adherence to their ancient religion, under the semblance of most orthodox Catholicism, constitute a romance in history. If ever exposed to the suspicion of the Inquisition, however, the love of country was sacrificed to personal security; the suspected individuals taking refuge either in Holland, or in some of the newly discovered East and West India Islands, and there making public profession of their ancient faith.

Joseph Ben Israel was one of these fugitives. He was a Portuguese Jew, and a resident of Lisbon. Suspicion of secretly following Judaism having fallen upon him, he was twice incarcerated by the Inquisition, and twice released, from the impossibility of proving the charge against him. When confined within those dangerous precincts a third time, he would not wait another examination, but succeeded in scaling the walls of his prison, and secretly fleeing from Portugal, bearing with him his young son Menasseh. At Amsterdam, where Ben Israel settled, both father and son received the peculiar covenant of their faith, and publicly avowed and confessed it. In the Jewish college of that city, Menasseh Ben Israel received his education; and so remarkable was his progress in the difficult studies of the Hebrew acolyte, that when only seventeen he succeeded his master, Isaac Uzieli, as preacher in the synagogue and expounder of the Talmud, and commenced the then difficult task of arranging and amplifying the scanty rules of the Hebrew language in the form of a grammar—a work obtaining him much fame, not only from the extreme youth of the writer, but also for the assistance it rendered to the learned men of all countries in the attaining of a language so little known, yet so much valued. The grammar was speedily followed by numerous other works, written both in Spanish and Latin. Their subject is mostly theology; but Ben Israel's own

learning was not confined to sacred subjects alone. Well versed in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Latin, Spanish, and Portuguese, he not only wrote these languages with ease and fluency, but was well acquainted with the literature of each, and had thus, by extensive culture and thought on a great variety of subjects, acquired larger views and sentiments than were possessed by the generality of his race.

The confiscation of all his paternal property at Lisbon compelled him to resort to commerce—an interruption to his literary pursuits which he would have gladly eluded; but, already a husband and a father, he met the necessity cheerfully, and soon became as influential and as highly respected in commercial affairs as in literature; in which, notwithstanding the many and pressing calls of business, he never allowed his labours to relax. After the marriage of his daughter, he visited, partly for pleasure and partly on business, the Brazils, where his brother-in-law and partner resided. It was a very unusual thing in those days for any Hebrew to travel: the minute and numerous ordinances of the Talmud interfering too closely with daily life, and rendering it difficult to obey them anywhere save in cities, where there were communities of Jews.

But Menasseh Ben Israel, while he gloried in being inwardly and outwardly a follower of the Hebrew faith, had a mind capable of distinguishing between the form and the spirit. The death of his eldest son, a youth of great promise, occurred soon after his return from Brazil, and caused him such intense grief, as, according to his own acknowledgment, to render him incapable of the least mental exertion. His only comfort and resource was the perusal of that Holy Book which had been the origin and end of all his studies. It did not fail him in his grief; and after some severe struggles, energy returned.

His literary fame had procured him the intimacy and friendship of the most eminent and learned men throughout Europe. Amongst these was John Thurloe, who, in the year 1651, had gone to the Hague as secretary to St John and Strickland, ambassadors from England to the states of the United Provinces. During his stay in Holland he became acquainted with Ben Israel, and with his earnest but then apparently fruitless wishes for the readmission of his nation into England. In 1653, Thurloe became secretary of state to Cromwell; and, discovering the enlarged and liberal ideas which the Protector individually entertained, he ventured, on his own responsibility, to invite Menasseh Ben Israel to the court of England, and introduced him to Cromwell in 1655. The independence, the amiable qualities, and the great learning of the Jewish stranger, obtained Cromwell's undisguised friendship and regard. Three hundred and sixty-five years had elapsed since a Jew had stood on British ground; and during that interval many changes and improvements, national and social, had taken place. The Reformation had freed England from the galling fetters of ignorance and

superstition which must ever attend the general suppression of the word of truth. Increase of toleration towards the Jews was already visible in those parts of the continent which were under Protestant jurisdiction; and it was therefore extremely natural in Menasseh Ben Israel to regard England as one of those favourite countries of Providence where his brethren might enjoy security and rest.

Whether or not a formal act of readmission was passed during the Protectorship, is to this day a question. On the 4th of December 1655, a council was held at Whitehall, composed of the Lord Chief-justice Glynn, Lord Chief-baron Steele, the lord-mayor and sheriffs of London, and sundry merchants and divines, to consider the proposals of Menasseh Ben Israel, which may be condensed into the following: 1. That the Hebrew nation should be received and admitted into the Commonwealth under the express protection of His Highness, who was entreated to command all generals and heads of armies, under oath, to defend them as his other English subjects on all occasions. 2. That public synagogues, and the proper observance of their religion, should be allowed the Jews, not only in England, but in all countries under English jurisdiction. 3. That a cemetery or grave-yard out of the town should be allowed them, without hindrance from any. 4. That they should be permitted to merchandise as others. 5. That a person of quality should be appointed to receive the passports of all foreign Jews who might land in England, and oblige them by oath to maintain fealty to the Commonwealth. 6. That license should be granted to the heads of the synagogue, with the assistance of officers from their own nation, to judge and determine all differences according to the Mosaic law, with liberty to appeal thence to the civil judges of the land. 7. That in case there should be any laws against the nation still existing, they should, in the first place, and before all things, be revoked, that by such means the Jews might remain in greater security under the safeguard and protection of His Serene Highness.

The council met again on the 7th, 12th, and 14th of December, on the last of which days, according to some authorities, the Jews were formally admitted; but, according to others, the council reassembled on the 18th, and dissolved without either adjournment or decision, the judges only declaring that there was *no* law prohibiting the return of the Jews. Burton, in his *History of Oliver Cromwell*, relates that the divines were divided in opinion; but on some asserting that the Scriptures promised their conversion, the Protector replied, 'that if there were such promise, means must be taken to accomplish it, which is the preaching of the gospel; and that cannot be had, unless they were admitted where the gospel was publicly preached.'

Thomas Violet, a goldsmith, drew up a petition in 1660 to Charles II. and his parliament, entreating that the Jews might be expelled from England, and their property confiscated; and in this

petition he asserts that, in consequence of the decided disapproval of the clergy in the celebrated council of 1655, the proposal for their readmission had been totally laid aside. Bishop Burnet, in his *History of My Own Times*, refutes this assertion, and declares that, after attentively hearing the debates, Cromwell and his council freely granted Ben Israel's requests; and this appears really to have been the case, for the very next year, 1656, a synagogue for the Spanish and Portuguese Jews was erected in King's Street, Duke's Place, and a burial-ground at Mile End, now the site of the hospital for the same congregation, taken on a lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

Leaving the question, then, as to whether or not an act of readmission really passed, it is evident that the deed of toleration, granted from the Protector individually, did as much for the real interests of the Jews as any formal parliamentary enactment. From that time the Jewish nation have found a secure and peaceful home, not in England alone, but in all the British possessions. We shall perceive, as we proceed, that prejudice was still often and violently at work against them; but though it embittered their social position, it did not interfere with their personal security, or prevent the public observance of their faith.

The pen of Menasseh Ben Israel had not been idle during this period of solicitation and suspense. Under the title of *Vindicæ Judæorum* (Defence of the Jews), he published a work in which he ably and fully refuted the infamous charges which in darker ages had been levelled against his brethren. He had received, too, his degree as physician; and thus united the industry and information requisite for three professions—literature, commerce, and medicine. 'He was a man,' we are told, 'without passion, without levity, and without opulence;' persevering and independent, full of kindly affection, and susceptible of strong emotion, with all the loftiness of the Spanish character, tempered, however, with qualities which gained for him the regard of the best and most learned men of his age. He did not continue in England—though it has been said he was solicited to do so by Cromwell—but rejoined his brother at Middelburg in Zeeland, where he died in the year 1657.

The reign of Charles II. beheld the Jews frequently attacked and seriously annoyed by popular prejudice; but their actual position as British subjects remained undisturbed. Thomas Violet's petition we have already noticed; but its vindictive spirit did harm only to its originator. Four years afterwards, the security of their persons and property being threatened, they appealed to the king, who declared in council, that as long as they demeaned themselves peaceably, and with submission to the laws, they should continue to receive the same favours as formerly. At Surinam, the following year, the British government, by proclamation, confirmed all their privileges, guaranteed the full enjoyment and free exercise of their

religion, rites, and ceremonies; adding, that any summons issued against them on their Sabbaths and holy-days should be null and void; and that, except on urgent occasions, they should not be called upon for any public duties on those days. That civil cases should be decided by their elders, and that they might bequeath their property according to their own law of inheritance. All foreign Jews settling there were recognised as British-born subjects, and included in the above-enumerated privileges. As a proof how strongly the affections of the Hebrews were engaged towards England by this exhibition of tolerance, we may mention that when Surinam was conquered by, and finally ceded to the Dutch, although their privileges were all confirmed by the conquerors, they gave up their homes, synagogues, and lands, and braved all the discomforts of removal, and settled in Jamaica and other English colonies, rather than live under a government hostile to Great Britain.*

In 1673 we find prejudice again busy, in an indictment charging the Jews with unlawfully meeting for public worship. They again unhesitatingly appealed to the king, petitioning that, during their stay in England, they might be unmolested, or that time might be allowed them to withdraw from the country. Charles, pursuing his previous policy, peremptorily commanded that all proceedings against them should cease; and during the remainder of his reign no further molestation occurred.

On the accession of James II., old prejudices were renewed, and thirty-seven Jewish merchants were arrested on the Exchange for no crime or fault, but simply for their non-attendance on any church. Certain writs in statute 23 of Elizabeth, instituted, probably, to suppress innovations in Protestantism, were the pretext for this aggression. James, as his brother had done, befriended the Jews; and summoning a council composed of the highest dignitaries of his realm, both church and laymen, declared 'that they should not be troubled on this account, but they should quietly enjoy the free exercise of their religion as long as they behaved themselves dutifully and obediently to the government.'

The foregoing was the last public annoyance to which they were subjected in England. In 1690, indeed, a petition was sent to King William III. from the council of Jamaica, that all Jews should be made to quit the island; but it was positively refused. And we infer that King William's sentiments towards the Israelites must have been even more favourable than those of his predecessors, from the circumstance that a great increase of Jews took place in England during his reign. Until this reign, one synagogue had sufficed; the service and laws of which were conducted according to the principles of the Spanish Jews. In 1692 the first German synagogue was

* Surinam, or Dutch Guiana, situated on the north-eastern coast of South America, is still almost peopled with Jews; but they are emigrants from the Dutch possessions in Europe, not descendants of the former Anglo-Jewish settlers.

erected in Broad Court, Duke's Place; and from that time two distinct bodies of Jews, known as Spanish and Portuguese, German and Dutch, have been naturalised in England. No new privileges were granted them, however, during the reigns of either William or Anne.

It is not till the ninth year of George I., 1723, that we can discover a parliamentary acknowledgment of their being British subjects; granting them a privilege, which, in the present age, would appear meagre enough, but which, at the time of its bestowal, marked a very decided advance in popular enlightenment. 'Whenever any of his *majesty's subjects*, professing the *Jewish religion*, shall present themselves to take the oath of adjuration, the words on the *faith of a Christian* shall be omitted out of the said oath; and the taking of it by such persons professing the Jewish religion without the words aforesaid, in the manner as Jews are admitted to be sworn to give evidence in the courts of justice, shall be deemed a sufficient taking.' At the same time, they acquired the right to possess land.

In the reign of George II., 1740, another act of parliament passed, recognising all Jews who resided in the American colonies, or had served as mariners during the war two years in British ships, as 'natural-born subjects, without taking the sacrament.' Thirteen years afterwards, the Naturalisation Bill passed, but was repealed the year following, according to the petitions of the city of London and other English towns. Since then the Jews have gradually gained ground in social consideration, and although a vulgar prejudice against them still survives among the ignorant portion of society, it is fast disappearing. Every disability that formerly environed the race has now been repealed. Since 1830, civic corporations—since 1833, the profession of advocates—and since 1845, the offices of alderman and of lord-mayor, have been opened to them. Finally, in 1858, the last and crowning triumph of the principle of toleration was achieved by the admission of Jews into parliament. It is even possible—if we rightly appreciate modern tendencies—that the once despised and persecuted Hebrew may become a popular figure in the future. There is a profound interest felt in him and his national literature. It is beginning to be suspected that there is a closer relation between his religion and Christianity than men have hitherto supposed, and now that the 'dark ages' of fanaticism have passed away, and Christians look with horror on the bloody cruelties of their forefathers, it may be that the modern world will regard with a kind of penitential interest those sacred writings, from which the sore-smitten wanderers have drawn consolation and hope for two thousand years. The extraordinary attention—we might almost say enthusiasm—excited by Dr Deutsch's recent article on the 'Talmud,' in the *Quarterly*, is an indication of the direction in which we believe the public mind to be moving. And this tendency has been accelerated by the discovery, that latterly, and in spite of

obvious disadvantages, the Jew has taken a foremost place in the ranks of intellect. To enumerate names of those who were and are illustrious in general literature, in law, philosophy, medicine, philology, mathematics, belles-lettres, &c., we cannot even attempt, since there is not one country in Europe which does not count Jews among the foremost and most brilliant representatives of its intellectual progress. Of Germany—considered to be in the vanguard of European learning—Bunsen says that the greater part of the professors at its universities and academies are Jews or of Jewish origin (Neander, Gans, Benary, Weil, Benfey, Stahl, Dernberg, Valentin, Lazarus, Herz, &c. &c.)—certainly a most startling fact. Another extraordinary and well-authenticated fact is, that the European press, no less than European finance, which means the freest development of all the resources of soil and science for the gigantic enterprises of our day, are to a great extent in their power; while, on the other hand, names like Heinrich Heine, B. Börne, R. v. Ense, Berthold Auerbach, Henrik Herz, Jules Janin; Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Halévy, Meyerbeer, Moscheles, Joachim, Ernst, Rubinstein, Wieniawski, Grisi, Braham, Giuglini, Czillag, Costa; Rachel, Davison, Rott, Dessoir; Bendemann, &c.; besides hosts of others less familiar to English ears, who shine in all branches of art—music, sculpture, painting, the drama, &c.—shew plainly how unjust is the reproach of their being an 'abstract' people, without sense for the bright side of life and the arts that embellish it. Briefly—they are, by the unanimous verdict of the historians and philosophers of our times, reckoned among the chief promoters of the development of humanity and civilisation. What has been their reward we have seen. Terrible has been the punishment for sins and shortcomings, real or imaginary, over which both Christians and Mohammedans have thought good, at different periods, to constitute themselves judges; and the most hideous spot in the history of the last two thousand years is the systematical but futile endeavour to sweep the 'chosen race' from off the face of the earth. 'If there is a gradation in sufferings, Israel has reached the highest acme; if the long duration of sufferings, and the patience with which they are borne, ennobles, the Jews defy the high-born of all countries; if a literature is called rich which contains a few classical dramas, what place deserves a tragedy lasting a millennium and a half, composed and enacted by the heroes themselves?'—Zunz, *Synagogale Poesie.*

SOCIAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE ENGLISH JEWS.

In externals, and in all secular thoughts and actions, the English naturalised Jew is an Englishman, and his family is reared with the education and accomplishments of other members of the community. Only in some private and personal characteristics, and in religious

belief, does the Jew differ from his neighbours. Many of the British Jews are descended from families who resided some time in Spain; others trace their origin to families from Germany. There have always been some well-defined differences in the appearance, the language, and the manners of these two classes. The Spanish Hebrews had occupied so high a position in Spain and Portugal, that even in their compulsory exile their peculiarly high and honourable principles, their hatred of all meanness, either in thought or act, their wealth, their exclusiveness, and strong attachment to each other, caused their community to resemble a little knot of Spanish princes, rather than the cowed and bending bargain-seeking individuals usually known as Jews.

The constant and enslaving persecution of the German Hebrews had naturally enough produced on their characters a very different effect. Nothing degrades the moral character more effectually than debasing treatment. To regard an individual as incapable of honour, charity, and truth, as always seeking to gratify personal interest, is more than likely to make him such. Confined to degrading employment, with minds narrowed, as the natural consequence—allowed no other pursuit than that of usury, with its minor branches, pawnbroking and old-clothes selling—it was not very strange, that when the German Hebrews did make their way into England, and were compelled, for actual subsistence, still to follow these occupations, that their brethren from Spain should keep aloof, and shrink from all connection with them. Time, however, looks on many curious changes: not only have the mutual prejudices of the Jews subsided, but the position of the two parties is transposed. The Germans, making good use of peace and freedom, have advanced, not in wealth alone (for that, even when oppressed, they contrived to possess), but in enlightenment, influence, and respectability. Forty years ago, intermarriage between the two sects, or rather *septs*, was regarded as a domestic calamity; but at the present day, every trace of the old social antipathy has disappeared, and the members of the *Archkensim*, or German rite, live on the most friendly terms with those of the *Sephardim*, or Portuguese rite.

An internal reform in the religious worship of the London Jews took place about the year 1841; and as it possesses a peculiar interest for Protestants, it deserves special notice. It was originated by a Jewish layman, Mr Isaac Goldsmidt, with the active co-operation of a young rabbi of great intelligence and learning, named Marks, now Principal of the New or Western Synagogue, meeting in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. It may be described as a revolt against the tyranny of traditional ceremonialism, that 'yoke' which the apostle declared long ago to be unbearable by any generation. Casting aside as obsolete the laws of the Talmud and Mishna, except where they are still physically and morally beneficent, the members of the Western Synagogue adhere to the teaching

and the usages of the Old Testament alone, and thus their attitude to their Jewish brethren may be compared to that in which the churches of the Reformation stand to Roman Catholicism, but in one respect there is a noble difference. While Protestant and Romanist have for ages assailed each other with every weapon of hatred, and have often denied each other the name of Christian, the Jews of the 'new' and the 'old' rite have forborne to quarrel, and generously co-operate in conducting those charitable institutions which form one of the noblest features of their religion.

Even more notable than this is what may be called the *rationalistic* tendency that has recently betrayed itself among the intellectual and cultivated Jews, some of whom, abandoning both the Jewish and Christian doctrine of a personal Messiah, look for the fulfilment of the so-called Messianic prophecies, not in an individual, but in the race. They look for a perfected humanity, not for an isolated specimen of perfection.

The domestic manners of the Jews in Great Britain are so exactly similar to those of their Christian brethren, that were it not for the observance of the seventh day instead of the first, the prohibition of certain meats, and the celebration of certain solemn festivals and rites, it would be difficult to distinguish a Jewish from a native household. The characteristics so often assigned to them in tales professing to introduce a Jew or a Jewish family, are almost all incorrect, being drawn either from the impressions of the past, or from some special case, or perhaps from attention to some Pole, Spaniard, or Turk, who may just as well be a Polish or Spanish Christian, or Turkish Mussulman, as a Jew. These great errors in delineation arise from the supposition, that because they are Hebrews they must be different from any other race. They *are* distinct in feature and religion, but in nothing else. Like the rest of the human race, they are, as individuals, neither wholly good nor wholly bad; as a people, their virtues very greatly predominate. Even in the lowest and most degraded classes, we never find those awful crimes with which the public records teem. A Jewish murderer, adulterer, burglar, or even petty thief, is actually unknown. Fagin exists only in the imaginations of the readers of *Oliver Twist* —the Jewish population of London being, in fact, remarkable for its integrity. This may perhaps arise from the fact, that the numerous and well-ordered charities of the Jews prevent those horrible cases of destitution, and the consequent temptations to sin, from which such a mass of crime proceeds. A Jewish beggar by profession is a character unheard of; nor do we ever find the blind or deformed belonging to this people lingering about the streets. Such is their sobriety too, that, according to Dr Asher, the medical officer of the Jewish Board of Guardians in Devonshire Square, a case of *delirium tremens* among the poor Jews is a thing utterly unknown. From the same authority we learn that, in cases of serious illness or severe

accident, recovery is more frequent and more rapid among them than among the correspondingly poor class of Christians—a result which is also proved by the records of the London Hospital, in which there are separate wards for the use of Jewish patients. The virtues of the Jews are essentially of the domestic and social kind. The English are noted for the comfort and happiness of their firesides, and in this loveliest school of virtue the Hebrews not only equal, but in some instances surpass, their neighbours. From the highest classes to the most indigent, affection, reverence, and tenderness mark their domestic intercourse. Three, sometimes four generations, may be found dwelling together—the woman performing the blended duties of parent, wife, and child; the man those of husband, father, and son. As members of a community, they are industrious, orderly, temperate, and contented; as citizens, they are faithful, earnest, and active; as the native denizens of Great Britain, ever ready to devote their wealth and personal service in the cause of their adopted land.

Both the Spanish and German congregations have their respective charities, either founded by benevolent individuals, or supported by voluntary contributions and annual subscriptions. There are schools for poor children of both sexes and all ages, from the infant too young to walk, to the youth or maiden ready for apprenticeship; orphan asylums and orphan societies for clothing, educating, maintaining, and apprenticing both male and female orphans; hospitals for the sick, comprising also establishments for lying-in women, and an asylum for the aged; societies, far too numerous to specify by name, for clothing the poor; for relieving by donations of meat, bread, and coals; for cheering the needy at festivals; for visiting and relieving poor women, when confined, at their own dwellings, and enabling them to adhere to the rites of their religion in naming their infants; for allowing the indigent blind a certain sum weekly, which they forfeit if ever seen begging about the streets; for granting loans to the industrious poor, or gifts if needed; for outfitting boys who are to quit the country, and granting rewards for good behaviour to servants and apprentices; for furnishing persons to sit up with the sick poor, and granting a certain sum for the maintenance of poor families during the seven days' mourning for the dead, a period by the Jews always kept sacred; for relieving distressed aliens of the Jewish persuasion; and, amongst the Portuguese, for granting marriage-portions, twice in the year, to one or more fatherless girls, and for giving pensions to widows. There are also almshouses for twenty-four poor women annexed to the Spanish and Portuguese synagogue, and others in Globe Lane for ten respectable poor families of the same congregation; and not many years ago, a philanthropic individual (A. L. Moses, Esq. of Aldgate) erected almshouses for twelve poor families of the German congregation, with a synagogue attached, in Bethnal Green Road, at his own sole expense.

When we remember how small is the number of Jewish denizens in the great city of London, compared with its Christian population, and observe the variety and number of these charities, we are surely borne out in our assertion, that benevolence is a very marked characteristic of the Jews. Nor is it a virtue confined to the rich. Beautiful is that charity which is shewn by the poor to the poor; and it is in this that the Jews excel. To relieve the needy, and open the hand wide to their poor brother, is a repeatedly enforced command of their religion, which they literally and lovingly obey. On the eve of their great festival, the Passover, the door of the poorest dwelling may be found open, an extra plate, knife, and fork laid on the frugal table; and whoever needs food, or even lodging, for that holy festival, may freely enter and appropriate to himself the reserved seat. That he may be quite a stranger is of little consequence; he is a Hebrew, and needy, and is therefore welcome to the same fare as the family themselves partake.

Nor are these charities confined only to their own race; they never refuse assistance, according to their means, whatever may be the creed. Neither prejudiced nor penurious in calls of philanthropy, their heart is open as their hand; and if they amass gold too eagerly, the fault is in some degree atoned by the use to which it is applied.

The domestic government of the Hebrews is very simple. Each synagogue is, as it were, a little independent state, governed by a sort of parliament, consisting of *parnassim* or wardens, *gaboy* or treasurer, and elders, with an attendant secretary, the congregation of the synagogue being like the members of a state. The wardens have the general superintendence of all the affairs of the congregation: the treasurer, the charge of all the sums coming into his hands for the use of the congregation, and of their expenditure. These officers are elected yearly—two wardens being chosen about Easter, which is generally the time of the Jewish Passover; and two more, and the treasurer, about Michaelmas, at the conclusion of the Jewish feast of Tabernacles. Four wardens, or parnassim, therefore act together; each performing the part of president three months alternately, and, during the time of his presidency, being considered as the civil head of the little community, and receiving certain honours accordingly.

The wardens and treasurer, attended by the secretary, whose business it is to take note of their proceedings, and bring cases before them for their consideration, meet once or twice a week in a large chamber adjoining the synagogue, to make grants of moneys, distribute relief, and endeavour, by strict examination and impartial judgment, to settle all causes and disputes according to the laws, institutions, and penalties of the Jewish state (that is, synagogue), and so prevent the scandal of bringing petty offences and domestic differences before the English law. If, however, they cannot succeed

in making peace, or the offence is of so grave a nature as to interfere with the British laws, the offender is indicted before the lord mayor, and must take his trial as any other English subject.

When questions of general importance are agitated, the gaboy, or treasurer, summons the elders to monthly meetings; where, in conjunction with the wardens, the subject is discussed, and decided by a majority. If the votes are equal, the president is allowed the casting vote in addition to his own; but all resolutions passed at one meeting must be confirmed in the next, to be considered valid.

No member of the synagogue can be an elder, unless he has served or been elected a warden or treasurer; but there are some meetings to which, in the Spanish congregation, all the members of the synagogue are summoned, women as well as men; all, in short, of either sex who pay a tax to the synagogue; the paying of which tax, or *finta*, as it is called, constitutes a member. There is no fixed assessment, but each member is taxed according to his means.

These remarks, however, refer principally to the Spanish and Portuguese congregation; the Dutch and German differs in some minor points, such as having three wardens instead of four, who serve sometimes two years instead of one. And in addition to the wardens and treasurer, they have an overseer of the poor, and seven elders, who are annually elected from the members of the vestry, and regularly attend at monthly or vestry meetings; forming, with the honorary officers, wardens, &c. a committee, who deliberate on all matters essential to the congregation. The vestry of the Germans, like the elders of the Portuguese, consists of such members as have previously been elected to the honorary offices. Their duty is to attend all special and quarterly meetings for the general government of the synagogue.

In both synagogues, Spanish and German, all members residing within twelve miles of the synagogue are eligible for either of the honorary offices, and are elected by ballot; the president in this as in other cases having the casting vote. No election is considered valid without a majority of seven votes. The individual elected may or may not accept, but is subject to a fine if he refuse, unless incapacitated for the duties of the office by ill health or old age. Persons above seventy years of age are exempted from the fine.

In London, we might almost say in England, there is but one synagogue of the Spanish and Portuguese rite; that founded by Menasseh Ben Israel in the time of Cromwell. The Germans have so multiplied, that not only have they four or five synagogues in London, but form a congregation in almost every provincial town. It is a rare occurrence to find a family of Spanish or Portuguese extraction established elsewhere than in London; but wherever the Germans can discover an opening for business, there they will be found active and persevering, self-satisfied and happy; ever on the

alert for the increase of wealth, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of its acquirement. The synagogues and Jewish congregations, therefore, in the provincial towns, it should be remembered, all belong to this body, and must not be considered as representatives of *all* the British Jews. Each synagogue belonging to the Germans has its own government of honorary officers, &c., who superintend the affairs of their own congregations, rich and poor. Formerly, they were all considered tributary to the great synagogue of Duke's Place; but they are now independent, and the bond of union being one of amity, and not of restraint, their individual and several interests have been preserved in mutual harmony.

In addition to the already mentioned officers, each synagogue has two or more deputies, elected every seven years, as representatives of the Jewish nation to the British government. Their duty is to take cognisance of all political and statistical matters concerning the Hebrew communities throughout the British empire. In cases of general national importance, they meet together, consult, and then reporting the result of their deliberations to their elders and constituents—for such in fact are the several congregations by whom they are elected—and receiving their assent, they proceed to act on the measures proposed. On all occasions of public rejoicing, as on the accession of a sovereign or national victory, &c., it is the office of the deputies to address the sovereign in the name of all their brethren; and in cases of petitions for increased privileges for themselves, or relief for their oppressed nation in other lands, it is their duty to wait upon the premier, or any of the ministers in office, and request their interference.

JEWS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

In the treatment of the Jews, Great Britain, the United States of North America, France, and Holland are the most liberal. In the United States, Jews are eligible to all civil offices; and there it is far from uncommon to find Jews performing the functions of judges of the higher courts, sheriffs, and members of congress. All this is exactly as it should be.

But in some nations the Jews are still liable to insults, oppressions, banishment, and even at intervals to torture and massacre; particularly in that wretchedly misgoverned country, the Danubian Principalities, where, every three months or so, some bloody outrage is perpetrated. The same charge of kidnapping and murdering Christian children in Poland, Prussia, and many parts of Germany, was, until lately, often fulminated against them—rousing the easily kindled wrath and hate of the more ignorant, and occasioning such assaults as frequently demanded the interference of the military to subdue—and the subsequent discovery that the supposed victim of Jewish bloodthirstiness had fled from the cruelty of Christian masters,

found refuge, and kindness, and food in the Jewish households, to which he had been tracked, and escaped thence, with their friendly aid, into the open country, where, happily for the release of his benefactors from unsparing slaughter, he was discovered and brought back.

It is very difficult to obtain a just and correct view of the domestic history of the Jews on the continent; scarcely possible, in fact, except by a residence of some weeks in the midst of them. Travellers notice them so casually, and these notices are so coloured with the individual feelings with which they are viewed, that we can glean no satisfactory information except as to their social position, which has been always that of a people apart. The less privileges they enjoy, the more marked, of course, this separation becomes. The prejudice on both sides is strengthened; and to penetrate the sanctuary of domestic life and their national government is impossible. In France, Belgium, and Holland, as we have seen in England, they are only Jews in the peculiar forms and observances of their religion: in everything else of domestic, social, or public life, they are as completely children of the soil as their Christian brethren. But in many parts of the continent, they are so marked by degrading ordinances, even to their modes of dress and the localities of their dwellings, that their individual and social identity is known at once, and they are shunned and hated as possessors of the plague. In Rome, the Jews are still confined to one quarter of the town, called the Ghetto, which is often completely inundated. In the other towns of Italy, though the quarters of the towns assigned them may be somewhat less unhealthy, their social position is the same. In Austria, Francis I., and after him Joseph II., sought to meliorate their condition. After a relapse of state bigotry, we are glad to say that the liberal policy of these monarchs has been revived, and since 1860, the Jews have been permitted to hold land. Within the last few years they have also obtained many civic rights.

In the time of Napoleon, several of the smaller German sovereignties befriended the Jews, issuing ordinances admitting them to many civil rights, exempting them from oppressive imposts, and permitting them to pursue trade and obtain professorships. In gratitude for these unusual privileges, several entered the army of the allies, formed in 1813 to break the galling yoke of Napoleon, and so distinguished themselves, as to receive as many medals and decorations of honour as their more naturally warlike compatriots. It was only reasonable that, as they performed all the duties of patriots and citizens to their respective states, they should demand and expect the abolition of all the oppressive enactments made against them in more barbarous times. And we find, in 1815, the Germanic Confederation assembled at Vienna declaring in their sixteenth article, 'The diet will take into consideration in what

way the civil melioration of the Jews may best be effected, and in particular how the enjoyment of all civil rights, in return for the performance of all civil duties, may be most effectually secured to them in the states of the Confederation. In the meantime the professors of this faith shall continue to enjoy the rights already extended to them.'

For a considerable number of years, however, the condition of the Jews in Germany shewed that this was mere words. With the cessation of the call for their patriotism, the recollection of their services also ceased, and no decided means was taken to secure to them the promised privileges. The great trading towns, Hamburg, Lübeck, Bremen, and especially Frankfort-on-the-Maine, never shewed even the profession of friendliness towards them. In Frankfort, until not many years ago, so heavily were they oppressed, that if any Jew, even of the most venerable age, did not take off his hat to the mere children of Christian parents, he was pelted with stones, and insulted by terms of the grossest abuse; for which there was neither redress nor retaliation; and this was but one of those social humiliations, the constant pressure of which must at length degrade their subjects to the narrow mind, closed-up heart, and sole pursuit of self-interest of which they are accused. The impoverished condition of the nobles and princes of the soil during the war with Napoleon, frequently compelled them to part with their estates to the only possessors of ready money—the Jews. When the immediate pressure of want had subsided, it was naturally galling to men, as proud as they were poor, to behold the castles and lands, the heritage of noble German families through many centuries, enjoyed by men of neither rank nor education, and whose sole consideration was great wealth. The very means by which that wealth was obtained—contracts entered into with the French emperor—increased the dislike of all classes towards them, heightened by the presumption and ostentation they displayed. In 1820, riots broke out against them at Meiningen, at Würzburg, and extended along the Rhine. Hamburg, and still farther northward, as far as Copenhagen, caught the infection; and so serious were the disturbances, so sanguinary the intentions of aroused multitudes, that it demanded the utmost vigilance of the various governments to prevent the nineteenth century from becoming a repetition of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The very cry which was the signal for the old massacres, and which, once heard, was as certain doom to the hapless Jew as if the sword was already at his throat—'Hep! hep!' from the initials of the old Crusade cry, 'Hierosolyma est perdita!' (Jerusalem is lost!)—was revived on this occasion; a curious fact, as full four centuries had elapsed since it had last been heard. Nine years later, we are told that 'when the states of Würtemberg were discussing a measure which extended civil rights to the Israelites, the populace of Stuttgart

surrounded the Hall of Assembly with savage outcries of "Down with the Jews!" The states, however, calmly maintained their dignity, continued their sittings, and eventually passed the bill.'

When we remember that this fanatical outbreak of prejudice took place only forty years ago, we may have some idea of the social position of the Jews in Germany in the first part of this century. Notwithstanding its humiliating nature, however, they have shared the advancement of the age in the zealous cultivation of intellect and art. The extraordinary genius of their great countryman, Moses Mendelssohn, who flourished in the eighteenth century—the boldness with which he had flung aside the trammels of rabbinism, and the prejudices arising from long ages of persecution, making himself not only a name amongst the first of German literati, but forming friendships with Lessing, Lavater, and other great spirits of the age, completely destroying in his own person the unsocial spirit of his nation—had given an impulse to the Jews, which even the excitement of the war, and its vast resources for amassing wealth, had not the power to diminish. German, and the other modern languages, which, until the master-mind of Mendelssohn appeared, had been considered profane, and therefore neglected, were now zealously cultivated. They attended the universities, and greatly advanced in all the departments of mental and physical science; thus proving that when the Jews appear so devoted to interest alone as to neglect all the higher and more intellectual pursuits, it is position, not character, that is at fault. In the earlier ages, we find them, in the brief intervals of peace, not merely merchants of splendour and opulence, but the sole physicians, sole teachers, sole ministers of finance in their respective realms to nobles and princes. Their superior intelligence and education at a period when it was rare for nobles and kings, and even the clergy, to write their names, marked them out for offices of trust, which they never failed to execute with ability and skill. And it is notorious that the ambassador between the Catholic emperor Charlemagne, and the no less famous Mohammedan potentate Haroun al Raschid, holding in his sole trust the political interests of Europe and Asia—for at that time the princes we have named might be justly considered the representatives of the two continents—was neither knight, noble, nor prince, but simply Isaac, a Jew! But when these breathing-times had passed, when kings and princes needed wealth, and their exhausted coffers could only be replenished by the treasures of the Jews—when the multitude asked but a rumour to fan suppressed hatred to a flame—the horrors of persecution recommenced; the services of the Jews were forgotten; and statute after statute, each more degrading than the last, bound them to such a position, such pursuits, that they became ignorant of their own power themselves, and made no effort to prove themselves other than they were believed. But the power was quenched—not lost; and it burst

forth again with renewed vigour wherever it had scope for development and growth.

There is a street in Frankfort-on-the-Maine called the Juden Strasse, or Jews Street, in which the houses look so aged and poverty-stricken, that to walk down it almost seems to transport one to the middle ages, and recalls all the painful stories of the Jews of that time, and the marvellous tale of the lavish splendour and great wealth which these hovel-like entrances concealed; the affectation of poverty and abject misery assumed, not from any miser-like propensities in themselves, but to deceive their cruel foes, to whom the scent of wealth was always the signal for blood. In this street, during the wars of the First Napoleon, dwelt an honest, hard-working Jew, little regarded by his fellows of his own or the Christian faith; he was poorer than the generality of his brethren, and there was nothing in his appearance or manner to denote a more than common mind. How it happened that he was selected as the guardian of certain moneys and treasures belonging to a German prince, whom the fate of war had caused to flee from his possessions, does not appear; but certain it is that the trust was willingly accepted and nobly fulfilled. The confusion and alarm of the French invasion, and the various revolutions in Germany thence proceeding, extended to Frankfort. Many of the Jews were pillaged; for wealth being imagined synonymous with the word Jew, they were less likely to escape than any. The Jew we have mentioned was amongst the number, but so effectually were the prince's treasures concealed, that their existence was not even suspected. And when the tumult had ceased, and Frankfort was again left to its own quiet, the Jew's own little property had greatly diminished, but his *trust* was untouched. Some few years passed; the pillaging of Frankfort had reached the ears of the dispossessed prince, and he quietly resigned himself to the belief that his own treasures had shared the common fate, or at least had been appropriated by the Jew to atone for his own losses. As soon as he could, he returned to his country, but he was so fully possessed with the idea that he was utterly impoverished, that he made no effort at first even to inquire after the fate of his property. His astonishment —which, however, admiration and gratitude equalled—may be conceived when he received from the hands of the Jew the whole untouched; some assert with the full interest of certain sums which his necessities had compelled him to use; but this is traditional. We can only vouch for the truth as far as the immediate undiminished return of the whole property as soon as claimed. The *effects* of this honourable conduct can be traced to this day in the whole financial world.

The prince was not of that easy nature to be satisfied with the mere expressions of gratitude. He spread the tale—which, regarded as an utter contradiction to the imagined characteristic usurious practices of the Jews, appeared far more extraordinary than it really

was—over all the courts of Germany. From them it spread to other kingdoms: the Jew found himself suddenly withdrawn from obscurity, and all his talents for financial enterprise—of the extent of which, perhaps, he had been ignorant himself till the *hour* found the *man*—called into play. Not only did he amass such wealth himself as perhaps sometimes to cause a smile at the treasures which had seemed of such moment to their owner, but his family, ennobled, accomplished, prince-like in their establishments and position, may be found under the famous name of *Rothschild*, scattered in almost every European court, and acknowledged on every Exchange as the great movers of the money-market of the world. But the widow of their founder refused all state or grandeur; and to her last years received the visits of her descendants in the same lowly dwelling that beheld the rise and growth of her husband's fortunes—in the old dilapidated Juden Strasse of Frankfort.

Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, shewed himself singularly harsh towards the Jews; in fact, his legislation, it has been said, almost throws us back into the middle ages. All manner of iniquitous and ridiculous taxes were laid upon them; only a certain number were allowed to reside in the country, and these were prohibited both from the most honourable and the most lucrative employments. This shameful state of matters was ended by the Prussian edict of toleration (1812), by which Jews were placed almost in an equal position as citizens with other Prussians. Since then, the tendency, on the whole, had been to enlarge their 'liberties'—until the revolution of 1848 finally gained them their full emancipation, although, owing to the subsequent periods of reaction, it has not as yet been entirely carried out. In the smaller German states, their full rights have likewise—gradually and grudgingly—been conceded to them at last; and the first German National Assembly held in Frankfort in 1848 and 1849 contained many prominent Jewish members, among whom was the vice-president, Riesser.

While Poland was an independent sovereignty, the Jews there had greater privileges than in any other European kingdom except Spain; and in fact many Spanish and Portuguese refugees fled to that country when expelled from their own. A charter is still extant, made by Duke Bodislas, who flourished in the thirteenth century, protecting them from oppressions of every kind, and breathing a spirit of toleration and benevolence strangely contrasting with the cruel enactments of contemporary sovereigns. The love said to be borne by Casimir, the great-grandson of Bodislas, for a Jewish girl, occasioned the confirmation of this deed. And even when, at a later period, and in the first heat of the controversy between the Catholics and Protestants, the latter faith was prohibited, the Jews still remained unmolested. They formed the only middle class of the kingdom, and, as such, were the sole engrossers of traffic, constituting in several towns and villages nearly the whole of the

population. They had numerous academies, where, however, the rabbinical, more than general learning, was made a first object. Poland might at that time have been termed the seat of rabbinism, for nowhere were the traditions more considered, nor its teachers more revered. Jewish parents from all quarters sent their sons to the Polish schools, satisfied that there they must attain all the necessary knowledge.

With the dismemberment of Poland, the privileges of the Jews ceased. It was not likely that the Polish Jews, eminently patriotic, would be the favoured portion of the emperor of Russia's Polish subjects. Mr Herschel has graphically delineated their miserable condition after this great political crime had been consummated: 'They are driven from place to place, and not permitted to live in the same street where the so-called Christians reside. It not unfrequently happens that one or more wealthy Jews have built commodious houses in any part of a town not hitherto prohibited: this affords a reason for proscribing them. It is immediately enacted that no Jew must live in that quarter of the city; and they are forthwith driven from their houses, without any compensation for their loss. They are oppressed on every side, yet dare not complain; robbed and defrauded, yet obtain no redress. In the walk of social life, insult and contempt meet them at every turning. The very children in the streets often throw stones at the most respectable Jews, and call them the most opprobrious names, unchecked and unrebuked.'

In 1805 and 1809, the Emperor Alexander issued decrees insuring them full liberty of trade and commerce; but of the liberties which he conferred upon them, they were deprived by the late emperor, Nicholas. Since 1835, a scheme of gradual emancipation has been under contemplation. In Denmark, since 1814, they have enjoyed the rights of citizenship; but not a Jew dared touch the soil of Norway till 1860.

In the Mohammedan kingdoms, indeed, they have often enjoyed toleration; the extreme indolence of the Mussulmans assisting in permitting them to obtain the almost exclusive trade of the Levant. Although exposed to the oppression of individuals—sultans and pashas needing wealth or excitement—still these are but temporary misfortunes, which they unhappily share with the native subjects of these rulers.

Scattered as they are all over the world, literally from north to south, and east to west, and in all the corners and islands of the globe, forming colonies, or being already domiciled in every newly discovered land, yet America now seems their central home. They have there privileges and freedom in common with any and every other faith, and are debarred from no social advantages.

It is rather a remarkable coincidence, that the very year in which the Jews were expelled from Spain—the country which had been to

them a second Judea—Christopher Columbus discovered America, the land which was to be to these persecuted people a home of security and freedom, such as they then could never have even hoped to enjoy. The edict of expulsion from Spain was never recalled; but yet, though outwardly and professedly the most rigidly Catholic kingdom of Europe, it was actually peopled with Jews, though with great secrecy.

Many families now naturalised in England trace their descent, and in no very remote degree, from individuals whose history in Portugal or Spain have all the elements of romance. About the middle of the eighteenth century, a merchant, whom we will call Garcias, though that was not his real name, resided in Lisbon, commanding the respect and consideration of all classes from his upright character, lavish generosity, and great wealth. He conducted his family, consisting of a wife, two young daughters, and a large establishment of domestics, so exactly in accordance with the strictly orthodox principles of Catholicism, that for several years all suspicion had been averted. How he contrived, with so many jealous eyes upon him, to adhere to the rigid essentials of the Jewish faith—keeping the festivals and Sabbaths, never touching prohibited meats, and celebrating the solemn fast once a year—must now and for ever remain a mystery. We only know that it was done, and not only by him, but by hundreds of other families. At length suspicion was aroused. It was the eighth birthday of his younger daughter, celebrated with music and dancing, and all the glad festivities which such occasions call forth in an affectionate and generously conducted household. His elder daughter, a young girl of sixteen, was engaged to the son of a friend, also in prosperous business in Lisbon, and life had never smiled more hopefully on Garcias than it did that night.

In the midst of the festive scene, the merchant was called out to speak with some strangers, who waited on business—important business, they said—which could not be delayed. He descended to the hall of entrance; the strangers threw off their cloaks, and appeared in the garb and with the warrant of the Holy Office, authorised to demand and enforce the surrender of his person. From the very midst of his family, friends, and household, he was borne to the prisons of the Inquisition, and there remained without any communication with the outer world, without even knowing the fate of his family, for an interval of eight years. He was several times examined—a word in the present instance synonymous with torture, always applied to compel a confession of Judaism, which confiscated the whole property of the accused to the use and pleasure of his accusers; but Garcias was as firm and unflinching as his examiners. Neither torture nor imprisonment could succeed in obtaining one word which could betray the real truth, and condemn him as a secret Jew.

The devices to which he resorted to beguile his imprisonment might fill a moderate-sized volume; we have only space to mention

one or two. His peculiarly gracious and winning manner, his courteous and gentle speech, which never changed, tried as he must have been by a variety of sorrows and anxieties in this weary interval, won him so far the regard of his jailer as to permit his employments to pass unnoticed, when otherwise they would undoubtedly have been forbidden. Undoing with some degree of care one of his own knitted socks, gave him not only the materials but the knowledge how, if he could but contrive the necessary implements, to knit a smaller pair from it. By excessive patience and perseverance he so sharpened the lid of a metal snuff-box as to serve for a knife, and with this he contrived to fashion a pair of knitting-needles from the bones of a chicken which had served him for dinner. With these he knitted socks for children, and presented them to his jailer for the use of his family. His next wish was for the implements of writing, which, more rigidly than anything else, were denied him. His urbanity and his presents, however, permitted him the secret acquirement of some paper, the jailer quieting his conscience perhaps by the idea that no evil could come of it, as pen and ink it was quite impossible for the prisoner to make, and equally impossible, unless he wished to lose his situation, for him to grant. But Garcias' was not a mind to rest quiet without some effort for the accomplishment of his wishes. The snuff-box, knife, and chicken-bones were again in requisition, and a pen was successfully formed. The ink, or at least its substitute, was rather more difficult, but necessity is always a sharpener of intellect, and even this was accomplished. He made a hole in the brick flooring of his prison, and supplied it regularly with lamp-black, procured from the lamp, which, as an unusual indulgence, was permitted him every evening. With these rough materials, carefully secreted even from his friend the jailer, he beguiled his confinement with writing several plays and dramas, mostly on Scriptural subjects, which are still in the possession of his family, and display the elastic and versatile mind of the man as strongly as his urbane and gracious manner, his humorous gaiety, which never failed him even in prison, and his enduring patience, evince his calm and collected dignity of character.

In the seventh or eighth year of his imprisonment, the great earthquake of 1755, which almost destroyed the whole of Lisbon, took place. The confusion and ruin extending to the prisons of the Inquisition, caused the guards and officials hurriedly to disperse, and left the gates open to the several prisoners. Many fled, but in so doing sealed their own doom; for they were mostly all retaken, and their flight pronounced sufficient evidence of their guilt to condemn their persons, and confiscate their whole property. Garcias knew or suspected this, and quietly abode in his prison, attempting no escape, and apparently regardless of the dangers round him. After this, all attempts to compel a condemnation of himself appear to have ceased, and he was restored to his family. So little had his

danger and various trials affected him, that he would have continued calmly to pursue his business in Lisbon as before, if his elder daughter had not besought him on her knees, and with tears, to flee from such a city of horror. The unknown destiny of her father had of course prevented all thought of the fulfilment of her marriage engagement; and not long after Garcias' summons, the parents of her betrothed were in the Inquisition likewise, and Podriques, the young man himself, compelled to flee. So much secrecy and caution were necessary effectually to conceal all trace of such fugitives, that no communication could pass between the betrothed. She had not even an idea of the country which had given him refuge, nor of his means of subsistence. His mother, not herself an actual prisoner, was an inmate of the Holy Office, as a voluntary attendant on her husband, and twice herself exposed to imminent danger, both times foreshadowed by an extraordinary dream. Once she fancied herself in the arena of a bull-fight, exposed to all the horror of an attack from one of these savage animals, without any means of defence. The bull came roaring and foaming towards her; death seemed inevitable, and in its most fearful shape, when suddenly the infuriated animal stopped in its mad career, and laid itself quietly as a pet-dog at her feet. She awoke with the strong feeling of thankfulness, as if some real danger had been averted, and the impression of this strange and peculiarly vivid dream remained till its foreshadowing seemed fulfilled. She was summoned to the 'question,' by her evidence to condemn her husband; the instruments of torture were produced, and actually about to be applied, when the surgeon interfered with the assertion that she was not in a state of health to bear them, and she was remanded, and not recalled. In her second dream, she was alone on the summit of a high tower, which suddenly seemed to give way beneath her, leaving nothing but space between the battlements where she stood and the ground several hundred yards below, causing the fearful dread of immediate precipitation and death, yet still as if the doom were averted by her being upheld by some invisible power, and aid and a safe descent permitted; the means of which the vagary of her dream seemed utterly to prevent her ascertaining. Not long afterwards, the great earthquake already mentioned took place. She was in one of the upper chambers of the Inquisition at the time of the first shock, and rushing out on the landing with her infant in her arms, found, to her horror and consternation, that the staircase had disappeared, and nothing but space lay between her and the basement story, her only means of escape into the open air. While gazing with horror on her terrible position, the recollection of her dream returned to her, and she felt strengthened by faith that she and her child would both be preserved, though how she could not indeed imagine. A few minutes passed, and then came a second shock, *restoring the staircase to its place;* and in little more than a minute the awe-struck but grateful woman was in safety.

Incredible as this story seems, we have neither added nor diminished one item of the real truth, and our romance of real life is not quite concluded. Garcias and his family went to England, and not long afterwards, the release of Podriques permitted him and his wife, the heroine of the above escape, to do the same. There they were joined by their son, and a brief interval beheld the nuptials of the long betrothed, long severed, whose children still survive. It would be wrong to dismiss the anecdote without mentioning it as our belief that all intelligent Roman Catholics of the present day disclaim the propriety of perpetrating such acts of oppression, and as earnestly sympathise with the Jews as any class of the community.

Such is the history of a people who, though for so many years denizens and subjects of this free and happy land, are yet regarded as aliens and strangers; and still, unhappily but too often, as objects of rooted prejudice and dislike. To trace this prejudice to its origin might be difficult; for it would be hard to say it proceeded from ignorance, when it is so often found amongst the educated classes. Yet ignorance in reality it is. The peculiar religion of the Hebrews, and their habit of worshipping apart, keeps them strangers in a great degree to the community at large. But whenever it happens that the interdicted circle of a Jewish family is entered, and its inmates known, prejudice is sure to give way. The faults of the Hebrews, such as they are, may be traced, in a great measure at least, to the degrading influences of long-continued persecution, which they suffered from the bigotry of ancient barbarism in this and in other countries. Now, however, that the British empire has given the exiles of Judea not only a home of peace and freedom, but every right that a citizen can possess, it is to be hoped that they may feel towards her an affection and reverence as strong and undying as any of her native sons, and that the social prejudice against the Jews will ultimately disappear with the dawn of an era in which all Englishmen, however differently they may pray to the Great Father of all, shall yet, so long as they fail not in duty to their country and to each other, be regarded as the common children of one beloved soil.

ARNOLD AND ANDRÉ.

WE are about to relate one of the most remarkable incidents in the war which secured the independence of the United States of America, and for the time inflicted grievous ignominy on the British arms. This fatal war, which all Englishmen now deplore as unjust towards the colonists, began by an insurrection in Boston in 1773, and terminated in peace with Great Britain in 1783. The period to which our narrative refers is the latter part of 1780, when a British force, under Sir Henry Clinton, held possession of New York, and the confederated American army occupied the upper part of the Hudson River, under the command of General Washington. As yet, the fate of the war was doubtful. The Americans had fought with a degree of ardour and skill altogether unlooked for by the ministry of George III., and had effected a variety of startling and brilliant successes. The English, however, by retaining New York, possessed in some measure the power of blockading the coast, and of intercepting communication with the interior, by means of their vessels in the lower part of the Hudson. Each party may be said to have been at a pause, to consider what steps should next be taken to weary out and overcome its antagonist, when a scheme was devised by two officers of rank, one on each side, for the delivery to the British of some important posts on the Hudson River. This scheme, of course, involved treachery and treason on the part of the American; while, according to the convenient principle of all things being fair in war, it only inferred patriotic enterprise in the British officer. The parties

engaged in this hazardous plot were Benedict Arnold, a major-general in the American army, and John André, adjutant-general in the British service, and who at the time resided at New York, in the confidence of Sir Henry Clinton.

Arnold's life is curious, and may first occupy attention. We gather the particulars of it from the well-written digest of Jared Sparks.

Benedict Arnold, descended from a respectable family who had settled in Rhode Island, was born at Norwich in Connecticut, on the 3d of January 1740. While yet a lad, he was apprenticed to a druggist; but the monotonous duties of the shop were unsuitable to his roving disposition, and smitten with the attractions of a military life, he enlisted as a soldier without the knowledge of his friends, and went off with a body of recruits. Released and brought back, he ran away and enlisted a second time. Tired, however, of garrison duty, he deserted, returned to Norwich, and resumed his former employment, in which he gave no small trouble to all who were connected with him. Fortunately for his parents, they died before he brought the stain of dishonour and crime on their name. After finishing his apprenticeship, young Arnold commenced business as a druggist in Newhaven. He was assisted by his former masters in setting up his new establishment, which at first was on a small scale; but by his enterprise and activity, his business was extended, and to the occupation of an apothecary he added that of a general merchant. At length he took up the profession of a navigator, shipped horses, cattle, and provisions to the West Indies, and commanded his own vessel. Turbulent, impetuous, presuming, and unprincipled, it was to be expected that he would raise up a host of enemies against him, and be involved in many difficulties. He fought a duel with a Frenchman somewhere in the West Indies, and was engaged in frequent quarrels both at home and abroad. His speculations ended in bankruptcy, and under circumstances which, in the opinion of the world, left a stain upon his honesty and good faith. He resumed his business, and applied himself to it with his accustomed vigour and resource, and with the same obliquity of moral purpose, hazard, and disregard of public sentiment that had always marked his conduct.

About this period, the prospect of war with England agitated the colonies, and they took measures for raising a militia force for their defence. In a company, which was embodied in Connecticut in 1775, Arnold was chosen commander, from which it is apparent that he did not want ability, and was considered worthy of trust. Soon after the battle of Lexington, which spread abroad a fever of excitement, and when it was thought that the British forts might be easily captured by energetic movements, Arnold made offer to Massachusetts to subdue and take Fort Ticonderoga. The offer was accepted. Arnold received a commission as a colonel, and set

off to execute his purpose, for which men were to be enlisted. To his great disappointment, he ascertained that a similar project was on foot by a party from Connecticut, aided by some volunteers from Massachusetts. Arnold hurried to lay his pretensions to the command before the combined forces; but he was not listened to, and, rather than forego the enterprise, he agreed to join the party as a volunteer, maintaining his rank, though exercising no command. By this small intrepid party, Ticonderoga was taken on the 10th of May 1775. After the capture, in which Arnold distinguished himself, he again attempted to assume the command, and was again unsuccessful. To a person of so imperious a temperament, the rebuff was acutely felt, and was treasured up in remembrance as a wrong that had been suffered, perhaps to be revenged. By the ruling authorities, Arnold's presumption and arrogance were themes of censure, and his complaints were treated with indifference.

Smarting under these discouragements, Arnold still pondered on means for signalising himself; and these soon offered themselves. Congress formed a plan for sending an expedition into Canada through the wilderness towards Quebec, and so seizing on the whole British provinces. This was an enterprise eminently suitable to the daring genius of Arnold, and he was selected for the command, notwithstanding that he had embroiled himself at headquarters. A very effective force of 1100 men was detached, and placed under his orders, and a party of carpenters was ordered to construct 200 boats, with which to carry the troops up the rivers to the borders of Canada, and then down the waters communicating with the St Lawrence. In the course of these proceedings, it would be necessary to take the boats from the rivers, and carry them over portions of land where falls and other obstacles occurred. On the Kennebec, the journey would be exposed to several serious interruptions of this kind; but for every difficulty Arnold was prepared, and he set out with a resolution to overcome all impediments.

The first difficulty encountered was at the Norridgewock Falls, where there was a portage of a mile and a half. The task of transporting the boats was slow and fatiguing; the banks on each side were uneven and rocky. It was found that much of the provisions, particularly the bread, was damaged. The boats had been imperfectly made, and were leaky; the men were unskilled in navigating them, and divers accidents had happened in ascending the rapids. The carpenters were set to work in repairing the most defective boats: this caused a detention, and seven days were expended in getting the whole line of the army around the falls. As soon as the last batteau was launched in the waters above, Arnold betook himself again to his birch canoe with his Indian guide, quickly shot ahead of the rear division, passed the portage at the Carritunk Falls, and in two days arrived at the Great Carrying-place, twelve miles below the junction of the Dead River with the eastern branch of the

Kennebec. Here he found the first two divisions of the army. Thus far the expedition had proceeded as successfully as could have been anticipated. The fatigue was extreme, yet one man only had been lost by death. There seem to have been desertions and sickness, as the whole number now amounted to no more than 950 effective men. They had passed four portages, assisted by oxen and sleds where the situation of the ground would permit. So rapid was the stream, that on an average the men waded more than half the way, forcing the batteaux against the current. Arnold wrote, in a letter to General Washington: 'You would have taken the men for amphibious animals, as they were great part of the time under water.' He had now twenty-five days' provisions for the whole detachment, and expressed a sanguine hope of reaching the Chaudière River in eight or ten days.

In this hope he was destined to be disappointed. Obstacles increased in number and magnitude as he advanced, which it required all his resources and energy to overcome. The Great Carrying-place extended from the Kennebec to the Dead River, being a space of fifteen miles, with three small ponds intervening. From this place the batteaux, provisions, and baggage were to be carried over the portages on the men's shoulders. With incredible toil, they were taken from the waters of the Kennebec, and transported along an ascending, rugged, and precipitous path, for more than three miles, to the first pond. Here the batteaux were again put afloat; and thus they continued, by alternate water and land carriage, through lakes, creeks, morasses, and craggy ravines, till they reached the Dead River, where Arnold encamped, and raised the American flag. Again the party pressed forward; but now the weather became exceedingly inclement. For three days it rained incessantly, and every man, and all the baggage, was drenched with water. One night, after they had landed at a late hour, and were endeavouring to take a little repose, they were suddenly roused by the freshet, which came rushing upon them in a torrent, and hardly allowed them time to escape, before the ground on which they had lain down was overflowed. In nine hours, the river rose perpendicularly eight feet. Embarrassments thickened at every step. The current was everywhere rapid; the stream had spread itself over the low grounds by the increase of its waters, thereby exposing the batteaux to be perpetually entangled in the driftwood and bushes; sometimes they were led away from the main stream into smaller branches, and obliged to retrace their course, and at others delayed by portages, which became more frequent as they advanced. With incredible toil, Arnold pushed on with his party, and at length reached the Chaudière, and then descended to the first Canadian settlement. The whole army arrived within four or five days, emerging from the forests in small and detached parties, and greeting once more with joy unspeakable the habitations of civilised men.

They were received in a friendly manner by the inhabitants, who supplied their wants with hospitable abundance, and seemed favourably inclined to the objects of the expedition, not being yet heartily reconciled to the burden of a foreign yoke, however light in itself, which the adverse fortunes of war had doomed them to wear since the brilliant victory of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham. Meantime Arnold proceeded down the river, to conciliate the attachment of the people, and make further preparations for the march of his army.

All Arnold's toils and arrangements proved unavailing. On arriving at Quebec, he made a strong military demonstration; but the garrison had been strengthened, and all his threats and attempts at a siege were only a subject of ridicule. He could make no impression on the town or fort; and finally, in one of the skirmishes that took place, he had the misfortune to be shot in the leg, by which he was for the time disabled. Although unsuccessful in his main object, Congress were so well pleased with his conduct that they promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general. When able to pursue his line of duties, Arnold proceeded to Montreal, and here he had the command of some military operations: these, however, as well as the continued attack of Quebec, proved unavailing, and at last he evacuated Canada; shortly after which movement, we find him, along with a concentrated American force, at Crown Point, on Lake Champlain.

Up till this time, there appears to have been nothing to find fault with in Arnold's character on the score of moral deficiency. He had been sometimes troublesome, but there was no charge against his integrity. Now, he became involved in an affair which tarnished his character, and greatly soured his disposition. The particulars are as follow, and they afford a key to subsequent events. When it became evident that Canada would be evacuated, Arnold seized goods belonging to merchants in Montreal, which he said were intended for the public service. Certificates were given to the owners, who were to be paid according to their invoices by the United States. In many cases, however, they were taken away in such a hurry that there was no time for making out a list of the articles, and the only form of delivery was the owner's name written on each parcel. Arnold sent the goods across the country to Chambly, with the intention of having them forwarded to St John's, and thence by water to Ticonderoga. He instructed Colonel Hazen, who then commanded at Chambly, to take charge of them, and prevent their being damaged. Hazen, either not liking the manner in which the goods had been obtained, or from personal hostility to Arnold, refused for some time to meddle with them, and left them exposed to the weather, piled on heaps on the bank of the river; and at last, when he took them in charge, they were guarded in so negligent a manner, that the packages were broken open and many

of them plundered. The owners, not contented to part with their goods upon terms so vague and uncertain, followed the army to Crown Point. When they found what ravages had been committed on their property, they presented invoices, and claimed payment for the full amount. The blame fell upon General Arnold, as the first mover in the business, and he threw it back upon Hazen, who had refused to obey his order, and take care of the goods. The result was a court-martial, by which Colonel Hazen was tried for disobedience of orders. While the trial was in progress, the court declined accepting the testimony of Major Scott, one of Arnold's principal witnesses, on the ground of his being a party concerned, since he was the agent who received the goods at Montreal and conducted them to Chambly. This slight was too much for the hot blood of Arnold, and he wrote a disrespectful letter to the court in the form of a protest. To save their honour, the court demanded an apology, which was promptly refused in a tone of insult by their antagonist, with a broad intimation, that he should be ready, at a proper time, to give any or all of the gentlemen of the court satisfaction on that score; or, in other words, the letter was a sort of challenge to the whole court, either in the corporate or individual capacity of the members. This was so gross a violation of military rule, that the court had now no other resort than an appeal to General Gates, the commander-in-chief. The case presented difficulties which seemed to embarrass him, as Arnold was much in his favour, and he had resolved to appoint him to the command of the fleet then preparing to meet the enemy on the lake. In short, he dissolved the court-martial, and thus abetted the conduct of Arnold. In explaining this step to Congress, he said that he had been obliged to act 'dictatorially' when the court demanded the arrest of General Arnold, adding: 'The United States must not be deprived of that excellent officer's services at this important moment.'

Screened from justice by the policy of a superior, Arnold did not escape public censure. There was an audacious unscrupulousness about the man that was disliked. It was more than suspected that his private interest was chiefly consulted in seizing the goods; and it seems to have been supposed that the seizure was upon his own authority. It has since been made apparent that Arnold was harshly judged in this respect; and it cannot be doubted that, had he treated the inquiry with proper temper and discretion, nothing beyond a charge of imprudence would have been brought against him. About the same period, he involved himself in a quarrel with a Major Brown, whom he accused of peculation. Brown petitioned for an inquiry into his conduct, and through the favour of General Gates towards Arnold, this was refused; whereupon Brown, finding himself shut out from legal redress, published a narrative of the whole affair. In this he reflected with severity on Arnold's character, and tended to confirm former suspicions of his dishonesty.

It was a most unhappy circumstance, that with qualities of a high military order—brave, resolute, and ready in expedients—Arnold was continually exposed to charges of moral imperfection, through a want of prudence and regard for public opinion. And in this manner, having provoked reports against his character, he, as will appear, actually resorted to criminal designs, as a justifiable reprisal for what he felt to be the scorn of the world.

While suffering under real or imaginary wrongs, Arnold eagerly plunged into a new military movement. Under the orders of General Gates, he took the command of a small armament of vessels on Lake Champlain, with the view of attacking the British squadron. The American force was considerably inferior to the British, and it was felt by the former that they would require to depend mainly on their bravery and certain advantages in their position. The two fleets came to an engagement on the morning of the 11th of October. While the British were coming round Valcour Island, Arnold had ordered his three galleys, and a schooner called the *Royal Savage*, to get under-way, and advance upon the enemy. On their return to the line, the schooner grounded, and was afterwards destroyed, but the men were saved. At half-past twelve, the action became general and very warm, the British having brought all their gun-boats and one schooner within musket-shot of the American line. They kept up a heavy fire of round and grape shot till five o'clock, when they withdrew from the contest, and joined the ship and schooner, which a head-wind had prevented from coming into action.

During the contest, Arnold was on board the *Congress* galley, which suffered severely. It received seven shots between wind and water, was hulled twelve.times, the mainmast was injured in two places, the rigging cut in pieces, and the proportion of killed and wounded was unusually great. So deficient was the fleet in gunners, that Arnold himself pointed almost every gun that was fired from his vessel. The American force being greatly damaged, a consultation was held by the officers as soon as the engagement was over; and they agreed that, considering the exhausted state of their ammunition, and the great superiority of the enemy's force both in ships and men, prudence required them to return to Crown Point, and, if possible, without risking another attack. The British had anchored their vessels in a line within a few hundred yards of the Americans, stretching from the island to the main, apparently to frustrate any such design. The night was dark, but a favouring breeze blew from the north, and before morning Arnold had passed with his whole fleet through the British line entirely undiscovered. This manœuvre was not less bold in its execution than extraordinary in its success. Arnold himself brought up the rear in his crippled galley; and, before their departure was known to the enemy, they had ascended the lake ten or twelve miles to Schuyler's Island. Here they were obliged to cast anchor for half a day, in order to stop the leaks and

repair their sails. Two of the gondolas were abandoned and sunk. In the afternoon they set sail again; but the wind had died away in the morning, and it now sprung up from the south, equally retarding the pursuit of the enemy and their own progress.

On the morning of the second day, the scene was changed. The *Congress* and *Washington* galleys, with four gondolas, had fallen in the rear, all being too much disabled to sail freely. The advanced ships of the enemy's fleet, in one of which was General Carleton, were found to be gaining upon them, under a press of sail, and in a short time were alongside. After receiving a few broadsides, the *Washington* struck, having been extremely weakened by the loss of men, and injury received in the first engagement. The whole force of the attack now fell upon Arnold in the *Congress* galley. A ship of eighteen guns, a schooner of fourteen, and another of twelve, poured forth an unceasing fire within musket-shot. The contest was kept up with unparalleled resolution for four hours, when the galley was reduced almost to a wreck, and was surrounded by seven sail of the enemy. In this situation, Arnold ran the galley and the four gondolas into a small creek on the east side of the lake, about ten miles from Crown Point; and as soon as they were aground, and were set on fire, he ordered the marines to leap into the water, armed with muskets, wade to the beach, and station themselves in such a manner on the bank as to prevent the approach of the enemy's small boats. He was the last man that remained on board; nor did he leave his galley till the fire had made such progress that it could not be extinguished. The flags were kept flying; and he maintained his attitude of defence on the shore till he saw them consumed, and the whole of his flotilla enveloped in flames. There are few instances on record of more deliberate courage and gallantry than were displayed by him from the beginning to the end of this action.

Being no longer in a condition to oppose the enemy, he proceeded immediately through the woods with his men to Crown Point, and fortunately escaped an attack from the Indians, who waylaid the path two hours after he had passed. The same night he arrived at Ticonderoga. All his clothes, papers, and baggage had been burned in the *Royal Savage* at Valcour Island. Notwithstanding the signal failure of this enterprise, the valour and good conduct of the commander and his officers were themes of applause throughout the country.

After this affair, Arnold was employed some time in Boston, concerting plans with the legislature for raising fresh forces. While engaged in this service, an incident happened which made him begin to talk of the ingratitude of his country, and which had an important bearing on his future destiny. In February 1777, Congress appointed five new major-generals, without including him in the list, all of whom were his juniors in rank, and one of them, General

Lincoln, was promoted from the militia. It may well be imagined what effect this tacit censure and public slight would have on a person so sensitive to military glory, and whose reputation and prospects rested on that basis alone. He was totally unprepared for such a testimony of the opinion of Congress, and his astonishment was not less than his indignation; but he had the self-command to conceal his emotions, and to demean himself with more moderation than might have been expected. Washington was surprised and concerned, as he feared the ill effects which such a proceeding might have upon the officers, knowing the extreme jealousy with which military men regard the subject of rank and promotion, and considering this feeling as essential to the vital interests of the army. He wrote to Arnold a soothing letter, begging him to take no hasty steps, and expressing his conviction that there was some mistake, which would in due time be rectified. He added assurances of his own endeavours to promote what he deemed in this case the claim of justice as well as of policy. Arnold was unwilling to submit to these temperate counsels, and he set out in person to challenge the procedure of Congress. While on the way, an occasion accidentally occurred for taking a part in attacking a detachment of British forces; and this he performed in so gallant a manner, that Congress at once promoted him to the rank of major-general. But unfortunately his relative rank was not restored, and he was left, by the date of his commission, below the five major-generals who had been raised over him. Still indignant at his misusage, he requested an inquiry into his conduct; and this being complied with, he was acquitted of all blame, and it was acknowledged that he had been groundlessly aspersed. Nevertheless, his rank was not restored; and thus matters remained very much where they were. Another circumstance gave fresh cause for irritation. He claimed a settlement of his accounts with Congress; and as it appeared, on examination, that he had introduced a series of extravagant charges in his own favour, settlement was refused, or at least delayed. Again he proposed to resign; but just at this crisis his services were required in a distant part of the country, and he set aside private considerations in favour of the public good. In this new career, he acquitted himself so satisfactorily, that Congress, retracting its unjust decision, gave him the full rank he had claimed, and General Washington presented him with a set of epaulets and sword-knot.

Arnold's next appointment was to the command of Philadelphia, which proved unfortunate; for he was brought into collision with the civil authorities, and charged with public oppression. Appealing to Congress in vindication of his conduct, he failed in procuring the anticipated redress (March 1779); and even a trial by a court-martial, which he insisted on, was postponed, on account of the present exigencies of the service. At length, however, a trial was granted, and the judgment of the court was, that, while innocent of

the main charges, he had been guilty of certain irregularities meriting reprimand. He was reprimanded by Washington accordingly. The decision was received with an ill grace by Arnold; and concealing his resentment, he asked and received liberty to retire for a time into private life in Philadelphia.

The history of this extraordinary man now takes a downward direction towards ruin and infamy. In Philadelphia, he heedlessly indulged in a style of extravagant living far beyond his means; and had recourse to privateering enterprises, and various commercial speculations, to support his expenditure. On one occasion, he formed a copartnership with two other individuals for purchasing goods within the enemy's lines to the amount of £30,000 sterling. The results of these transactions were frequently unfortunate; and he thus contracted debts to a large amount. On one occasion, he attempted to borrow money from M. de Luzerne, the French ambassador in Philadelphia, with whom he had contracted an intimacy; but that gentleman refused to assist him, and pointed out the dangerous and improper course he was pursuing. This rebuff was acutely felt by Arnold, who now endured the mortification of having fruitlessly exposed his pecuniary difficulties. It was about this period that he formed designs of a decidedly treasonable nature. For some little time he had secretly carried on an intercourse with the British, without any definite aim; but now he had reached a point when it was necessary to form decisive resolutions, and follow out a line of policy seemingly the best calculated to promote his base and selfish ends. His mind was made up: he determined on betraying his country for gain.

Our authority in this strange narrative mentions that another circumstance contributed to the defection of Arnold. Shortly after coming to Philadelphia, he had married a young lady of charming accomplishments, who had been captivated with his splendid style of living and display. This lady's acquaintance lay chiefly among those inhabitants who were disposed to the British connection, and had no sympathy with the struggles of the Americans. By persons of this class with whom he now associated, Arnold's discontent was blown into a flame. They spoke of his ill-treatment, and persuaded him that nothing but ingratitude and injustice would be the reward of all his services. Brooding over his wrongs, and agitated by these dangerous expressions of sympathy, Arnold appears to have struck out a plan that would minister to his revenge, and bring him a rich reward. This plan consisted in his being appointed to take the command of West Point, a garrisoned post on the Hudson, and which was the key to some other posts of importance in possession of the Americans. By having West Point under his charge, he could deliver up a number of places to the British, and inflict a serious blow on the American cause.

To take the first step in this treasonous course, it was necessary

to procure the appointment to West Point, and for this purpose he visited General Washington. The general was glad to see Arnold, for whom he could find work suited to his energetic character; and he was somewhat disappointed to find that Arnold spoke of being disabled from active duty, and that the command of West Point would probably be better adapted to him than any other. On this occasion, Washington did not accede to these overtures; but soon afterwards the desired appointment was conferred, and Arnold proceeded to his assigned post in the highlands of the Hudson.

We may now introduce the second personage of our history.

Mrs Arnold, as has been said, had formed intimacies among persons friendly to the British connection. Among these was a young English officer, Major John André, to whom she had become known during the occupancy of Philadelphia by a British army. After the departure of the English from the town, she carried on a friendly correspondence by letter with André. This correspondence continued after her marriage, and was ingeniously made use of by Arnold, without even exciting his wife's suspicions. Under cover of her letters, he entered upon and kept up an epistolary intercourse through André with Sir Henry Clinton. Fictitious names were employed on both sides. André affixed to his letters the signature of John Anderson, and Arnold assumed the name of Gustavus. They also wrote in a disguised hand, and used other devices to avoid detection.

André, who, on the part of the British commander, carried on this furtive correspondence, was descended from a respectable family from Geneva, which had removed from that place to London, where this son was born. Being designed for the mercantile profession, he entered the counting-house of a respectable establishment in London, where he continued three or four years. While thus entering on active life, he formed an attachment for a young lady, which was reciprocated; but the marriage was defeated by the opposition of the lady's father. The lady was afterwards married to another person; and from this time André became disgusted with his peaceful pursuits, and resolved to seek relief in the turmoils and dangers of war. He joined the British army in Canada, with a lieutenant's commission. In his first American campaign, he was taken prisoner. Afterwards released, he became aide-de-camp to General Guy; and from this officer he was transferred, in the same capacity, to Sir Henry Clinton.

Every account of André represents him as adding to a graceful and handsome person many accomplishments of mind and manners. He was passionately fond of the fine arts, and had attained very considerable skill in drawing and painting. A journal of his travels and campaigns in America, which he kept from the time of his first arrival in Canada, contained lively and picturesque sketches of the people, their dresses, houses, and other objects, illustrating the

habits of life, customs, and amusements of the Canadians, Americans, and Indians, together with drawings of animals, birds, insects, trees, and plants, each in its appropriate colours. Landscapes, views, and plans of places were interspersed, and connected by a narrative and written descriptions. This journal was seen and perused in Philadelphia, while the British had possession of that city. To a taste for poetry he united a love of elegant letters; and his attainments in the various branches of literature were extensive. His epistolary writings, so far as specimens of them have been preserved, shew a delicacy of sentiment, a playfulness of imagination, and an ease of style, which could proceed only from native refinement and a high degree of culture. These attractions, connected with an affable deportment and the address of a perfect gentleman, gained him ready access to all circles, and won the hearts of numerous friends. A favourite in the army, and everywhere admired in the walks of social life, his merits were soon discovered by those who had power to reward them. So highly was he appreciated by Sir Henry Clinton, that he was successively raised in rank to major and adjutant-general, and treated by him in all respects as a bosom friend and counsellor.

Proud of these distinctions, and anxious to be useful in promoting the suppression of what he and his superiors considered an unjustifiable rebellion of the colonists, André does not appear to have had any scruples respecting his secret intercourse with Arnold. Each party in this lamentable war endeavoured to gain over friends and recruits from the enemy; both employed spies, without the slightest consciousness of doing a moral wrong. Speaking of a contemplated attack by the British, Jared Sparks observes, that 'intelligence of the preparatory movements for enterprise was instantly communicated to General Washington by his spies in New York.' If, then, the illustrious Washington—punctilious in matters of honour, and a paragon of moral worth—did not disdain to encourage and take advantage of acts of espionage, we may treat lightly the offence which stands chargeable against the youthful and unfortunate André. The truth is, all governments, all military commanders, endeavour to procure secret information; and in the special necessity of the case, they seem to find a justification for resorting to means which, according to ordinary rules of morality, are not strictly commendable. Governed by the common principles of the military code, André was glad of the opportunity to damage the enemy which fortune had thrown in his way. At first, neither he nor Clinton was certain that Arnold was their secret correspondent, although there was reason to think he was, from the circumstance of the communications being conveyed in his wife's letters. At length, it became apparent that no other than Arnold was the writer; and when it was learned that he had been appointed to the command of West Point, it became of the highest importance to buy him on his own terms; for if West Point

and its subordinate posts were delivered up, the waters of the Upper Hudson would be open, and the British might at once join with the army in Canada. As a preparatory step to a seizure of the posts in question, Sir Henry Clinton designed to make a deceptive movement at New York, and at the same time to effect a secret interview with Arnold through a confidential agent. In a despatch to Lord St Germain, Sir Henry gives the following explanation of his position and intentions:

'At this period Sir George Rodney arrived with a fleet at New York, which made it highly probable that Washington would lay aside all thoughts against this place. It became, therefore, proper for me no longer to defer the execution of a project which would lead to such considerable advantages, nor to lose so fair an opportunity as was presented, and under so good a mask as an expedition to the Chesapeake, which everybody imagined would of course take place. Under this feint, I prepared for a movement up the North River. I laid my plan before Sir George Rodney and General Knyphausen, when Sir George, with that zeal for His Majesty's service which marks his character, most handsomely promised to give me every naval assistance in his power.

'It became necessary at this instant that the secret correspondence under feigned names, which had been so long carried on, should be rendered into certainty, both as to the person being General Arnold commanding at West Point, and that in the manner in which he was to surrender himself, the forts, and troops to me, it should be so conducted under a concerted plan between us, as that the king's troops sent upon this expedition should be under no risk of surprise or counterplot; and I was determined not to make the attempt but under such particular security.

'I knew the ground on which the forts were placed, and the contiguous country, tolerably well, having been there in 1777; and I had received many hints respecting both from General Arnold. But it was certainly necessary that a meeting should be held with that officer for settling the whole plan. My reasons, as I have described them, will, I trust, prove the propriety of such a measure on my part. General Arnold had also his reasons, which must be so very obvious, as to make it unnecessary for me to explain them.

'Many projects for a meeting were formed, and consequently several attempts made, in all of which General Arnold seemed extremely desirous that some person, who had my particular confidence, might be sent to him: some man, as he described it in writing, *of his own mensuration.*

'I had thought of a person under this important description, who would gladly have undertaken it, but that his peculiar situation at the time, from which I could not release him, prevented him from engaging in it. General Arnold finally insisted that the person sent to confer with him should be Adjutant-general Major André, who

indeed had been the person on my part who managed and carried on the secret correspondence.'

It appears from these explanations, that although André had carried on the correspondence with Arnold, he had not proposed to undertake a secret and hazardous mission to meet him, but on this point had yielded to the wishes of Sir Henry Clinton. In other words, he did not voluntarily assume the character of a spy, nor did he at any time believe that the proposed interview with Arnold would invest him with that character. A spy, as he thought, is one who meanly insinuates himself within the enemy's lines for the purpose of carrying away such information as his employers may require; whereas he was to visit a certain spot by invitation, and under the sanction of a general officer in the enemy's forces, there to make arrangements advantageous to the service. The real arrangement to be made was to stipulate what sum was to be paid to Arnold for his treachery. Everything else was subordinate. In Arnold's letters, the language of which was disguised in the jargon of commerce, he spoke of the speculations that could be done with advantage with 'ready money.'

It was arranged that André should meet Arnold on the night of the 11th September 1780; and, to understand the nature and place of this meeting, it will be necessary to say a few words respecting the scene of operations on the Hudson.

West Point, the principal American post, was situated in the midst of a hilly country, on the right or east side of the Hudson. Opposite to it was Fort Constitution, also an American post. About four miles below Fort Constitution, on the same side, was Robinson's House, the residence of Arnold. Fort Montgomery and Fort Clinton were situated lower down, on the right bank. Verplank's Point was still further down, on the left bank, at a place called King's Ferry. Smith's House was on the right bank, nearly opposite Verplank's Point. From two to three miles below Smith's House was the village of Haverstraw; and, two miles further down, the *Vulture*, an English vessel of war, lay in the river. This vessel was several miles in advance of the English lines, the British force generally not having any posts beyond a point called Dobbs's Ferry, several miles lower down. About half-way between the spot where the *Vulture* lay in the river and Dobbs's Ferry, was the village of Tarry Town, on the left or west bank; and about three miles from it was the village of White Plains. Salem, Pine's Bridge, and North Castle, were also places on the left or west side, but at a greater distance from the river. Such was the succession of military posts, ferries, and villages, on or near the Hudson, at the time of the proposed interview between Arnold and André. It may be further explained, that it was customary, during the progress of the war, to carry on communications between the two contending armies by means of small parties under flags of truce. These flags were generally

respected; and the intercourse which they maintained between the hostile camps served materially to soften the horrors and inconveniences of war. There was another species of intercourse kept up between the two parties, to which allusion has been made; this consisted in secret interviews between the leading officers and spies from the enemy's camp; and, in point of fact, what with the one and what with the other kind of communication, each party pretty well knew what were the intentions and movements of the other. By taking advantage of these recognised usages, it would not be difficult for Arnold to arrange a meeting with André; all he required to do was to pass off the interview as a scheme to procure secret and valuable information respecting the position and designs of the British in New York.

In order to give this colour to his proceedings, Arnold wrote to Colonel Sheldon, the commander of a detachment of cavalry at Salem, that he expected to meet at his quarters a person from New York, with the prospect of opening up through his agency an important channel of intelligence. Should such a person arrive, he requested Sheldon to shew him proper civilities, and send information of the same to headquarters at Robinson's House. Arnold immediately wrote to André, making him aware of this arrangement; and André thereupon sent a letter to Colonel Sheldon, intimating that he would arrive at Dobbs's Ferry on the night of the 11th, to meet Mr G—— on private business. This letter he subscribed John Anderson. Sheldon, a little mystified, sent the letter to Arnold; and he proceeded to Dobbs's Ferry at the time appointed. No meeting, however, took place, in consequence of some unforeseen circumstance. Arnold returned up the river to Robinson's House, and André went back to New York.

It is unnecessary to entangle the narrative with certain letters and personal communications between Arnold and Washington at this period; and it need only be said that the traitor adopted various expedients to throw all parties off their guard respecting his communications with the enemy.

A second attempt to meet André was appointed on the 20th September, and on this occasion he was to be at Dobbs's Ferry. When André left New York, he was positively instructed by Sir Henry Clinton not to change his dress, as had been proposed by General Arnold, nor to go within the American posts, nor on any account to take papers. André, as well as Clinton, hoped that the interview would take place in the *Vulture;* but Arnold was too much afraid of his own safety to venture on such a step. His aim was to induce André to come on shore under night to a place where no third party was present. There were difficulties in carrying this plan into execution, but with the assistance of Joshua H. Smith, 'a respectable man,' who had acted as a spy in New York, and who lived near Dobbs's Ferry, he expected that all would go well. The meeting

did not take place on the night anticipated, and André, who was on board the *Vulture*, felt considerable disappointment. Next night, Arnold contrived to induce Smith, with two brothers, Samuel and Joseph Colquhoun, to go to the *Vulture* in a boat, and bring a person on shore. It was only by being threatened with the charge of being disaffected to the American cause, that the two Colquhouns were induced, greatly against their will, to undertake this hazardous affair. As a protection to Smith, he was furnished with two papers signed by Arnold—one authorising him 'to go to Dobbs's Ferry with three men and a flag, to carry some letters of a private nature for a gentleman in New York, and to return immediately, he having permission to go at such hours and times as the tide and his business suit;' the other granting permission to Joshua Smith, Mr John Anderson, and two servants, to pass and repass the guards near King's Ferry at all times.

On the arrival of Smith on board the *Vulture*, he was conducted to the presence of Colonel Robinson, a royalist officer interested in the matter in question, and who, as the proprietor of the house which had been taken possession of by Arnold, had already had some correspondence with that personage. Robinson was decidedly opposed to any one going on shore with no other pledge of protection than the word of a man who was seeking to betray his country. He was, however, overruled by André, whose eagerness to accomplish the enterprise he had undertaken made him regardless of danger. At length, André, clothed in his uniform, but enveloped in a blue great-coat, departed from the vessel with Smith, and entered the boat, which the Colquhouns had not left. 'Few words were spoken as they moved slowly towards the shore. They landed at the foot of a mountain, called the Long Clove, on the western margin of the river, about six miles below Stony Point. To this place Arnold had ridden on horseback from Smith's House, attended by one of Smith's servants on another horse. The exact spot for the rendezvous had been agreed upon, and, as soon as the boat landed, Smith went up the bank, groping his way in darkness, and found Arnold not only shrouded in the shades of night, but concealed among thick bushes and trees. He then returned, and conducted André to the same place. At Arnold's request, he left them together, and joined the men again at the boat.' Some hours were now spent by Arnold and André in arranging plans and terms for the delivery of the posts; and, so long did they continue their consultation, that Smith's patience was exhausted, and he proceeded to warn them that daylight would shortly appear. Roused by this intimation, and not yet having entirely effected the object of their meeting, the conspirators consented that Smith and the boatmen should return up the river, while Arnold and André should go to Smith's House by land. In assenting to this proposal, André committed an irretrievable blunder. Mounting the servant's horse, he 'accompanied Arnold to Smith's

House, being a distance of three or four miles along the road leading through the village of Haverstraw. It was dark, and the voice of the sentinel demanding the countersign was the first indication to André that he was within the American lines. This circumstance was unexpected, and he now felt the real danger of his situation. It was too late to change his purpose, and he could only nerve himself with fortitude to meet whatever peril might await him. Just as the day dawned, they came to Smith's House; and in a little time Smith arrived, having brought the boat to Crom Island in Haverstraw Creek, where it was left.'

No sooner had the parties arrived at Smith's House, than a cannonade was heard down the river. It was the firing of the fort at Verplank's Point against the *Vulture*, which was too near the shore; and the vessel accordingly dropped down the river till she was beyond the reach of the shot. André beheld the scene from the windows of Smith's House with anxious emotion. At length the firing ceased, and he resumed his wonted spirits and composure. He was in an upper apartment of the house, where he remained throughout the day. After breakfast, Smith left André and Arnold together; and here the plot of treachery was concocted, the conditions settled, and the modes of future action explained and determined. As all this was done in secret, the details have never been fully brought to light. It is well ascertained, however, that, in case of success, Arnold was to be paid a very large sum of money. In his letter to the ministry on the subject, Sir Henry Clinton said, he thought the plan of such vast importance, that it ought to be pursued 'at every risk, and *at any expense.*' Arnold well knew the nature of the posts which he was about to surrender; and money being with him the stimulating motive in the transaction, it may be presumed his demands were in proportion to the advantages expected from his guilt. Nor is it probable that he consented without a price to barter the brilliant reputation he then possessed for a name of ever-enduring infamy. The arrangements being agreed upon for the execution of the plot, it is understood that the day was also fixed. André was to return to New York, and the British troops, already embarked under the pretext of an expedition to the Chesapeake, were to be ready to ascend the river at a moment's warning. The post at West Point was to be weakened by such a disposition of the troops as would leave but a small force for its defence. As soon as it should be known that the British were coming up the river, parties were to be sent out from the garrison to the gorges in the hills, and other distant points, under pretence of meeting the enemy as they approached; and here they were to remain, while the British troops landed and marched to the garrison through different routes in which they would meet no opposition. With an accurate plan of West Point and its environs, these details were easily settled. The general principle, which served as a basis of the whole manœuvre,

was, that the troops should be so scattered, and divided into such small detachments, that they could not act in force, and would be obliged to surrender without any effectual resistance. By previous movements, Arnold had, in fact, prepared the way for this scheme. Sir Henry Clinton and many other British officers were acquainted with the localities at West Point and in its neighbourhood, they having been there for several days after the storming of Fort Montgomery. Hence it was not difficult to concert a plan of operations which should be equally intelligible to both parties, and hold out the fairest prospect of a successful result.

These preliminaries being finished, André was supplied with certain papers, explanatory of the military condition of West Point—another grievous blunder; for he was within the enemy's lines, and nothing could be more dangerous than charging himself with writings that might be found on his person. André, to do him justice, insisted on being put on board the *Vulture*, so as to return to New York as he came; but Arnold presented obstacles to this course, and suggested a return by land as more safe and expeditious. It was finally arranged that André should be taken across the river, and conducted by Smith to the British lines, below White Plains; and before Arnold's departure, he gave Smith and André passes, to shew in case of need. That to André was as follows: 'Permit Mr John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains, or below if he chooses, he being on public business by my direction.' It was dated—'Headquarters, Robinson's House, Sept. 22, 1780,' and subscribed—'B. ARNOLD, *M.-gen.*'

Before setting out, André exchanged his military for a citizen's dress; and thus disguised, with dark greatcoat buttoned close to the neck, he was conducted by Smith and a negro servant across the river, and so on to the works at Verplank's Point. Some miles on, they were stopped by a Captain Boyd, the commander of a party; but the passports relieved them, and after a night spent at a house in the neighbourhood, they went on their way. After passing Boyd's patrol, the travellers had little to fear from any regular military body. The parties to be dreaded were the loose volunteer marauders, who hovered about the neutral ground between the contending forces, and, like banditti, made a prey of whatsoever fell into their hands. These loose depredators assumed to fight on different sides: those who attached themselves to the Americans being called Skinners, while the partisans of the British were known as Cow-boys. With real or pretended fear of these guerrilla bands, Smith and his servant declined going beyond a certain point with André: having brought him this length, they left him to his fate, and returned to give Arnold an account of their proceedings.

From the place where he was thus abandoned, there were two roads to New York: one through White Plains; the other, nearer the Hudson, by Tarry Town. This latter André adopted, because

he understood that the Lower Party, or Cow-boys, prevailed in this direction. It happened, that the same morning on which André crossed Pine's Bridge, and struck towards the Hudson on his right, a party of seven persons, who resided on the neutral ground, agreed to go out on a marauding excursion. Their object was to watch the road, and intercept any suspicious stragglers, or droves of cattle, that might be seen passing towards New York. Four of this party were stationed on a hill, where they had a view of the road for a considerable distance. The three others, named John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, were concealed in the bushes at another place, and very near the road. About half a mile north of the village of Tarry Town, and a few hundred yards from the bank of Hudson's River, the road crosses a small brook, from each side of which the ground rises into a hill, at that time covered with trees and underwood. Eight or ten rods south of this brook, and on the west side of the road, these men were hidden; and at that point André was stopped, after having travelled from Pine's Bridge without interruption.

The following are the particulars of the capture, as given afterwards by Paulding on the trial of Smith:* 'Myself, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, were lying by the side of the road about half a mile above Tarry Town, and about fifteen miles above Kingsbridge, on Saturday morning, between nine and ten o'clock, the 23d of September. We had lain there about an hour and a half, as near as I can recollect, and saw several persons we were acquainted with, whom we let pass. Presently, one of the young men who were with me said: "There comes a gentlemanlike-looking man, who appears to be well dressed, and has boots on, and whom you had better step out and stop, if you don't know him." On that I got up, and presented my firelock at the breast of the person, and told him to stand; and then I asked him which way he was going. "Gentlemen," said he, "I hope you belong to our party." I asked him what party. He said: "The Lower Party." Upon that I told him I did. Then he said: "I am a British officer out of the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute;" and to shew that he was a British officer, he pulled out his watch. Upon which, I told him to dismount. He then said: "My God, I must do anything to get along," and seemed to make a kind of laugh of it, and pulled out General Arnold's pass, which was to John Anderson, to pass all guards to White Plains, and below. Upon that he dismounted. Said he: "Gentlemen, you had best let me go, or you will bring yourselves into trouble, for your stopping me will detain the general's business;" and said he was going to Dobbs's Ferry, to meet a person there, and get intelligence for General Arnold. Upon that, I told him I hoped he would not be offended; that we did not

* Smith, on his trial, was acquitted; and Paulding and the other captors were rewarded by Congress.

mean to take anything from him; and I told him there were many bad people, who were going along the road, and I did not know but perhaps he might be one.' When further questioned, Paulding replied, that he asked the person his name, who told him it was John Anderson; and that, when Anderson produced General Arnold's pass, he should have let him go, if he had not before called himself a British officer. Paulding also said, that when the person pulled out his watch, he understood it as a signal that he was a British officer, and not that he meant to offer it to him as a present.

All these particulars were substantially confirmed by David Williams, whose testimony in regard to the searching of André being more minute than Paulding's, is here inserted. 'We took him into the bushes,' said Williams, 'and ordered him to pull off his clothes, which he did; but on searching him narrowly, we could not find any sort of writings. We told him to pull off his boots, which he seemed to be indifferent about; but we got one boot off, and searched in that boot, and could find nothing. But we found there were some papers in the bottom of his stocking next to his foot; on which we made him pull his stocking off, and found three papers wrapped up. Mr Paulding looked at the contents, and said he was a spy. We then made him pull off his other boot, and there we found three more papers at the bottom of his foot, within his stocking. Upon this we made him dress himself, and I asked him what he would give us to let him go. He said he would give us any sum of money. I asked him whether he would give us his horse, saddle, bridle, watch, and one hundred guineas. He said: "Yes," and told us he would direct them to any place, even if it was that very spot, so that we could get them. I asked him whether he would not give us more. He said he would give us any quantity of dry goods, or any sum of money, and bring it to any place that we might pitch upon, so that we might get it. Mr Paulding answered: "No; if you would give us ten thousand guineas, you should not stir one step." I then asked the person who had called himself John Anderson, if he would not get away if it lay in his power. He answered: "Yes, I would." I told him I did not intend he should. While taking him along, we asked him a few questions, and we stopped under a shade. He begged us not to ask him questions, and said when he came to any commander he would reveal all. He was dressed in a blue overcoat, and a tight body-coat, that was of a kind of claret colour, though a rather deeper red than claret. The button-holes were laced with gold tinsel, and the buttons drawn over with the same kind of lace. He had on a round hat, and nankeen waistcoat and breeches, with a flannel waistcoat and drawers, boots, and thread stockings.'

The nearest military post was at North Castle, where Lieutenant-colonel Jameson was stationed with a part of Sheldon's regiment of *dragoons.* To that place it was resolved to take the prisoner; and

within a few hours he was delivered up to Jameson, with all the papers that had been taken from his boots.

Unsuspicious of any treason, Jameson directed that the prisoner should be taken to Arnold, whose passport he presumed to be a forgery. He likewise sent a letter to Arnold, narrating the circumstance of the capture, and stating that he had forwarded the papers that had been found on the prisoner to General Washington. After André had been thus sent away in charge, he was recalled by Jameson, in consequence of certain representations of Major Tallmadge, who had the shrewdness to guess that Arnold had entered into treasonous projects. The letter, however, from Jameson to Arnold was forwarded, with an additional note explaining that the prisoner was detained. But for this strange mismanagement of Jameson, there can be no doubt that Arnold would have been secured before becoming aware of the capture of his confederate. As it happened, Arnold made the narrowest possible escape. The letter from Colonel Jameson reached him on the second morning after being despatched, and just as he was about to sit down to breakfast with a party of officers who had been accompanying Washington in a tour of inspection. The general himself was not present, having gone to examine some redoubts in the neighbourhood, with a promise that he would shortly join the party.

Breakfast was over; but before the party rose from the table, a messenger came in with a letter for Arnold, which he broke open and read in presence of the company. It was the letter from Colonel Jameson, and contained the first intelligence received by Arnold of the capture of André. His emotion can be more easily imagined than described. So great was his control over himself, however, that he concealed it from the persons present; and although he seemed a little agitated for the moment, yet not to such a degree as to excite a suspicion that anything extraordinary had happened. He told the officers that his immediate attendance was required at West Point, and desired them to say to General Washington when he arrived, that he was unexpectedly called over the river, and should very soon return. He ordered a horse to be ready, and then, leaving the table hastily, he went up to Mrs Arnold's chamber, and sent for her. With a brevity demanded by the occasion, he told her that they must instantly part, perhaps to meet no more, and that his life depended on his reaching the enemy's lines without detection. Struck with horror at this intelligence, so abruptly divulged, she swooned, and fell senseless. In that state he left her, hurried downstairs, mounted a horse belonging to one of his aids that stood saddled at the door, and rode alone with all speed to the bank of the river. He there entered a boat, and directed the oarsmen to push out to the middle of the stream. The boat was rowed by six men, who, having no knowledge of Arnold's intentions, promptly obeyed his orders. He quickened their activity by saying that he

was going down the river and on board the *Vulture* with a flag, and that he was in great haste, as he expected General Washington at his house, and wished to return as expeditiously as possible to meet him there. He also added another stimulating motive, by promising them two gallons of rum if they would exert themselves with all their strength. As they approached King's Ferry, Arnold exposed to view a white handkerchief, and ordered the men to row directly to the *Vulture*, which was now in sight, a little below the place it had occupied when André left it. The signal held out by Arnold, while the boat was passing Verplank's Point, caused Colonel Livingston to regard it as a flag-boat, and prevented him from ordering it to be stopped and examined. The boat reached the *Vulture* unobstructed in its passage; and after Arnold had gone on board, and introduced himself to the captain, he called the leader of the boatmen into the cabin, and informed him that he and his companions were prisoners. The boatman, who had capacity and spirit, said they were not prisoners; that they came on board with a flag of truce, and under the same sanction they would return. He then appealed to the captain, demanding justice and a proper respect for the rules of honour. Arnold replied, that all this was nothing to the purpose; that they were prisoners, and must remain on board. The captain, disdaining so pitiful an action, though he did not interfere with the positive command of Arnold, told the man that he would take his parole, and he might go on shore and procure clothes and whatever else was wanted for himself and his companions. This was accordingly done the same day. When these men arrived in New York, Sir Henry Clinton, holding in just contempt such a wanton act of meanness, set them all at liberty.

Having finished his inspection at the redoubts, Washington arrived with his suite at Arnold's house soon after his precipitate flight to the river. When Washington was told that Arnold had been called over to the garrison upon some urgent business, he took a hasty breakfast, and concluded not to wait, but to cross immediately to West Point, and meet him at that place. The officers attended him, excepting Hamilton, who remained behind at the house. It was their arrangement to return to dinner. On arriving at West Point, Washington learned with surprise that Arnold had not been there for two days. Returning across the river to Robinson's House, the mystery was revealed. The papers forwarded by Colonel Jameson had arrived, and Arnold's defection was manifest. An officer was immediately despatched to stop him, if possible; but he had already reached the *Vulture*, and was safe from pursuit.

Washington remained in consultation during the day at Robinson's House; and here his feelings were severely tried by the afflicting situation of Mrs Arnold. She seemed on the verge of distraction; one moment she raved, another she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate,

occasioned by the imprudence of its father. It was a curious circumstance in this extraordinary affair, that Arnold, on getting on board the *Vulture*, had the audacity to write to Washington, desiring that his wife might be permitted to go to her friends in Philadelphia, or to join him, as she chose. For himself he asked no favour, having 'too often experienced the ingratitude of his country to attempt it.'

Having issued all proper orders respecting the security of the posts in the vicinity, the next step was to inquire into the guilty participation of the prisoner, the true character of whom was now known to Washington by means of the following candid confession, addressed to him by André:

'SALEM, *24th September* 1780.

SIR—What I have as yet said concerning myself was in the justifiable attempt to be extricated; I am too little accustomed to duplicity to have succeeded.

I beg your Excellency will be persuaded that no alteration in the temper of my mind, or apprehension for my safety, induces me to take the step of addressing you; but that it is to rescue myself from an imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes or self-interest—a conduct incompatible with the principles that actuate me, as well as with my condition in life. It is to vindicate my fame that I speak, and not to solicit security.

The person in your possession is Major John André, Adjutant-general to the British army.

The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary is an advantage taken in war. A correspondence for this purpose I held, as confidential (in the present instance) with His Excellency Sir Henry Clinton.

To favour it, I agreed to meet upon ground not within the posts of either army a person who was to give me intelligence: I came up in the *Vulture* man-of-war for this effect, and was fetched by a boat from the ship to the beach. Being here, I was told that the approach of day would prevent my return, and that I must be concealed until the next night. I was in my regimentals, and had fairly risked my person.

Against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your Excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and will imagine how much more must I have been affected by a refusal to reconduct me back the next night as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New York. I was taken at Tarry Town by some volunteers.

Thus, as I have had the honour to relate, was I betrayed (being

adjutant-general of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts.

Having avowed myself a British officer, I have nothing to reveal but what relates to myself, which is true on the honour of an officer and a gentleman.

The request I have to make to your Excellency—and I am conscious I address myself well—is, that in any rigour policy may dictate, a decency of conduct towards me may mark, that, though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonourable, as no motive could be mine but the service of my king, and as I was involuntarily an impostor.

Another request is, that I may be permitted to write an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton, and another to a friend for clothes and linen.

I take the liberty to mention the condition of some gentlemen at Charleston, who, being either on parole or under protection, were engaged in a conspiracy against us. Though their situation is not similar, they are objects who may be set in exchange for me, or are persons whom the treatment I receive might affect.

It is no less, sir, in a confidence of the generosity of your mind, than on account of your superior station, that I have chosen to importune you with this letter.—I have the honour to be, with great respect, sir, your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant, JOHN ANDRÉ, *Adjutant-general.*'

No way moved by this honourable explanation, Washington proceeded to put the prisoner on his trial. After being marched to different places, André was ultimately lodged in security at Tappan. Already, the unfortunate young Englishman had made known his name and rank to others as well as Washington, and he was treated with every mark of respect consistent with his situation. The question was now to be debated, whether André was a spy, and what should be his fate. An attempt was made by Colonel Robinson, and also by Sir Henry Clinton, to reclaim him, as improperly captured and detained. The whole proceedings will be found at length in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1780. From this chronicle we copy the following letters:

'VULTURE, *September* 25, 1780.

SIR—I am this moment informed that Major André, Adjutant-general of His Majesty's army in America, is detained as a prisoner by the army under your command: it is therefore incumbent on me to inform you of the manner of his falling into your hands. He went up with a flag, at the request of General Arnold, on public business with him, and had his permit to return by land to New York. Under these circumstances, Major André cannot be detained by you, without the greatest violation of flags, and contrary to the custom and

usage of all nations; and, as I imagine you will see this matter in the same point of view as I do, I must desire you will order him to be set at liberty, and allowed to return immediately. Every step Major André took was by the advice and direction of General Arnold—even that of taking a feigned name, and of course not liable to censure for it.—I am, sir, &c.

BEV. ROBINSON, *Col. Loy. Americ.*

His Excellency General Washington.'

'NEW YORK, *September* 26, 1780.

SIR—Being informed that the king's adjutant-general in America has been stopped under Major-general Arnold's passports, and is detained a prisoner in your Excellency's army, I have the honour to inform you, sir, that I permitted Major André to go to Major-general Arnold, at the particular request of that general officer. You will perceive, sir, by the enclosed paper, that a flag of truce was sent to receive Major André, and passports granted for his return. I therefore can have no doubt but your Excellency will immediately direct that this officer has permission to return to my orders at New York. —I have the honour to be, &c. H. CLINTON.

His Excellency General Washington.'

A letter, strengthening this view of the case, was addressed by Arnold to Sir Henry Clinton. In this letter he says: 'I commanded, at the time, at West Point—had an undoubted right to send my flag of truce for Major André, who came to me under that protection, and having held my conversation with him, I delivered him confidential papers, in my own handwriting, to deliver to your Excellency. Thinking it much properer that he should return by land, I directed him to make use of the feigned name of John Anderson, under which he had, by my direction, come on shore, and gave him my passports to go to the White Plains on his way to New York. This officer, therefore, cannot fail of being immediately sent to New York, as he was invited to a conversation with me, for which I sent him a flag of truce, and finally gave him passports for his safe return to your Excellency. All which I had then a right to do, being in the actual service of America, under the orders of General Washington, and commanding-general at West Point and its dependencies.'

Arnold further wrote to General Washington, offering similar explanations of what he considered to be André's true position, as that of an English officer who had been under the shelter of a flag of truce. He says: 'If, after this just and candid representation of Major André's case, the Board of General Officers adhere to their former opinion, I shall suppose it dictated by passion and resentment; and if that gentleman should suffer the severity of their sentence, I shall think myself bound, by every tie of duty and honour, to retaliate on such unhappy persons of your army as may fall within

my power, that the respect due to flags and to the law of nations may be better understood and observed. I have further to observe, that forty of the principal inhabitants of South Carolina have justly forfeited their lives, which have hitherto been spared by the clemency of His Excellency Sir Henry Clinton, who cannot in justice extend his mercy to them any longer if Major André suffers, which, in all probability, will open a scene of blood at which humanity will revolt. Suffer me to entreat your Excellency, for your own and the honour of humanity, and the love you have of justice, that you suffer not an unjust sentence to touch the life of Major André.'

All these attempts failed in their intended effect. The case was referred by Washington for investigation to a Board of General Officers, which met at Tappan on the 29th of September. The prisoner being brought in, and the court constituted, the following letter from Washington was produced:

'GENTLEMEN — Major André, Adjutant-general to the British army, will be brought before you for your examination. He came within our lines in the night, on an interview with Major-general Arnold, and in an assumed character, and was taken within our lines, in a disguised habit, with a pass under a feigned name, and with the enclosed papers concealed upon him. After a careful examination, you will be pleased, as speedily as possible, to report a precise state of his case, together with your opinion of the light in which he ought to be considered, and the punishment that ought to be inflicted. The judge-advocate will attend to assist in the examination, who has sundry other papers relative to this matter, which he will lay before the Board. G. WASHINGTON.

The Board of General Officers convened at Tappan.'

The names of the officers composing the Board having been read to Major André, he, on questions asked, acknowledged his letter to General Washington, and stated:

'That he came on shore from the *Vulture* sloop of war, in the night of the 21st of September instant, somewhere under the Haverstraw Mountain. That the boat he came on shore in carried no flag, and that he had on a surtout coat over his regimentals, and that he wore his surtout coat when he was taken. That he met General Arnold on the shore, and had an interview with him there. He also said, that when he left the *Vulture* sloop of war, it was understood he was to return that night; but it was then doubted, and, if he could not return, he was promised to be concealed on shore in a place of safety, until the next night, when he was to return in the same manner he came on shore; and when the next day came, he was solicitous to get back, and made inquiries in the course of the day how he should return; when he was informed he could not return that way, and he must take the route he did afterwards. He also

said, that the first notice he had of his being within any of our posts was being challenged by the sentry, which was the first night he was on shore. He also said, that the evening of the 22d of September instant, he passed King's Ferry, between our posts of Stony and Verplank's Points, in the dress he is at present in, and which he said was not his regimentals, and which dress he procured after he landed from the *Vulture*, and when he was within our posts; and that he was proceeding to New York, but was taken on his way at Tarry Town, as he mentioned in his letter, on Saturday the 23d September instant, about nine o'clock in the morning.'

The papers taken on the person of André were also produced and verified; likewise his letter to Colonel Sheldon, with the signature of John Anderson. We would here observe, that the investigation, as thus conducted, left the accused scarcely a chance of escape. It is true he was informed that he might or might not answer questions; but it was clear that his excessive candour in criminating himself was taken advantage of. He had no legal adviser, and acted throughout as if engaged in a familiar conversation, without regard to consequences. His own confessions, indeed, afforded the principal evidence against him. The Board having interrogated him as to his conception of coming ashore under the sanction of a flag of truce, he replied to this, as we consider it to be, unfair question, 'that it was impossible for him to suppose he came on shore under that sanction;' and added, 'that if he came on shore under that sanction, he certainly might have returned under it.'

Having considered these and other facts, the Board proceeded to 'report to His Excellency General Washington, that Major André, Adjutant-general to the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy; and that, agreeable to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death.'

The result being made known to André, he did not shrink from the fate that appeared to await him. He had, as he considered, acted throughout from a love of glory and a wish to aid the king's service, and had nothing to reproach himself with, unless it might be the imprudence of trusting to the promises and schemes of a traitor. It may well be supposed that in every officer in the two contending armies the critical position of André excited the liveliest sympathy. Cold and unimpassioned as Washington was, he felt embarrassed with the deliverance of the court, for on him lay the final determination of punishment or acquittal. 'Washington,' observes Sparks, 'never shrunk from a public duty, yet his heart was humane, and his mind revolted at the thought of being the agent in an act which wounded his sensibility, although impelled by the laws of war, a sense of right, and an approving conscience. The treachery of Arnold had been so atrocious, so unexpected, and artfully contrived, and the example was so dangerous, that the most signal punishment was necessary; not more as a retribution due to

the crime, and a terror to others who might harbour similar designs, than as a proof to the people that their cause was not to be left to the mercy of traitors, nor sacrificed with impunity. In this view of the subject—the only one in which it could be regarded by wisdom, prudence, or patriotism—there was but one possible mode of saving André; and that was, to exchange him for Arnold, who should himself be held responsible for the criminal transactions, which had originated with him, and in which he had been the chief actor. That the enemy would give him up, was hardly to be expected, nor could a formal proposition of that kind be advanced; yet there was no reason why the opportunity should not be offered, or at least why it should not be intimated to them, that in such an event André would be released.'

An attempt, through the agency of a confidential officer, was accordingly made to exchange André for Arnold; but this Sir Henry Clinton would on no account consent to, as being in violation of honour and every military principle. A correspondence now took place, in the hope of inclining the American commander to the side of mercy. He was addressed by Colonel Robinson and Sir Henry Clinton, drawing his attention to the special circumstances of the case, and requesting that, as a matter of justice and policy, André might be released: a threat of reprisals was even held out. But to all these representations, Washington only pointed to the plain fact of André being proved to be within the American lines in the disguise and quality of a spy; and that, as such, he had rendered himself responsible for the consequences.

While in confinement, André conducted himself with a singular degree of composure. He wrote a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, of which the following is a copy:

'TAPPAN, *September* 29, 1780.

SIR—Your Excellency is doubtless already apprised of the manner in which I was taken, and possibly of the serious light in which my conduct is considered, and the rigorous determination that is impending.

Under these circumstances, I have obtained General Washington's permission to send you this letter—the object of which is to remove from your breast any suspicion that I could imagine I was bound by your Excellency's orders to expose myself to what has happened. The events of coming within an enemy's posts, and of changing my dress, which led me to my present situation, were contrary to my own intentions, as they were to your orders; and the circuitous route which I took to return was imposed—perhaps unavoidably—without alternative upon me.

I am perfectly tranquil in mind, and prepared for any fate to which an honest zeal for my king's service may have devoted me.

In addressing myself to your Excellency on this occasion, the force

of all my obligations to you, and of the attachment and gratitude I bear you, recurs to me. With all the warmth of my heart, I give you thanks for your Excellency's profuse kindness to me; and I send you the most earnest wishes for your welfare, which a faithful, affectionate, and respectful attendant can frame.

I have a mother and three sisters, to whom the value of my commission would be an object, as the loss of Grenada has much affected their income. It is needless to be more explicit on this subject; I am persuaded of your Excellency's goodness.

I receive the greatest attention from His Excellency General Washington, and from every person under whose charge I happen to be placed.—I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN ANDRÉ, *Adj.-gen.*

His Excellency Sir Henry Clinton, K.B.'

After having thus relieved his mind by communicating with his commanding-officer and friend, the only thing which gave André concern was the mode of his death; and that it might be altered, if possible, he wrote the following letter to Washington:

'TAPPAN, *October* 1, 1780.

SIR—Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your Excellency, at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected.

Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour.

Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.

I have the honour to be your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant, JOHN ANDRÉ.'

To this and a previous request on the subject, no answer was given, it being deemed more humane to evade a reply than to cause the painful sensations which a positive refusal would inflict. Still shewing no signs of dejection, André passed his time in familiar converse with the officers of his guard; all were charmed with the winning gentleness of his manners, and deeply affected by the dreadful fate that awaited him. His regimentals had been brought from New York by his servant, and he now appeared in the military uniform of a British officer. To occupy his time, he sought amusement from his pencil; and it is from a sketch of himself sitting at a

table that the likeness which is prefixed to this sheet has been taken. Only a few days at most, however, were granted to André. His capture took place on the 23d of September; his trial, if it can be called such, occurred on the 29th of the same month; and his execution, by orders of Washington, was appointed to be at noon on the 2d of October. He was, therefore, only from nine to ten days altogether in confinement.

A forcible and minute account of the closing scene has been given by Dr Thacher, who was an eye-witness.

'The principal guard-officer, who was constantly in the room with the prisoner, relates that when the hour of his execution was announced to him in the morning, he received it without emotion, and while all present were affected with silent gloom, he retained a firm countenance, with calmness and composure of mind. Observing his servant enter the room in tears, he exclaimed: "Leave me till you can shew yourself more manly." His breakfast being sent to him from the table of General Washington, which had been done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual; and having shaved and dressed himself, he placed his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guard-officers: "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you." The fatal hour having arrived, a large detachment of troops was paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled; almost all our general and field officers, excepting His Excellency and his staff, were present on horseback; melancholy and gloom pervaded all ranks—the scene was affecting and awful.

'I was so near during the solemn march to the fatal spot, as to observe every movement and participate in every emotion which the melancholy scene was calculated to produce. Major André walked from the stone house in which he had been confined, between two of our subaltern officers, arm in arm; the eyes of the immense multitude were fixed on him, who, rising superior to the fear of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignified deportment which he displayed. He betrayed no want of fortitude, but retained a complacent smile on his countenance, and politely bowed to several gentlemen whom he knew, which was respectfully returned. It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most conformable to the feelings of a military man, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted. At the moment, therefore, when suddenly he came in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started backward, and made a pause. "Why this emotion, sir?" said an officer by his side. Instantly recovering his composure, he said: "I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode."

'While waiting and standing near the gallows, I observed some degree of trepidation—placing his foot on a stone, and rolling it over, and choking in his throat, as if attempting to swallow. So soon, however, as he perceived that things were in readiness, he stepped quickly into the wagon; and at this moment he appeared to shrink,

but instantly elevating his head with firmness, he said: "It will be but a momentary pang;" and taking from his pocket two white handkerchiefs, the provost-marshal with one loosely pinioned his arms, and with the other, the victim, after taking off his hat and stock, bandaged his own eyes with perfect firmness, which melted the hearts and moistened the cheeks not only of his servant but of the throng of spectators. The rope being appended to the gallows, he slipped the noose over his head, and adjusted it to his neck without the assistance of the executioner. Colonel Scammell now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. He raised the handkerchief from his eyes, and said: "I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man!" The wagon being now removed from under him, he was suspended, and instantly expired.'

'When life had departed,' adds our American authority, 'the body was taken down and interred within a few yards of the place of execution. The coat and other regimentals were given to his servant, who faithfully attended him to the last, and saw the grave close over his mortal remains.'

After a lapse of upwards of ninety years, the fate of André has not ceased to be deplored, nor will it be while aught honourable and piteous is held in remembrance and respect. Nor will this sentiment suffer from the more enlightened view which is now taken of the nature of judicial punishments. It would be a waste of words to attempt an exculpation of André. He was doubtless a spy, but there were extenuating circumstances in the case. He was seduced by a general-officer of the enemy into a position of danger; and, should this be insufficient, let it be recollected that his condemnation came from the guileless and excessive candour of his own confessions. That he might have been tried and condemned under his feigned name, and in ignorance of his rank, is unquestionable; still, the explicit course he adopted was so noble and confiding, that, if anything could avail, it merited a merciful consideration. All things considered, therefore, we are sorry we cannot unite in honouring Washington for suffering André to be led to the gallows, as if he had been a base and mercenary villain who habitually traded in treachery. Considering the extenuating circumstances of the case, the culprit might at least have been so far indulged as to be left a choice in the mode of his execution. Such, we believe, will now be the verdict of all who are uninfluenced by feelings of nationality or partisanship. If there be the slightest tarnish on the character of the great Washington, it is that of having, under a too peremptory sense of duty, put the gallant and unfortunate André to an ignominious death.

The intelligence of the melancholy event sent a chill through the British nation, and by none was the fate of André more acutely felt than by George III. By order of his majesty, a handsome marble

monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, bearing the following inscription :

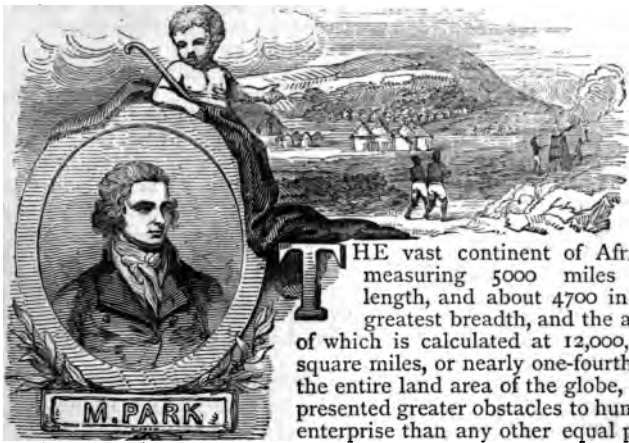
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ,
WHO, RAISED BY HIS MERIT, AT AN EARLY PERIOD OF HIS LIFE, TO THE RANK OF ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN AMERICA,
AND EMPLOYED IN AN IMPORTANT BUT HAZARDOUS ENTERPRISE,
FELL A SACRIFICE TO HIS ZEAL FOR HIS KING AND COUNTRY,
ON THE 2D OF OCTOBER 1780, AGED 29,
UNIVERSALLY BELOVED AND ESTEEMED BY THE ARMY IN WHICH HE SERVED,
AND LAMENTED EVEN BY HIS FOES:
HIS GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN, KING GEORGE III., HAS CAUSED THIS MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED.

At the same time, a pension was bestowed on the mother of André; and, in order to wipe away all stain from the family, the honour of knighthood was conferred on his brother. It may be further stated, that the remains of André, which had been buried at the place of execution, were taken up in 1821, and being removed to England, were deposited near the monument in Westminster Abbey.

It is not without a feeling of pain that we close our account of the fate of André, and turn to that of the wretch who had inveigled him to his doom. Arnold was received with favour by the British authorities, as an officer of rank who had seen fit to quit the service of the 'rebels,' and resume his allegiance. He was confirmed in his station of major-general, and was employed shortly afterwards in some military operations in Virginia. The last exploit in which he was concerned was that of attacking and destroying his native town; and it is said he enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing it burned to the ground.

At the end of the war, Arnold felt that the States were no longer safe as a home, and he removed with his family to England, where he lived unnoticed for a number of years. Subsequently, he took up his residence in St John's, New Brunswick, and carried on a trade with the West Indies. Finally, he returned to England, and died in London in 1801, aged sixty-one years. Despised by the world, and no doubt conscious of his guilt as a traitor, it is worth mentioning, as an instructive revelation of human inconsistency, that Arnold, till the last, spoke and wrote as an ill-used man. Congress had never settled his accounts, from which he certainly suffered an inexcusable injury; the error of not promoting him according to his standing as an officer, was a second ground of complaint; and to extend his catalogue of wrongs, he declared that he could not but feel offended by the alliance of the Americans with the French—a thing not reckoned upon at the beginning of the war! Such are the kind of excuses by which intense Selfishness ordinarily seeks to justify a departure from rectitude.

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.



THE vast continent of Africa, measuring 5000 miles in length, and about 4700 in its greatest breadth, and the area of which is calculated at 12,000,000 square miles, or nearly one-fourth of the entire land area of the globe, has presented greater obstacles to human enterprise than any other equal portion of the earth's surface. The peculiar physical condition of Africa has operated as one cause of her isolation from the rest of the world. The other portions of our earth situated under the tropics consist generally either of sea, or of narrow peninsular tracts of land, and clusters of islands blown upon by the sea-breeze. Africa, on the other hand, presents scarcely one gulf or sea-break in its vast outline. A consequence of this compact geographical shape of a continent, the greater part of which is within the torrid zone, is its subjection, throughout its entire extent, to the unmitigated influence of the sun's heat. All that is noxious in climate we are accustomed to associate with Africa.

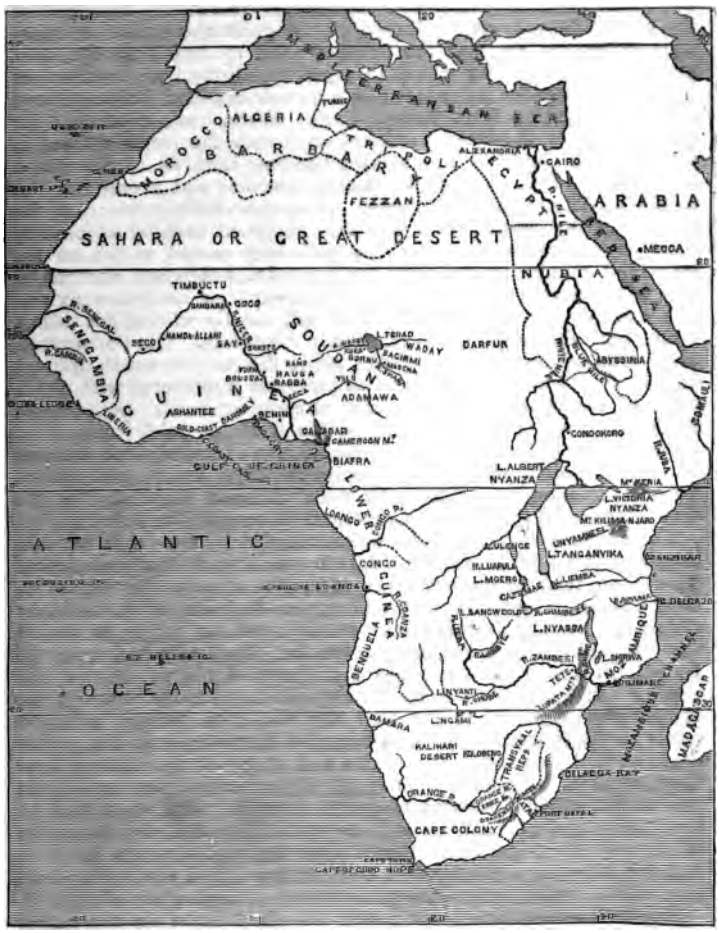
Notwithstanding the difficulties which lie in the way, Africa has at all times been an object of curiosity and interest to the inhabitants of the civilised parts of the earth; and scientific zeal, the desire of extending traffic, and even the mere thirst for adventure, have prompted many expeditions for the purpose of exploring its coasts and making discoveries in its interior. The ancients appear to have acquired much knowledge of Africa, which was afterwards lost, and had to be re-acquired by the moderns for themselves. The African coasts of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea were not only familiar to the ancient geographers, but were inhabited by populations which performed a conspicuous part in the general affairs of the world, and ranked high in the scale of civilisation—the

Egyptians, Carthaginians, &c. Nor, if we may believe the evidence which exists in favour of the accounts of the circumnavigation of Africa by ancient navigators, were the other coasts of the continent —those, namely, which are washed by the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean—unvisited by northern ships. Regarding the interior of Africa, too, the knowledge possessed by the ancients, although very meagre in itself, was nearly as definite as that possessed by their modern descendants, until within a comparatively recent period. As far as the northern borders of the Great Desert, their own personal observation might be said to extend; and respecting the wandering tribes of black and savage people living farther to the south, they had received many vague notices. The Nile being one of the best-known rivers of the ancient world, its origin and course were matters of great interest, and the African geography of the ancients, in general, may be said to consist of speculations respecting this extraordinary river. The first mention made of the other great African river, the Niger, is by Ptolemy, who lived seventy years after Christ. Ptolemy believed that this river discharged itself ultimately into the Nile; others, however, did not admit this conclusion, and acknowledged that the real course of the Niger was a mystery.

Such are some of the more prominent points in the ancient geography of Africa. How wild and inaccurate must have been the notions entertained respecting the shape and total extent of the African continent, may be judged from the fact, that one geographer describes it as an irregular figure of four sides, the south side running nearly parallel to the equator, but considerably to the north of it! Others, again, held forth the fearful picture of Central Africa as a vast burning plain, in which no green thing grew, and into which no living being could penetrate; and this hypothesis of an uninhabitable torrid zone became at length the generally received one.

The invasion of Africa by the Arab races in the seventh century wrought a great change in the condition of the northern half of the continent. Founding powerful states along the Mediterranean coasts, these enterprising Mohammedans, or Moors, as they were called, were able, by means of the camel, to effect a passage across the Desert which had baffled the ancients, and to hold intercourse with the negroes who lived on its southern border along the banks of the Niger and the shores of Lake Tchad. In some of these negro states the Arabs obtained a preponderance, and with others they carried on an influential and lucrative commerce. The consequence was a mixture of Moorish and negro blood among the inhabitants of the countries of Central Africa bordering on the Great Desert, as well as a general diffusion of certain scraps of the Mohammedan religion among the negro tribes. Hence it is that, *in the innermost* recesses of interior Africa at the present day, we

find the negroes partly professing paganism, partly Mohammed-



Outline Map of Africa, shewing the most recent discoveries.

anism, but all practising ceremonies and superstitions in which we observe *the pagan spirit* with a slight Mohammedan tincture.

It was not till the fifteenth century that the career of modern European discovery in Africa commenced. The Portuguese, leading the van of the nations of Europe in the great movement of maritime enterprise, selected the western coast of Africa as the most promising track along which to prosecute discovery. In the year 1433, Cape Bojador was passed by a navigator called Gilianez; and others succeeding him, passed Cape Blanco, and, exploring the entire coast of the Desert, reached at length the fertile shores of Gambia and Guinea. The sudden bending inwards of the coast-line at the Gulf of Guinea gave a new direction and a new impulse to the activity of the Portuguese. Having no definite ideas of the breadth of the African continent, they imagined that, by continuing their course eastward along the gulf, they would arrive at the renowned country of the great Prester John, a fabulous personage, who was believed to reign with golden sway over an immense and rich territory, situated no one could tell exactly where, but which some contended could be no other than Abyssinia. The Portuguese, while prosecuting their discoveries along the African coast, did not neglect means for establishing a commercial intercourse with those parts of the coast which they had already explored. Settlements or factories for the convenience of the trade in gold, ivory, gum, different kinds of timber, and eventually also in slaves, were founded at various points of the coast between Cape Verde and Biafra. Various missionary settlements were likewise founded for the dissemination of the Roman Catholic faith among the natives.

The chimera of Prester John was succeeded by the more rational hope of effecting a passage to India by the way of Southern Africa. This great feat, accordingly, was at length achieved by Vasco da Gama, who, in 1497, four years after the discovery of America by Columbus, persisted in his course to the south so far as to double the Cape of Good Hope, and point the way northward into the Indian Ocean. By his voyages and those of his successors, the eastern coast of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope through the Mozambique Channel to the Red Sea, was soon defined as accurately as the western coast had been by the voyages of his predecessors; and thus the entire outline and shape of the African continent were at length made known. This great service to science and to the human race was rendered, it ought to be remarked, by the Portuguese, who may be said to have conducted the enterprise of the circumnavigation of Africa from its beginning to its end; and this is perhaps the greatest contribution which the Portuguese, as a nation, have made to the general fund of human knowledge.

The outline of Africa having thus been laid down on the maps, and the extent of its surface ascertained, the attention of discoverers was next turned to its interior. The efforts made by the Portuguese to explore Nigritia in search of Prester John have been already *alluded to; but it was* by the other nations of Europe, especially

the English, the French, and the Dutch, who, on the decline of the Portuguese power, began to compete with each other in this field of enterprise, that the greatest advances were made in the knowledge of the geography of the various parts of Africa, and of the races which inhabit it. For these last two hundred years, discoverers and travellers of various nations have been adding to our information respecting this vast continent; and in consequence of their joint labours, some in one part, some in another, we are now able to form an idea, very general, it must be admitted, but still tolerably distinct, of Africa and its inhabitants. In presenting a summary view of the progress of African discovery, from the period of the final circumnavigation of the continent, and its correct delineation in outline, down to the present time, it will be advantageous to take up its various divisions in the following order: Western Africa, Southern Africa, Eastern Africa, Central Africa, and Northern Africa, including the Great Desert.

WESTERN AFRICA.

The Portuguese, as we have already mentioned, were the first to plant factories along this coast. Allured by the profits of the slave-trade, other European nations hastened to occupy stations on the same coast; and towards the end of the eighteenth century, the number of European forts and factories round the shores of the Gulf of Guinea were said to be forty in all: of which fifteen belonged to the Dutch, fourteen to the English, four to the Portuguese, four to the Danes, and three to the French. Deriving its principal commercial importance from the trade in negroes, which this chain of forts was intended to guard, Western Africa has, since the abolition of the slave-trade, fallen considerably out of view.

Proceeding from north to south, let us briefly notice the various countries of the western coast. The most northerly is Senegambia, the name applied to the district watered by the two rivers Senegal and Gambia, commencing from the Desert, and extending as far as the Grain Coast.

The tract of country adjoining Senegambia on the south, and stretching along the Gulf of Guinea from the Grain Coast to the Bight of Biafra, has been named Upper Guinea. It includes, along the coast, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Grain Coast, Ivory Coast, Gold Coast, Slave Coast, Calabar Coast; and, in the interior, several native states or kingdoms, the chief of which are Ashantee, Dahomey, Yarriba, and Benin. Sierra Leone is a British colony, founded in 1787, and since maintained with a view to the suppression of the slave-trade in Western Africa. The negroes liberated from slave-ships by British cruisers have been landed and settled here. The population is under 50,000. The settlement has never been very

successful, owing, partly at least, to the unhealthiness of the climate. Its maintenance is said to have cost Great Britain nearly £8,000,000. Liberia was formerly a dependency of the United States of America; it was founded in 1823, and was recognised as an independent republic in 1847. The ruling class of the population consist of immigrant negroes from the United States and their descendants, numbering about 18,000; the native tribes over whom they exercise sway are stated at 700,000. The cultivation of sugar and of coffee has been introduced; but the chief article of export is still palm-oil. The state is well supplied with churches and schools, and progress seems to be made in converting the indigenous negroes. Liberia has attained to the dignity of a national debt, and to a place in the *Almanach de Gotha*. Altogether, something may be hoped from Liberia as a civilising influence in Western Africa. Eastwards from Liberia, the coast of the Gulf of Guinea is studded with European establishments, the greater number belonging to Great Britain. The chief of the British stations is Cape Coast Castle, on the Gold Coast. Since the suppression of the slave-trade, the native products are palm-oil, gold-dust, ivory, cotton, &c.

Our information regarding the native states of the interior is derived partly from missionaries, but chiefly from envoys sent by the British government to the sovereigns of these states, with a view to establish commercial relations, and, latterly, to endeavour to put an end to the traffic in slaves. Among these envoys may be mentioned Mr Norris, who undertook a journey to the court of the king of Dahomey in 1772; Mr Bowditch, who took part in a mission to the king of Ashantee in 1817; Captain Adams, who visited Benin at a later period; F. E. Forbes, Commander R.N., who executed two missions to the king of Dahomey in the years 1849 and 1850; and Captain R. F. Burton, who spent ten weeks at the court of Dahomey in 1863–4.

Ashantee is described as a hilly country, well watered by numerous streams, and covered almost entirely with that rich vegetable luxuriance, the labour of removing which, it has been observed, is as severe for the agriculturist as the opposite labour of fertilising barren lands. The Ashantee negro clears the land by means of fire—thus both removing the rank vegetation, and spreading the soil with a rich manure, which yields two crops a year. Besides innumerable kinds of fruit and flowers, and all the giant trees of the tropics, the productions are sugar, tobacco, maize, rice, yams, and potatoes. All kinds of tropical animals likewise swarm in Ashantee. The human inhabitants of the whole region or empire are estimated at a million, and though possessing, in a marked degree, some of the worst negro characteristics, they are, upon the whole, more advanced than most of the African tribes, not only practising a regular and tolerably skilled agriculture, but shewing considerable ingenuity in several mechanical arts—as dyeing, tanning, pottery, weaving, and the

manufacture of instruments and ornaments out of gold, iron, &c. They are also cleanly and well clad, and pay some attention to the building and decoration of their houses. Their government is an absolute monarchy, or nearly so; the classes of society under the monarch being caboceers—a corruption of a Portuguese word signifying a captain—gentry, traders, and slaves. Polygamy is allowed, but no one but the king possesses many wives. The royal number of wives is said to be precisely 3333, who, however, act also in other capacities; as body-guards, &c. The most horrible of the Ashantee customs is that of sacrificing a number of persons on the death of every man of rank, the number of victims being regarded not only as indicating the dignity of the deceased in this world, but as determining his rank in the next. This practice, and also the institution of female warriors, or Amazons, as they are called, seem to be common to Ashantee and Dahomey. No part of Africa is believed to be richer in gold than Ashantee.

The kingdom of Dahomey, situated eastward from Ashantee, resembles it in the general aspect of the soil, and in many other particulars. It is a recent negro state, formed by the conquest of a number of tribes by a powerful race from the interior. The government of the Dahomans, like that of the Ashantees, is an absolute monarchy; but the Dahoman king seems to be still more despotic in practice than his Ashantee neighbour. When, in obedience to some superstitious freak, he wishes to send a message to some of his deceased relatives in the other world, he delivers the message to some attendant negro, whose head is immediately cut off, as a means of forwarding him to his destination; and if the monarch has forgot any part of his communication, he immediately adds a postscript by a second messenger. But the chief scenes of human sacrifice take place at what are called the 'Customs,' which are of two kinds—the 'Grand Customs,' performed after the death of a king, in order to provide him with a proper retinue of ghostly attendants; and the 'Yearly Customs,' which furnish periodically a fresh supply. These rites are horrible enough in reality, but, according to Captain Burton, the accounts of them current in Europe have been greatly exaggerated. 'Human sacrifice in Dahomey is founded upon a purely religious basis, which not only strengthens but perpetuates the custom. It is a touching instance of the king's filial piety, deplorably mistaken, but perfectly sincere. The Dahoman sovereign must, as I have said, enter "Deadland" with royal state, accompanied by a ghostly court of wives, eunuchs, singers, and drummers, fetichers, bards, and soldiers. This is the object of what we have called the "Grand Customs," when the victims may amount to a maximum of 500. We find the same process extending through the continent to the south-eastern country of the Cazembe, who shews an equal veneration for his muzimos, or ancestral ghosts. Every year, moreover, decorum exacts that the

first-fruits of war and that all criminals should be sent as recruits to swell the king's retinue. Hence the ordinary annual customs.' Captain Burton was present at an annual custom, and estimates the victims at eighty at the most. They were all either captives of war or criminals. 'But although the Dahoman customs have been greatly exaggerated, and admit of some palliation, the annual destruction of human life is terribly great. However trivial an action is done by the king, such as inventing a new drum, being visited by a white man, or even removing from one place to another, it must be dutifully reported by some male or female messenger to the paternal ghost. I can hardly rate the slaughter at less than 500 in average years of the annual customs, and at less than 1000 during the year of the Grand Customs.'* Benin would appear to be even worse than Dahomey in regard to this practice.

As regards religion, the inhabitants of these regions have not risen to the notion of a Supreme God. 'Africans, as a rule,' says Burton, 'worship everything except the Creator.' The religion of the Dahomans is mainly *fetichism*, which consists in worshipping actual objects, animate and inanimate. 'Some powerful and indescribable influence residing in the elements, in beasts (mostly the destructive), and even in man (generally human benefactors), enables them to work present weal and woe, and wins for them propitiation or deprecation.' Three orders of fetiches or nature-gods, forming a kind of trinity, enjoy a pre-eminence at Whydah, the port of Dahomey, whence their worship has spread over the rest of the kingdom; namely, snakes, trees, and the ocean. Thunder is also a chief object of veneration. Worship is also paid to rude images symbolising fertility, like the Siva worship of the Hindus. This shews a tendency to rise from mere fetichism to idolatry. The fetichers are a privileged class, and very influential.

The women soldiers, or 'Amazons,' of Dahomey have attained great celebrity. Like everything else connected with that kingdom, their numbers and discipline have been greatly exaggerated. When Captain Burton saw them they were not more than 2500, though they were probably rather more numerous in the previous reign. Among rude nations generally, and among the negro races in particular, the female sex is much less inferior to the male in point of robustness than among civilised races; hence, female troops are to be found in many parts of Africa. In Dahomey, however, the institution has been more regularly organised than elsewhere. They are considered as the king's wives (though he has a multitude of wives besides, who are not soldiers), and are thus virtually condemned to celibacy. Owing partly to this cause, and partly to the system of depopulating warfare constantly waged against neighbouring tribes, the region is fast becoming a desert, and the kingdom threatens to

* *Burton's Mission to the King of Dahomey.* 1864.

collapse. There is yet little productive industry to take the place of the profits of the slave-trade.

Passing from Upper Guinea, of which Ashantee and Dahomey are the principal territories, we come next to Lower or South Guinea, which extends from the Bight of Biafra to the commencement of Southern Africa, and includes the provinces or districts of Loango, Congo, Angola, and Benguela. The whole of this tract of coast presents the aspect of a country degraded and deteriorated by intercourse with Europeans, to a condition worse than its original negro barbarism. Here, more than three centuries ago, the Portuguese established themselves partly as missionaries of Christianity, and partly as traders in slaves; and while their efforts in the former capacity, directed as they are by the most absurd and wretched bigotry, produced almost no beneficial effect, the curse of the slave-traffic which they imported has adhered to the country with a tenacity which all the rigours of modern philanthropy have hardly yet overcome.

SOUTHERN AFRICA.

Occupied with their lucrative commerce on the fertile coasts of Western Africa, the Portuguese scarcely bestowed a thought on the southern extremity of the continent, the aspect of which was less promising; and accordingly, for a century and a half after the famous voyage of Vasco da Gama, the district round the Cape of Good Hope remained a blank waste to Europeans. The prudent and enterprising Dutch, however, having embarked in the East India trade, soon discovered the importance of the Cape as a commercial station, and in the year 1650 they founded Cape Town, the capital of Cape Colony, the most flourishing of all the European settlements in Africa. Encroaching, without the least scruple, on the territories of the natives, the Dutch extended their possessions so as to include an area of upwards of 120,000 square miles, some spots of which were cultivated and planted with vines, or laid out in corn-fields, but the greater part was converted into immense grazing farms. Under the Dutch the natives suffered dreadfully, numbers of them being reduced to bondage, and others driven into the interior to find subsistence as they best could. In 1795, the colony was taken by the English; it was again restored to the Dutch in 1802; a second time, however, it was taken by the English, to whom it was finally ceded in the year 1815, and is now, accordingly, an English possession. A portion of the east coast has been formed into the separate colony of Natal; and north-west from this, discontented descendants of the original Dutch settlers have formed two independent settlements, called the Orange River Free State, and the Transvaal Republic. Both before and after the cession of Cape Colony *to the British,* various travellers have undertaken journeys

among the tribes inhabiting this extremity of Africa; and no accounts are more full and interesting than those of the various missionaries who, since the beginning of the present century, have employed themselves in the arduous task of carrying the doctrines of Christianity into the heart of the native tribes. The native races of Southern Africa are two in number—the Hottentots and the Kaffirs; the former, so far as not extirpated, living within the colony and on its confines towards the west coast; the other occupying tracts on the east and north.

Of the Hottentots of the colony and its vicinity, it is said that they have become noted and almost proverbial for presenting man in his lowest estate, and under the closest alliance with the inferior orders of creation. The intercourse of the Hottentots with the Dutch settlers both degraded them and diminished their numbers. Many of the tribes parted with their flocks and herds to procure spirits, and eventually they became the absolute slaves of the Boers. From this condition they have been delivered by the more humane policy of the British government; and as free labourers they make excellent herdsmen. The Hottentots are more akin to the Mongolians, or even the Esquimaux, than to the negroes, having broad foreheads, high cheek-bones, oblique eyes, and a dirty olive-coloured complexion. The most degraded tribe of the Hottentots are the Bosjesmen or Bushmen. There is but little notion of religion among the Hottentots in their wild state; but they have proved very susceptible of religious instruction by Christian missionaries.

The name Kaffir (from an Arabic word signifying 'unbeliever') is generally understood to apply to the tribes inhabiting the coast country on the east side of South-east Africa; but ethnologists now extend it so as to include all the tribes living in the region south of 18° of south latitude, and reaching to Cape Colony. They are more or less akin, and form one family, divided into three groups—(1.) the east-coast Kaffirs, speaking the Zulu language; (2.) those of the central region, speaking the Sichuana language, and known by the general name of Betjuans; and (3.) the west-coast tribes, speaking the Ovampo language.

In physical conformation, the Kaffirs are described as modified negroes. They are tall, well made, and generally handsome, of a dark-brown or bronze colour, and hair in short woolly tufts. As we proceed to the north, they gradually become more assimilated to the negro type, until at last the two races seem to blend together. They are brave, and, in times of peace, kind and hospitable to strangers, affectionate husbands and fathers; and their minds have a peculiarly acute and logical turn, which, in discussions with Europeans, often give them the best of the argument. They are an honest people, except, perhaps, in the article cattle. Although their idea of God appears very indistinct, and their feelings of veneration but small, yet they are very superstitious, and dread the influence of

wizards and sorcerers. The general rule of the chiefs is patriarchal. Polygamy is allowed, and wives are generally purchased for cattle. The chief has absolute power over the property of his whole tribe, although he seldom exercises it. They practise, in common with all other African nations, circumcision and many peculiar rites of purification, many of them analogous to those prescribed in the Mosaic law; but these rites appear, both in Africa and Asia, to have been generally practised at an earlier period even than the Jews adopted them. The number of the Kaffir races has been estimated at three millions, scattered over an area of about a million square miles.

EASTERN AFRICA.

With the exception of the countries bordering on the Red Sea—Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia—which cannot be included in so general a survey as the present, the eastern coast of Africa is the least-known portion of the whole circuit of the continent. The tract of country extending from the northern extremity of Kaffirland to Cape Guardafui, and including the territories of Sofala, Mozambique, Zanguebar or Zanzibar, and Ajan, was early visited by the Portuguese in their voyages to India; and in the course of the sixteenth century, various settlements were planted in it by them, similar to those which they planted along the Guinea Coast. The most conspicuous difference was, that here the ruling race were not pure negroes, but men of Arabic descent, and vehement Mohammedans. It was from these that the Portuguese wrested the immense line of coast-territory which they once held in this part of Africa, and of which they made Mozambique the capital. On the ruin of the Portuguese power in India, their settlements in Eastern Africa declined. Ajan is now held by the Somali, a people of Arabic descent, and is known as Somaliland. It was explored in 1854 by Burton and Speke. Zanzibar, extending from 2° N. lat. to Cape Delgado, in 10° 42′ S. lat., was taken possession of in 1784 by the Imaum of Muscat, and in 1854 became a separate kingdom under one of his sons. The Portuguese possessions are now confined to the tract from Cape Delgado to Delagoa Bay. Even here they have only a few stations, and their authority in the country is inconsiderable. Traffic in slaves is still covertly carried on, though not to the same extent as at one time. The country is rich in a variety of products; but the climate is unhealthy, and the people are in a very degraded condition.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

Under the general name of Central Africa may be included the whole of the interior of the continent south of the Great Desert. Our narrative of the gradual exploration of this vast region will

be better understood if we begin with a sketch of its general features as they are now known. The whole African continent is, with few interruptions, bordered by a mountainous tract of greater or less elevation. The chief breaks in this chain are from the Delta of the Nile to Tunis, and, again, from Morocco to Senegambia; but between these there is the long and lofty Atlas range, rising to the height of 11,400 feet. The border highlands begin again in Senegambia, and are continued in the Kong and King William Mountains, lying north from the Guinea Coast. The Cameroons, west from the Bight of Biafra, are 13,000 feet high; and the chain continues along the coast of Lower Guinea and Damaraland to Cape Colony, where, in the Sneeuwberg and Drakenberg, it reaches 9000 feet. In Mozambique it is known as the Lupata range; and in Zanzibar, the peaks of Kilima Njaro and Kenia are estimated to be 20,000 feet high. The mountains of Abyssinia rise to nearly 16,000 feet; and a series of rocky hills continues the range along the Red Sea to the Delta of the Nile.

Between the coast and the border-range runs a belt of lowlands, varying from 50 to 300 miles in breadth, and usually rising in successive stages towards the mountains. In Cape Colony, these terraces are called *carroos;* the Great Carroo is a barren, waterless plain, 200 miles long, and 50 broad. In Algeria, the coast lowland constitutes the 'Tell.'

The triangular portion of the continent, south of Cape Guardafui and the Gulf of Guinea, presents, in the interior, an elevated plateau or table-land, to which the border range gives a trough-like aspect. The mountains form, as it were, a crest on the edge of this table-land before it begins to slope to the coast. Abyssinia is the eastern prolongation of this great plateau with its elevated crest. The limits of the central parts of the plateau towards the north are not yet determined, although it seems to extend at least 3° or 4° north of the equator. Its north-eastern portion constitutes the remarkable Lake Region, in which lie the sources of the Nile, and perhaps of the Congo. The general elevation of the plateau is 3500 feet; but it is by no means a plain. On the whole, it slopes from the east towards the west; and it is hollowed out in the wide valleys and depressions that contain its great rivers and lakes. It is further diversified by numerous undulations and hilly and mountainous tracts. Until recently, the greater part of this vast tract was marked as unexplored territory, and was conceived to be a riverless, sandy, uninhabited waste. It is now known to be very much the reverse. It is, upon the whole, well watered. The equatorial zone is characterised by dense forests and a luxuriant growth of vegetation generally. South of the forest zone is a belt of less wooded country, merging gradually into open, cultivated, or pasture lands. The population is abundant—in many places even dense. One tract, indeed, 600 miles long by 350 broad, lying north of Cape Colony, is called the Kalihari Desert; it is

sandy, and destitute of running streams, and almost of springs; but it is mostly covered with trees, shrubs, and other vegetation affording subsistence to vast numbers of the large game for which South Africa is famous.

But the exploration of Central Africa did not begin with this southern plateau, but with the region lying between it and the Great Desert, called Soudan or Nigritia. From the earliest times, this part of Africa attracted attention, as being the country through which the famous Niger flowed, on whose banks the great city of Timbuktu, of the wealth of which vague accounts had reached the shores of the Mediterranean, was reputed to be situated. To ascertain the course of this river, and to reach this celebrated negro city, were the leading objects of all who engaged in the enterprise of African discovery. In the year 1618, an English company was formed for the purpose of opening up a communication with Timbuktu, and not long afterwards a similar company was formed in France. For a century and a half the two nations continued to compete with each other in the enterprise; the English trying to make their way up the river Gambia, which they imagined to be the outlet of the Niger; the French, on the other hand, persevering along the Senegal. It was clearly ascertained, however, that neither the Senegal nor the Gambia could be identical with the Niger, supposing the traditionary accounts of that river to be true. Three distinct opinions respecting this river began to be entertained. Some said that there was no Niger at all, such as the ancients had described it, but that some river branching off into the Senegal and Gambia was alluded to. Others believed that the ancient accounts of the Niger as a river flowing towards the east were correct, and that it was to be considered one of the upper branches of the Nile. A third party maintained that the supposition of the Niger being identical with the Nile was untenable, considering the immense breadth of the continent, and that the true Niger was some stream rising in the interior of Africa, and flowing into the sea at some point of the western coast farther south than the Senegal and the Gambia. A subsequent modification of this opinion was, that the Niger did not flow into the sea at all, but terminated in some great marsh or lake in the interior of Africa, resembling the Caspian Sea.

Such was the state of information, or rather of doubt, with respect to the course of the Niger, when, in the year 1788, a number of spirited men of science, including Lord Rawdon, Sir Joseph Banks, the Bishop of Llandaff, Mr Beaufoy, and Mr Stuart, formed themselves into an association for the purpose of prosecuting this and other questions of African geography to an issue. The first travellers whom the society sent out were cut off by death. It was at this juncture that the celebrated Mungo Park presented himself to the society. Born in the county of Selkirk, in Scotland, in the year

1771, and having been educated for the medical profession, Park had just returned from a voyage to the East Indies in the capacity of assistant-surgeon on board one of the East India Company's vessels, when he offered his services to the association, through Sir Joseph Banks. After due inquiry into Mr Park's character and qualifications, the offer was accepted.

The ship in which Park sailed reached the African coast in the end of June 1795. After remaining about five months in the village of Pisania, situated on the northern bank of the Gambia, at a considerable distance from the coast, preparing for his journey into the interior, and acquiring information respecting the western parts of Africa, Park launched upon his perilous enterprise on the 2d of December 1795. For three months he toiled on, passing through various negro kingdoms, and numberless towns and villages, almost everywhere received with kindness and respect, although the cupidity of some of the negro sovereigns stripped him of most of the articles of value he had brought along with him, as a tax for allowing him to pass through their dominions. For a detailed account of all his adventures during the journey, we must refer to his own narrative, which has long and justly been regarded as one of the most interesting books in the English language. Suffice it to say, that after having pushed on till he found himself near the southern borders of the Great Desert, he was carried away captive by a Moorish chief to Benown, a village on the margin of the Desert, where he was detained for nearly three months, enduring incredible hardships from the cruelty of his keepers, who persecuted him both as a stranger and as a Christian.

Escaping at length from the hands of his tormentors, Park continued his journey in a south-easterly direction, passing, as before, through several negro kingdoms, where, however, the Moors seemed to exercise a powerful influence, and where, consequently, he underwent much suffering and insult, although, even in the depths of his distress, he always found sympathy and compassion from some poor negro. On the 21st of July 1796, he was approaching a large town called Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, in company with a party of negroes, who were proceeding thither, and who entertained him on the way with accounts of the traffic which went on at this town, and of the Great Water, or Joliba, which flowed past it. This stream Park had no doubt was the Niger, of which he was in search; and so it proved. 'We rode together,' he says, 'through some marshy ground, where, as I was anxiously looking around for the river, one of them called out: "*Geo affilli!*" ("See the water!") and looking forward, I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission—the long-sought-for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly *to the eastward*. I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great

Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success.'

Having thus been successful in reaching the banks of the long-sought Niger, Park would have pursued his journey along them so as to ascertain its farther course, and even trace it to its termination; but his entire destitution of everything necessary for such an enterprise, and the reports which he received of the bigotry of the Moors who ruled in the districts through which he must pass, prevented him from advancing farther than Silla, a town considerably to the east of Sego. Accordingly, having collected all the information he could respecting the course of the river beyond this point, Park returned to the coast along the banks of the Niger, and consequently by a route different from that which he had adopted on his journey inland. He reached Pisania on the 10th of June 1797, having thus been absent a year and a half in the interior of Africa. He arrived in London on Christmas-day in the same year; was received with great enthusiasm by all classes; prepared the narrative of his journey for publication; and at length, in 1800, having in the meantime married, he settled as a medical practitioner in Peebles.

Park's success gave an impulse to the spirit of discovery, and some unsuccessful attempts were made shortly after his return to follow up what he had begun. At length Mr Park—who, notwithstanding the public respect and domestic comfort which he enjoyed in the situation in which he had settled down, still hankered after a life of wandering in Africa, avowing, it is said, to Sir Walter Scott, who was one of his most intimate friends, that he preferred it to any other—consented, on the invitation of government, to undertake a second journey. On the 30th of January 1805, Park set sail from Portsmouth. He was accompanied by four or five artificers from the dockyards, and also by his brother-in-law, Mr Anderson, and a friend, Mr Scott. On arriving at the mouth of the Gambia, nearly forty volunteers from the garrison joined the party.

Park's intentions with respect to this second journey were stated to government before his departure from England. He said that 'he would proceed up the Gambia, cross the country to the Niger, and travel down that river *to its termination.*' Sailing up the Gambia as far as Kayee, Park and his party commenced their land journey from that point on the 27th of April, in high spirits, and amply provided with all necessaries. 'At Kayee he was able, for the first time, to perfect his preparations for the route, by attaching a few of the natives to his party. Isaaco, a Mandingo priest and merchant, and one well inured to long inland journeys, engaged himself to act as guide to the expedition, and to give it the assistance of several negroes, his own personal attendants.' Unfortunately, it was the worst season of the year for travelling, and the journey was one of continued toil and sickness. Before the 19th of August, more than three-fourths of the party had died, or been left behind to die.

On that day, after leaving a place called Toniba, 'coming,' says Park, 'to the brow of a hill, I once more saw the Niger rolling its immense stream along the plain!' This was a pleasant sight for Park's companions. Several more of them, however, died before Sego, the capital of Bambarra, was reached. Here, being kindly received by Mansong, the king of the Bambarras, he got a vessel for navigating the Niger fitted up, and named it his Britannic majesty's schooner the *Joliba*. At Sansanding, a town a little below Sego, on the 28th of October, Mr Anderson underwent the fate of so many of his companions.

At this point the authentic account of Mungo Park's second journey ends. Isaaco's engagement here terminated, and the papers given to him by the traveller, and carried back to the coast, constitute the only records of the expedition which came from Park's own pen. These papers were accompanied by several letters, the most interesting of which is one (dated Sansanding, November 17) addressed to Lord Camden. In this letter, Park says: 'I am sorry to say, that of forty-four Europeans who left the Gambia in perfect health, five only are at present alive; namely, three soldiers (one deranged in his mind), Lieutenant Martyn, and myself. From this account I am afraid that your lordship will be apt to consider matters as in a very hopeless state; but I assure you I am far from despairing. With the assistance of one of the soldiers, I have changed a large canoe into a tolerably good schooner, on board of which I this day hoisted the British flag, and shall set sail to the east, with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt. I have heard nothing that I can depend on respecting the remote course of this mighty stream, but I am more and more inclined to think that it can end nowhere but in the sea. My dear friend, Mr Anderson, and likewise Mr Scott, are both dead; but though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half-dead, I would still persevere, and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at last *die on the Niger*.'

These were the last words which Park sent to Europe; the next intelligence was a vague rumour of his death. For five years, however, no authentic information of the event was received; but from the exertions of Isaaco, Park's former guide, who was induced, in 1810, to make a journey with a view to ascertain the traveller's fate, it appeared that his prophetic words had been accomplished, and that he had died 'on the Niger.' Isaaco obtained the particulars from Amadi Fatouma, who acted as guide to the party onward from Sansanding. They were as follows: Passing Jenné and Timbuktu in safety, the little schooner, with Park and his surviving companions (eight in number) on board, reached Yaour (Yuri), in the kingdom of Housa. Not willing to delay his progress by landing, Park sent Amadi Fatouma, whose engagement as guide terminated here, on shore

with presents to the king. These presents being treacherously appropriated by the inferior chief to whom Amadi delivered them, the king of Housa, thinking his dignity insulted, sent an army after the schooner. The army came upon the schooner at a part of the river called Boussa. 'There is before Boussa a rock extending across the river, with only one opening in it, in the form of a door, for the water to pass through. The king's men took possession of the top of this rock, until Park came up to it, and attempted to pass. The natives attacked him and his friends with lances, pikes, arrows, and other missiles. Park defended himself vigorously for a long time; but at last, after throwing everything in the canoe overboard, being overpowered by numbers, and seeing no chance of getting the canoe past, he took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the river; Martyn did the same; and the whole were drowned in their attempt to escape by swimming. One black remained in the canoe, the other two being killed, and he cried for mercy. The canoe fell into the hands of the natives. Amadi Fatouma, on being freed from his irons three months afterwards, ascertained these facts from the native who had survived the catastrophe.'

From 1805 to 1822, various attempts were made to penetrate after Park into the heart of Nigritia, but without any considerable result. About the year 1819, attention was drawn to the possibility of penetrating into Central Africa by a route not yet tried—namely, from Tripoli through the Great Desert. The first expedition failed; but in April 1822, three new adventurers, Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and Dr Oudney, with several companions, followed the same route. 'A caravan, belonging to a great native merchant named Boo Khaloom, was on the point of starting for Soudan on the Niger, and with this band the travellers were to cross the Desert in company.

'Boo Khaloom, a Moor or Arab of remarkable abilities, and of a liberal and humane disposition, had a retinue on the journey of above two hundred Arabs, and with this company performed their dreary marches, under a burning sun, across the sands of the interior. The most extraordinary sight on this route was the number of skeletons strewed on the ground, the wrecks of former caravans. Sometimes sixty or seventy lay in one spot, and of these some lay entwined in one another's arms, as they had perished! For fourteen days, hills of sand and plains of sand constituted the only objects in sight of the travellers. At the end of that time they again beheld symptoms of herbage, being now on the northern borders of the kingdom of Bornu. Shortly afterwards, on reaching a town called Lari, the British travellers beheld a sight which made up for all they had undergone. This was the great inland sea of Africa, Lake Tchad, the existence of which had been so often canvassed, and which now lay before them "glowing with the golden rays of the sun."

'Lake Tchad, one of the most interesting points of Central African scenery, is a vast triangular sheet of water, about one hundred and eighty miles long from east to west, and above one hundred miles in extent at its greatest breadth. It lies betwixt 12° and 14° of north latitude, and 13° and 15½° of east longitude. Two large streams flow into it—the one called the Waube, from the west, and the other the Shari, from the south. Lake Tchad is situated about five hundred miles to the east of the Niger. The kingdom of Bornu lies immediately to the west of the lake. Major Denham spent a considerable time here. He found the kingdom of Bornu in a very peculiar position as to government.' Its history and condition have since been more thoroughly explored by Dr Barth.

'Major Denham found an opportunity of travelling round nearly the whole of Lake Tchad, and thus satisfied himself that the waters of the Niger did not enter this inland pool. After eighteen months' stay in Bornu, Denham was joined by Captain Clapperton, who had separated from him in order to explore other parts of Negroland—an excursion on which Dr Oudney unfortunately perished from fatigue, and the diseases incidental to the climate. Clapperton was well received at Soccatoo, or Sokoto, then the capital of Housa. The Fellata sultan, Bello, was extremely anxious that an English consul should be sent to Sokoto, and that a trade should be opened up with the English. Before the travellers left either Housa or Bornu, however, they found the rulers of these places to cool in their desire for British intercourse. This arose, without doubt, from the intrigues of the Arabs, who were afraid that the traffic through the Desert from the Mediterranean might be superseded by the commerce of the British from the Atlantic or western coast. The Arabs, therefore, artfully placed before the minds of the African princes the consequences which had resulted to India and other countries from a connection with Britain.'*

Having spent in all about three years in the interior of Africa, Denham and Clapperton returned to Tripoli, which they reached on the 26th of January 1825. 'Ere he had rested many months at home, Clapperton, one of the bravest of the many brave men who had risked their lives on the same dangerous adventure, was again on his way to Africa at the head of an exploratory party. His companions were Dr Morrison and Captain Pearce, besides a faithful servant of Clapperton, Richard Lander. It was resolved on this occasion to enter the interior from Badagry, a district on the northern coast of the Gulf of Guinea, from which Clapperton believed the Niger might be soonest reached.'

In the course of their arduous journey, all of the party died except Clapperton and his servant Lander. They persevered, nevertheless, passing through many populous negro towns situated between the

* Life of Park and Account of African Discovery appended to Chambers's People's Edition of his *Travels*.

coast and the Niger. In April 1826, they reached Boussa, on the Niger, the place where Park had been killed; they saw the spot where the traveller had met his death, and heard that some relics of him were still preserved, but could not obtain a sight of them. After staying some time at Boussa, Clapperton crossed the Niger, and paid another visit to the territories of his former acquaintance, Sultan Bello, who, however, seemed less friendly to him than on the previous occasion, apparently suspecting the motives which actuated the British in their efforts to procure information respecting a part of the world so remote from their own. Wearied out by his toils, Clapperton became ill at Sokoto, and died there on the 13th of April 1827, in the arms of Richard Lander, who, with great difficulty, made his way alone back to the coast, which he reached in November. He immediately set out for England, carrying Captain Clapperton's papers with him, and a journal of his own proceedings subsequent to Clapperton's death.

'Meanwhile the British government were making another attempt from the Mediterranean. About the time that Clapperton set out on his second journey, Major Laing, an able officer, who had already travelled on the African coasts, entered the Desert by way of Tripoli, under the protection of a personage who had resided twenty-two years at Timbuktu. When in the middle of the Desert, the party was attacked by a band of wild Tawareks, and Major Laing was left for dead, with twenty-four dreadful wounds on his person. He recovered, however, by the care of his surviving companions, although numerous portions of bone had to be extracted from his head and temples! When able to do so, he pursued his journey, and on the 18th of August reached the famous city of Timbuktu. Several letters were received from him, dated at this place, which he described as having disappointed him in point of extent, being only about four miles in circuit, but that he had found its records copious and interesting. Major Laing never had the opportunity, unhappily, of making these valuable discoveries known, being murdered, three days after leaving Timbuktu, by a wretch who had undertaken to guide him to the mouth of the Senegal, or its neighbourhood. What became of the ill-fated traveller's papers is not yet known.'

The next light thrown upon African geography came from René Caillié, a Frenchman, who, starting with a native caravan from Senegambia, succeeded in reaching Timbuktu in April 1828. After a short sojourn, he made his way across the Desert to Tangier. He cannot be said to have added much to our knowledge of the geography of Africa.

The mystery of the Niger was at last disclosed by Clapperton's faithful follower, Richard Lander; who, along with his brother John, starting from Badagry in the end of March 1830, and following the route pursued by Clapperton, arrived at Boussa on the Niger on the 17th of

June. 'At Boussa, notwithstanding that aversion always evinced by the natives to speak about Park, the Landers found an old nautical publication belonging to that traveller, with a loose paper or two between the sheets—one of them an invitation card to dinner. The man who possessed this book regarded it as his household god—every written paper being of magical import in the eyes of the natives. The *tobe*, or surtout-dress, of rich crimson damask, which Park had worn, was also recovered at Boussa by the Landers; but no distinct account was got of the mode in which these articles came into the hands of their owners.'

After making all inquiries, so as to rescue any relics of Park, and obtaining for their trouble a double-barrelled gun which had belonged to the traveller, the Landers, on the 20th of September, embarked in a canoe on the Niger.

'On the 7th of October they arrived opposite Rabba, having passed a number of islands and towns on the river, which was always a magnificent stream, but varying considerably in width. The ruler of Rabba being dissatisfied with the presents made to him, the travellers were reluctantly forced to give him Park's *tobe*, and they subsequently had the misfortune to lose his gun. Egga, another famous market-town on the river, and Kacunda, were afterwards passed; and the mouths of two large tributaries, the Coodoovia and the Tchadda (Benué), were also seen. The Landers had now arrived at a region where signs of European intercourse were seen, and where the natives had been tainted by the demoralising consequences of the slave commerce. At a place called Kirree, the travellers suffered a heavy misfortune. They were attacked by a number of canoes, seized, and their property taken from them. The travellers expected nothing but death at this time themselves; but their lives were saved, that they might be carried down the river to Eboe Town, where the king of the Eboe people resided, and by whose subjects the attack had been made.

'On their way to Eboe Town, they passed a large lake on the river, which afterwards divided itself into three broad streams, flowing at different inclinations to the south-west. From this, and previous branchings of the stream, the Landers felt convinced that they were close by the termination of the Niger in the Gulf of Guinea. Obie, the Eboe king, resolved to detain them, however, till a ransom was got from the English; but King Boy, a monarch residing farther down the river, and who was then in Eboe Town, became bound for the ransom of the Landers, and carried them down (what proved to be the stream commonly called the Nun River) to Brass Town, his father's capital.' It was not without considerable difficulty and danger that the bold adventurers at last reached Fernando Po, where they experienced the warmest reception from the British residents. Shortly after, they found a passage homewards, and reached Britain on the 9th of June 1831, after an absence of a year and a half.

'The solution of the great African mystery by the Landers was justly felt by their countrymen as a national triumph. But the matter, when explained, looked so simple, as in the case of Columbus with the egg, that men wondered how they could have been so long in the dark with respect to it. The splitting of the Niger into numerous branches near its close, some of them a hundred miles distant from others, was the real cause of all the difficulty. Like the Nile, the Niger has a large delta (so called from the shape of the Greek letter Δ, *delta*), and each of its branches bore the look of an independent stream. The delta of the Niger is partly inhabited, but is extremely marshy.'

After the completion of Park's great discovery by the Landers, there was at first a general belief that now a communication had been opened up with Central Africa, and that, by means of the Niger, an easy and speedy intercourse could be held with the negro tribes living south of the Great Desert. Accordingly, two steamers, one of them entirely iron, were fitted out in 1832, at the expense of some individuals in Liverpool anxious to commence the new trade. The expedition was a failure; four-fifths of the crews fell victims to the pestilential climate, and the traffic obtained was trifling. Richard Lander, who had joined the expedition, was mortally wounded in a scuffle with the natives.

A second expedition, consisting of three iron steamers, commissioned by government, set sail for the Niger in May 1841. The object of this expedition was to open up such an intercourse with the native princes on the banks of the Niger as might serve to assist in suppressing the African slave-trade, and to plant the seeds of civilisation in the centre of the continent. Besides being amply manned and furnished, the vessels carried with them all that was necessary for establishing a little colony or model farm on the banks of the Niger. The entire number of individuals connected with the expedition was 301, of whom 145 were Europeans, and 156 persons of colour. The vessels commenced the ascent of the Niger on the 20th of August. On the 10th of September, the confluence of the Niger and the Tchadda was reached; and here it was determined to establish the model farm. One of the steamers advanced as far as Egga, about 350 miles from the sea. But again the climate proved an insuperable bar; by the 16th of October, all the vessels had quitted the river, and only 15 of the 145 white men had escaped the fever, and 53 were dead. The labourers on the farm were removed, and the undertaking given up.

In 1854, the steamer *Pleiad*, under the conduct of Dr Baikie, sailed up the Niger, and entering the Tchadda, or, properly, the Benué, advanced 300 miles along that river to the country of Adamawa. Friendly relations were established with the natives, and a correct chart of 600 miles of inland navigation from the mouth of the Niger was constructed. It is expected that this noble river, the Benué, will

yet prove an important channel of communication with Central Negroland.

But the most extensive and thorough exploration of Soudan yet made was that accomplished by Dr Barth in the years 1850–55. Henry Barth, a native of Hamburg, born in 1821, had already made himself known as an explorer in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, when he was invited—along with Dr Overweg, another German savant—by the British government to join Mr Richardson, then charged with a political and commercial mission to Central Africa. Starting from Tripoli in March 1850, Dr Barth and his companions crossed the Great Desert amid much difficulty and danger. They soon separated, pursuing their investigations apart, and only meeting occasionally. Mr Richardson succumbed to the climate in March 1851, and Overweg in September of the following year. Dr Barth now pursued his career alone; and when he returned to Tripoli in September 1855, his explorations had extended over 24° of latitude and 20° of longitude, from Tripoli in the north to Adamawa in the south, and from Bagirmi, east of Lake Tchad, to Timbuktu in the west. The five volumes of his *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa*, published in 1857, contain a full and trustworthy account of the natural productions, the political and commercial relations, the languages and affinities of the tribes, and their religious and moral condition, such as no previous traveller had the opportunity or the necessary qualifications to give. And not only did he fill up the almost blank outlines of the kingdoms already vaguely known, but he penetrated into tracts before unvisited. Starting (May 1851) from Kukawa (Kuka), the capital of Bornu, he travelled southward nearly 250 miles to Yola, the capital of a new Mohammedan kingdom called Adamawa, founded by the conquering Fulbe or Fellata on the ruins of several small pagan kingdoms. It is nominally a dependency of the Sultan of Sokoto. Yola, though not less than three miles long, has not above 12,000 inhabitants, each clay hut having a large courtyard-sown with grain. In this country, Dr Barth discovered a great river coming from the east, which he identified with the Tchadda, then known only in a small part of its lower course. The real name of the river is Benué or Benuwé (*be*, water, *nuwe*, mother—mother of water). Since Barth's discovery, it has been explored by the *Pleiad* expedition already mentioned. The point where Barth crossed the river is where it is joined by a large tributary coming from the south.

'The principal river, the Benuwé, flowed here from east to west, in a broad and majestic course, through an entirely open country, from which only here and there detached mountains started forth. The banks on our side rose to twenty-five, and in some places to thirty feet, while just opposite to my station, behind a pointed headland of sand, the Faro rushed forth, appearing from this point not much inferior to the principal river, and coming in a fine sweep from

the south-east, where it disappeared in the plain, but was traced by me, in thought, upwards to the steep eastern foot of the Alantika. The river, below the junction, keeping the direction of the principal branch, but making a slight bend to the north, ran along the northern foot of Mount Bagele, and was there lost to the eye, but was followed in thought through the mountainous region of the Bachama and Zina to Hamarruwa, and thence along the industrious country of Kororofa, till it joined the great western river the Kwara or Niger, and, conjointly with it, ran towards the great ocean. . . . Hence I cherish the well-founded conviction, that along this natural high-road European influence and commerce will penetrate into the very heart of the continent, and abolish slavery, or rather those infamous slave-hunts and religious wars, destroying the natural germs of human happiness, which are spontaneously developed in the simple life of the pagans, and spreading devastation and desolation all around.'

In the following year, Dr Barth made an excursion from Kukawa, by the north side of Lake Tchad, to the country of Bagirmi, whose capital, Masena, lies more than a hundred miles to the south-east of the lake, and which had never been visited by a European. The population of the kingdom may be about a million and a half. They are nominally Mohammedans; but 'their adoption of Islam is very recent; and the greater part of them may, even at the present day, with more justice be called pagans than Mohammedans.' They are abjectly superstitious; the sultan, when giving Dr Barth an audience, kept himself concealed by a screen, lest the traveller should bewitch him. The strength and riches of the country consist in the slaves derived from the tributary pagan tribes. The same is the case with Adamawa, where some private individuals have as many as a thousand slaves. In fact, slavery is the great institution of Negroland; and the suppression of the ocean-traffic in human flesh does but partially abate the evil, which, so long as it continues, must keep the people in a state of barbarism, and the country a comparative waste.

Our traveller's next excursion from Kukawa was to Timbuktu. Leaving Bornu, the oldest, and once the most extensive empire of Negroland, but now in a dilapidated condition, he proceeded westwards through the Housa or Hausa states towards the Niger. The dominant people in those regions are the Fulbe, Fellani, or Fellata, the most intelligent and energetic race in Central Africa. They seem to have come to their present seats from the west in Senegambia, though at an earlier period they may have had an eastern origin. They are strongly—even fanatically Mohammedan. In their migratory conquering progress, they have absorbed and assimilated various other tribes; so that their physical type is very varied, some being black, and others red or brown. They lived at first widely scattered in various settlements, and without political influence, until the beginning of the present century, when a religious reformer of

the name of Othman, giving them a new religious impulse, enabled them to throw off the yoke of the pagan rulers under whom they lived, and laid the foundation of a vast empire. His son and successor, Mohammed Bello, did much to reduce it to order; but his less energetic son seemed to Dr Barth in danger of allowing the yet uncemented structure to go to pieces. The largest city of his dominions is Kano, with a population of 30,000 to 40,000, situated in the eastern part of the empire, which once belonged to Bornu. It is the chief emporium of commerce in Central Negroland, and is famous for the manufacture and dyeing of cloth. The capital of the empire is Sokoto. The western portion of the great Fellata empire, founded by Othman, is held by a descendant of his brother as a separate kingdom called Gando.

Dr Barth reached the Niger at the town of Say, in about 13° north latitude. Instead of following the course of the river to Timbuktu, he held straight north-west, through an utterly unknown country, thus cutting off the great north-eastern bend of the river. He arrived at Timbuktu, September 7, 1853; and, owing to the distracted state of the country, was unable to leave it until May 17th of the following year. During these eight months of enforced residence, he was constantly harassed, and frequently in imminent danger of his life amid the jealousies and strifes of the surrounding tribes, who in turn dominate over the city. Whatever mystery rested over the famous City of the Desert, Dr Barth has at last dispelled. Timbuktu, which has figured in Europe as the centre and capital of a great negro empire, has never been other than a kind of provincial city, under the dominion of various neighbouring potentates, one after another. It owes its importance to its having become the seat of Mohammedan learning and worship, and to its favourable commercial position on the nearest point of the Niger to Morocco. It was founded about the end of the eleventh century by the Desert tribes of the Tawarek. In the early part of the fourteenth century, it became subject to the king of Melle, whose empire lay south-west on the Upper Niger, under whom it became a market-place of the first rank. In the latter half of the fifteenth century, it belonged to the great empire of Songhay, which had been founded a century and a half before at Gogo, on the Niger, and which, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, under the great negro king, Askia, extended over an immense territory east and west both of the Upper and Lower Niger. This vast empire was ruled by the descendants of Askia until it was overthrown, in 1591, by an army sent against it by Mulay Hamed, emperor of Morocco.

The Moorish chiefs and garrisons established in the different towns and provinces, intermarrying with the natives, continued for about a century to rule the country with little or no regard to Morocco; but all unity in the Songhay dominions was henceforth *at an end, and the* different parts had fallen a prey to the aggressions

of neighbouring powers. The all-pervading Fulbe or Fellata having, in 1816, established an extensive empire, with its centre at Hamda-Allahi, on the Upper Niger, occupied Timbuktu in 1826, and have since held a kind of sovereignty over the city, which is from time to time disputed by the Tawarek tribes of the Desert to the north. It was from the mutual jealousies and conflicts of those rival powers that the traveller's difficulties and dangers arose. The Fulbe, like the Wahabis of Arabia, are Mohammedan Puritans, and look upon the Mohammedanism of the Moors and Arabs as little better than heathenism. To the prohibition of wine and spirits, which is common to all Mohammedans, they add that of tobacco. They were furious that the Holy City should be desecrated by the presence of an accursed unbeliever, and threatened to send an expedition against it if the traveller was not expelled. It required all the influence and management of his friend El Bakáy, a powerful sheikh, or religious chief, to protect him, until an opportunity could be got of escorting him down the river through the dangerous Tawarek tribes.

The city of Timbuktu is at present between two and three miles in circumference. It is laid out in pretty regular streets, which are unpaved. The houses, as elsewhere in Central Africa, are of clay. The settled inhabitants number about 13,000, and the floating population from 5000 to 10,000. The commerce is trifling, if judged by European standard. Gold forms the chief staple; although Dr Barth estimates its yearly value at not more than £20,000. Salt and the guro or kola nut are next in importance. Timbuktu is not a place of manufactures; the greater part of the native cloth in its markets comes from Kano.

On departing from Timbuktu, Dr Barth followed the course of the Niger down to Say, and thence retraced his steps to Kukawa. Wherever he went, he has left a luminous track in what was before utter darkness, or at best hazy twilight.

In the exploration of *Southern Central Africa*, a beginning was first made in 1798 by two Portuguese gentlemen, Lacerda and Pereira, who, starting from Tete, a Portuguese settlement on the Zambesi, penetrated to the town of the Cazembé, in the middle of the country, in S. lat. 8½°. In 1802, two native Portuguese traders made their way from Angola on the west, to the Portuguese possessions on the east coast, and returned by the same way in 1814, being the first travellers who crossed the continent. The route from Tete to Cazembé was again explored in 1830 by Major Monteiro. But little certain information resulted from these expeditions, and that little had hardly been heard of in Europe; so that when Livingstone entered on the field in 1850, it was, with the exception of Monteiro's route, almost a blank.

David Livingstone, the greatest traveller of modern times, was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, in 1817, and began his career in

1840, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, as a medical missionary among the Bechuanas (or Betjuans) north of the Orange River in South Africa. His first proceeding, on arriving at his destination, shews the character of the man—sagacity in discerning the right means to his end, and resoluteness to do in the best manner whatever he set his hand to. 'Here, in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language, I cut myself off from all European society for about six months, and gained by this ordeal an insight into the habits, ways of thinking, laws and language, of that section of the Bechuanas called Bakwains, which has proved of incalculable advantage in my intercourse with them ever since.'

Sechele, chief of the Bakwains, and a man of great intelligence, became a convert, and learned to read. Seeing Livingstone anxious that his people should also believe, Sechele proposed a novel method of converting them. 'Do you imagine these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and if you like, I shall call my head men, and with our litupa' [whips of rhinoceros-hide], 'we will soon make them all believe together.'

While stationed at Kolobeng, in the Betjuan country, Livingstone crossed the Kalihari Desert in 1849, and discovered Lake Ngami, the centre of the internal drainage of the country between the Orange and Zambesi rivers. The following year, he made a journey still farther north, to visit the chief of the Makololo, a Betjuan tribe, who, some years before, had emigrated to the basin of the Zambesi, and there established an extensive dominion over the indigenous negro tribes. Their capital was at Linyanti, on the Chobe, which falls into the Zambesi near the point where this river bends eastwards in S. lat. 18°. Livingstone and his companions were the first white people that had been seen in the valley of the Upper Zambesi; and the extension of the river so far west had previously been unknown. The little commercial intercourse the inhabitants had with the Portuguese colonies on the west was through the Mambari, an intermediate tribe, who had begun to introduce the slave-trade, by tempting them with guns and other articles of European manufacture, but refusing to take ivory or cattle—the only exchangeable native products—in exchange, and insisting on having boys. To counteract this pernicious movement, and to promote the gradual civilisation and christianising of the region, Livingstone resolved on seeking out a route of direct commercial communication with the coast, without the intervention of the slave-dealing Mambari. Returning, accordingly, to Cape Colony, he prepared for his expedition, and arrived again at Linyanti in May of 1853. He now spent several weeks in company with the Makololo chief Sekeletu, in exploring the Zambesi valley as far north as S. lat. 14°, to the confluence of the Leeba and Liambye; the latter, flowing from the *north-east, is probably* the head stream of the river. The country

is fertile beyond description, the pastures seeming to be inexhaustible. The Makololo are great rearers of cattle. The chief grain cultivated is the *Holcus sorghum*, or doura; maize and beans are also raised, and a variety of vegetables. The hoe (a native manufacture of iron) is the implement of culture. The number of large game is prodigious—elephants, buffaloes, the magnificent eland and other antelopes, zebras, &c.; while the rivers swarm with hippopotami. One great drawback is the tsetse, a fly which infests certain circumscribed localities, and whose bite is fatal to domestic animals —the horse, the ox, the sheep, and the dog; while it is harmless to all kinds of game, and also to the mule, the ass, and the goat, as well as to man.

Returning to Linyanti, Livingstone now made ready to set out on his great expedition. Sekeletu and his people entered warmly into his views, and twenty-seven Makololo men were appointed to escort the traveller. Proceeding in canoes, they soon reached the confluence mentioned above, and then followed the Leeba, which comes from the north, until a waterfall obliged them to leave the boats, and continue their journey by land. On leaving the kingdom of the Makololo, they came into the country over which the Muata Yanvo, as he is called, is the paramount chief. The country is generally flat; some tracts being woody, others consisting of meadow-like valleys. At the water-parting between the Leeba and Kassabi rivers, the elevation was 4700 feet. It rained incessantly; and the traveller had to pass through a flooded country, and suffered greatly from fever. The Balonda tribes, which inhabit this region, are much more superstitious than the tribes farther south. Livingstone and his party were travelling in company with Manenko, a female chieftain. 'We had to cross, in a canoe, a stream which flows past the village of Nyamoana. Manenko's doctor waved some charms over her, and she took some in her hand and on her body before she ventured upon the water. One of my men spoke rather loudly when near the doctor's basket of medicines. The doctor reproved him, and always spoke in a whisper himself, glancing back to the basket, as if afraid of being heard by something therein. So much superstition is quite unknown in the south, and is mentioned here to shew the difference in the feelings of this new people, and the comparative want of reverence on these points among Caffres and Bechuanas.' Again: 'They' [the Balonda] 'are very punctilious in their manners to each other. Each hut has its own fire, and when it goes out they make it afresh for themselves, rather than take it from a neighbour. I believe much of this arises from superstitious fears. In the deep, dark forests near each village, as already mentioned, you see idols intended to represent the human head or a lion, or a crooked stick smeared with medicine, or simply a small pot of medicine in a little shed, or miniature huts with little mounds of earth in them. But in the darker recesses we meet with human faces cut in the bark of

trees, the outlines of which, with the beards, closely resemble those seen on Egyptian monuments. Frequent cuts are made on the trees all along the paths, and offerings of small pieces of manioc-roots, or ears of maize, are placed on branches. There are also to be seen every few miles heaps of sticks, which are treated in cairn fashion, by every one throwing a small branch to the heap in passing; or a few sticks are placed on the path, and each passer-by turns from his course, and forms a sudden bend in the road to one side. It seems as if their minds were ever in doubt and dread in these gloomy recesses of the forest, and that they were striving to propitiate, by their offerings, some superior beings residing there.'

Livingstone's progress was now much impeded by petty chiefs, who extort presents as the price of permission to pass through their districts, and thus bar the intercourse between the interior and the coast. This system, which is more or less followed by kings and chiefs all over Africa, of interposing vexatious delays, and levying black-mail in the shape of presents, constitutes the chief difficulty and danger of African travel. At last the expedition reached the Coanza, in S. lat. 10°, and, passing through the colony of Benguela, arrived at the capital, Loanda, on the 31st of May 1854. Livingstone was so exhausted by fever and dysentery, that he was unable to commence his return journey till the 20th of September. The astonishment of the Makololo men at everything they saw was unbounded. In afterwards describing to their countrymen their feelings on first coming in sight of the sea, they said they had always believed that the world had no end; 'but all at once the world said to us: "I am finished; there is no more of me!"' Being taken on board an English ship of war, they exclaimed: 'It is not a canoe at all; it is a town!' After witnessing the performance of mass in the cathedral, Dr Livingstone overheard them, in talking to each other, remark that 'they had seen the white men charming their demons.'

Returning by the same route, the expedition reached the Makololo country in September 1855, after an absence of two years. Many of Livingstone's native companions found their wives married again; but as most of them had more wives than one, they were easily consoled.

Livingstone now resolved to try whether the course of the Lower Zambesi eastward would not furnish a better commercial route. To descend the river by boats was impossible, owing to the great falls of Mosioatunya, at some distance below the confluence of the Chobe. These falls, which Livingstone visited, and called the Victoria Falls, are the wonder of South Africa. The mighty river is precipitated into a rocky fissure of unknown depth; columns of vapour ascend, which, when the river is full, are seen at a distance of ten miles; and the roar is heard at an equal distance.

Accompanied by 114 Makololo, sent by Sekeletu to carry a

consignment of elephants' tusks to the coast, Livingstone started, November 20th, on his eastward journey. Owing to the difficult nature of the country, he did not at first keep by the river-side, but struck north-east to the confluence of the Kafue, which flows from the north. From this point, he followed the north bank of the Zambesi to Teté, and thence to Quilimane, on the coast, which he reached in May 1856. In the meantime, a Portuguese trader, Silva Porto, leaving Benguela in June 1853, and arriving at Kalongo, on the Upper Zambesi, struck eastward along the northern border of the basin of the Zambesi, and reached the east coast near Cape Delgado in August 1854, being thus the second to cross the entire continent. Livingstone, leaving his Makololo men at Teté to wait his return, paid a visit to England, where he arrived in December 1856, and was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. In 1858, he was sent out to Quilimane as British consul, and entering (1859) the Zambesi with his little steamer, *Ma Robert*, he sailed 100 miles up the Shiré, an important tributary from the north. Being impeded by cataracts, Livingstone and Kirk penetrated north-east through a mountainous region to Lake Shirwa, the most southern of the great group that studs the central plateau. The travellers now traced the Shiré to its exit from the great Lake Nyassa—the Maravi of the old maps. Crossing now from the Shiré to Teté, they conducted Livingstone's Makololo men to their home, making this time a complete survey of the Zambesi between Teté and the Victoria Falls. The years 1861–3 were spent in various explorations of Lake Nyassa, one object being to determine whether any large river enters its upper end, it being then the prevalent view that the vaguely known Lake Tanganyika had its outflow southwards.

Some years before this (1857–8), the well-known travellers Burton and Speke had been sent by the Geographical Society to ascertain the truth about the great inland sea reported to exist in the equatorial region. Crossing the border mountains from Zanzibar, they explored the great plateau inhabited by the Unyamwesi tribes, and discovered Lake Tanganyika, without, however, being able to ascertain whether the outflow was north or south. At Ujiji, on Tanganyika, the travellers heard of another and larger lake lying to the north-east; and Speke, leaving his companion at Tanganyika, discovered the southern part of the Great Victoria Nyanza, which he believed to be the head reservoir of the Nile.

Bent on following out his discovery, Speke, in company with his companion Grant, set out again from Zanzibar in the end of 1860, and, in January 1862, again reached the western shores of the lake. Proceeding along the northern side, which almost coincides with the equator, he found the outlet, which he called Ripon Falls; the issuing river he called the Somerset. This river he traced for some distance; but being obliged to part with it where it bent westward, he held northward, and came on the White Nile above Gondokoro,

which he believed to be identical with his Somerset. At Gondokoro, Speke and Grant met the daring traveller, Mr (now Sir Samuel) Baker, coming to their relief. To him they related their discoveries, and also that they had learned from the natives the existence of another lake, named Luta Nzige, lying west of their route as they descended, and which they conceived to be a kind of back-water stretching westward from the Somerset at the part of its course they had been unable to visit. This lake, Baker, along with his heroic wife, explored in 1864, and named it the Albert Nyanza. He found it to be a vast inland sea, upwards of 300 miles long, and 90 broad, situated in a deep basin, and fringed with precipitous cliffs, rising in some peaks to 5000 and 10,000 feet. The Somerset enters the lake near its northern end; and at a point some fifty miles farther north, the Nile issues from it. Although the connection has not yet been traced, there is hardly a doubt remaining that Lake Tanganyika discharges its waters into the Albert Nyanza; and thus the Victoria Nyanza was deprived of the honour of being *the* source of the Nile, as Speke deemed it.

The solution of this great African problem—the true source of the Nile—was now undertaken by Dr Livingstone, who in 1866 began that great journey from which he has not yet returned. Ascending the Rovuma river, he intended to make for the north end of Lake Nyassa, and from that to the south end of Tanganyika. After a long period of silence, a report was brought to the east coast by some of his men who had deserted him, that he had been murdered, a report which happily proved to be false. By subsequent letters received from the traveller himself, we learn that he had gone round the south end of Nyassa, and then struck into the upper basin of the Loangwa, a tributary of the Zambesi, coming from the north. In a letter dated from Lake Bangweolo, 8th July 1868, and describing his previous proceedings, he says: 'Leaving the valley of the Loangwa, we climbed up what seemed to be a great mountain mass, but it turned out to be only the southern edge of an elevated region, which is from 3000 to 6000 feet above the sea. This upland may be roughly stated to cover a space, south of Tanganyika, of some 350 miles square. It slopes to north and west, but I have found no part of it under 3000 feet of altitude. The country of Usango, situated east of the space indicated, is also an upland. . . . Usango forms the eastern side of a great but still elevated valley. The other, or western side is formed by what are called the Kone mountains, beyond the copper mountains of Katanga.' The Chambeze flows from the eastern side into the centre of the great upland valley. It is known to form three lakes, changing its name at each outflow. 'I crossed the Chambeze in 10° 34′ S., and several of its confluents, north and south, quite as large as the Isis at Oxford, but running faster, and having hippopotami in them.' Proceeding northward, he discovered, on the *northern slope of* the upland, Lake Liemba, with precipitous sides

2000 feet down. 'It is extremely beautiful; sides, top, and bottom being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes feed on its steep slopes, whilst hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the waters. It is as perfect a natural paradise,' writes Livingstone, 'as Xenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands, men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish. The villages ashore are embowered in the oil-palms of the west of Africa. Four considerable streams flow into Liemba, and a number of brooks. . . . The lake is from 18 to 20 miles broad, and from 35 to 40 miles long. It goes off to north-north-west, in a river-like prolongation, two miles wide—it is said to Tanganyika.'

From this, Livingstone visited Cazembe's Town and the lakes Bangweolo and Moero. Speaking of the river Luapula, he says: 'On leaving Moero at its northern end, by a rent in the mountains of Rua, the river takes the name of Lualaba, and passing on north-north-west, forms Ulenge in the country west of Tanganyika. I have only seen it where it leaves Moero, and where it comes out of the crack in the mountains of Rua.' The next letter from the traveller is from Ujiji, on the west side of Tanganyika, and is dated May 1869. The work he had then set himself was to make sure of the connection of Tanganyika with the Albert Nyanza—a point, however, on which there remains little doubt—and then to determine the course of the Chambeze (Luapula, Lualaba) after it leaves Lake Ulenge. If it is found to flow northward into the basin of the Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza, then the Chambeze is the Upper Nile, and the long-sought source is a little to the north of Lake Nyassa. But it is thought much more likely that the outflow of Lake Ulenge turns westward, and that the Chambeze and its three lakes are the source of the Congo. In this case, Lake Liemba is the most southern reservoir of the Nile; and, when its longest feeder has been traced to its head, the great African problem will be finally solved. By the last accounts of Dr Livingstone, received indirectly, he was still (October 1871) in the vicinity of Lake Tanganyika, waiting for supplies from the coast. There is a strong belief, arising from Dr Livingstone's long experience as a traveller, and his extraordinary ascendency over savage tribes, that he is yet alive; that he has been exploring the western drainage of the plateau, and may possibly next be heard of on the Lower Congo.

Perhaps the most formidable exploring expedition ever sent into any country is that organised in 1869 by the Pacha of Egypt, under the conduct of Sir Samuel Baker. It is accompanied by a considerable military force, so as to repel the opposition of hostile tribes, and is provided with prepared sections of iron steamers, to be set up on the Albert and other lakes. When last heard of, the expedition had not yet reached the Albert Nyanza; but if successful, it promises to have an important effect in opening up regular commercial communication with the great lake region, and perhaps in extending the

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was murdered, February 1856, on his
by the Sultan of Waday; Paul
who (1855–65) thoroughly explored
lying on both sides of the equator,
inland, adding largely to our knowledge of
history (the gorilla, for instance), and social
tribes; Baron von der Decken, who, 1861,
the great volcanic mountain Kilima Njaro
was murdered by the natives while exploring
Somaliland.

CONCLUSION.

survey which we have taken of Africa, and of
African discovery, it appears that, while there is
in its vast circuit where Europeans have not
scarcely any of the settlements have flourished.
of trade, such establishments will no doubt be
sacrifice of life—the consequence of the pesti-
climate on European constitutions; but it is
settlements of a permanent description will be
the southern and northern extremities of the
Colony, as yet, is the most prosperous, indeed the
worthy of the name in Africa: whether the French
make anything of Algeria, remains yet to be seen.
of the continent, it seems quite hopeless to suppose
can ever operate there directly. The utmost that
is, that they shall be able to act upon the conti-
native agents. By establishing a commerce with
they may stimulate whatever tendencies to civilisation
the negro races; they may create an activity through
resembling that caused by the slave traffic, but every
and more beneficial.

THE HOPE OF LEASCOMBE: A TALE.

I.

NEWTON-ALNWAY is a village in Devonshire, close on the coast, and wholly inhabited by fishermen and such like—that is, men who get their living from the sea. Standing on a slight eminence above the water's edge, it is again backed by green hills, while below are cliffs and the sandy shore. On these were drawn up one spring morning the half-dozen boats of the village, the crews being engaged in the repairs necessitated by a severe gale which they had recently experienced. Above, in the hamlet, the women were mending nets, all save one *couple, Dame Lester* and her daughter Sophy, who lived in

a small hut on the edge of the village. Widow—at all events supposed to be—for her husband had departed sixteen years back on a long voyage, and never returned, the poor woman had no other means of educating and bringing up her child than £10 a year, which had been granted by the owners of the ship of which he had been captain, when, after a long delay, the insurance had been paid. With this she had retired to this Newton, hired a small cottage for £2 a year, and at once commenced working for her living. She took in sewing, shirts, and other articles, which the laborious fisherwomen could not find time from their regular avocations to make; and shortly after opened a school, where she educated the children of the hamlet in company with her own child.

Sophy Lester was, however, much in advance of the rest of her little companions, who, destined to be fishermen and wives of fishermen, had no pretensions to aim at any very elaborate education. She, in fact, from the very first, materially assisted her mother, and at sixteen took the whole of this part of the duty off her hands. She was a mild, gentle girl, thoughtful and high principled. Her mother's example struck her much, for she could well remember the day when they had a nice house and a servant in Plymouth town. Mrs Lester had brought away from her better days a good many books, which Sophy eagerly devoured. The consequence was, that at eighteen her thoughtful tone had become rather melancholy, and she began to aim at something above the station she was placed in. Any idea of marrying a rude fisherman was to her out of the question, so that the future was not very brilliant.

On the morning in question, it was calm and tranquil all around. Nature appeared reposing. The sea was blue and placid, and everything seemed to serve the workers below. Mrs Lester and Sophy were standing in front of their cot, looking on, it not being yet time for the urchins and lasses of the village to come up to class. The house had really but one story; but a kind of high loft formed a very good bedroom, from which there was a magnificent view of the sea. It was not used by the family, but had once been let to a young coast-guard whose duty called him to the neighbourhood.

Below, there were two rooms. One, a large one, served for schoolroom, workroom, and kitchen; while that behind was the bedroom of mother and daughter. A small garden was situated on one side of the house; while in front was a wooden bench, on which Mrs Lester and Sophy would often sit in sunny weather to work. In front of this passed a footpath, the only road by which Newton-Alnway was reached from above, there being no carriage-road. It lay in a hollow, in fact, with hills around it too steep for vehicles.

'Do you see yon Indiaman, mother?' said Sophy, suddenly arousing herself from a reverie. 'How tranquilly it rides along in *the soft breeze*!'

'*Yes, my love*,' replied Dame Lester with a deep sigh, 'it moves

as slowly as the hours did when I had still hope of your father, and he came not.'

'Pardon me, mother dear; I did not mean to awaken painful thoughts. What a lovely day! How bright the sun is! I can fancy, as I gaze on the waters now, the pleasure of being a sailor.'

'A fair sailor indeed would you make!' said a manly voice near at hand; 'an' perhaps you will not refuse a rest to a blue-jacket who is weary.'

They turned, and saw a young sailor about twenty, handsome, genteel-looking, but tall and hardy. His sunburnt face seemed to give token of long travel; while his dusty clothes, stick, and bundle, denoted his having walked hard, and apparently all night. His face was handsome, we have said, but there was at this moment a sternness of expression about it that was perhaps not native. He looked, in fact, as if he had just passed through a scene of great excitement.

'Sit you down,' exclaimed the mother in half-trembling accents: 'no sailor was ever refused shelter in my humble home.'

'Thankee; that 's hearty,' said the young sailor, seating himself. 'I am terribly tired. My trade ain't long walks, and I 've trudged twenty miles, I do believe, this night; though where I started from is not five miles away. I suppose I mustn't, though I offer to pay for it, ask for breakfast?'

'Most certainly,' continued Dame Lester; while Sophy, who as yet had not spoken, entered the house to prepare breakfast, which, in consideration of the sudden arrival of a hearty man, she thought necessary to make more abundant than usual. She fried a goodly dish of bacon and eggs, which, with a large jug of cider and a bowl of milk, brown bread and dried fish, afforded a meal uncommonly enticing to a hungry man. She then invited them in, and the sailor began to do honour to the fare in a way that said much for his appetite and health.

'I never enjoyed a meal so in my life before,' he said, while adding a bloater to his already somewhat large share of the repast.

'You put me in mind, sir,' replied Mrs Lester sadly, 'of my poor dear husband. When he came home from a voyage, he had always an appetite, that—God forgive me!—used to make me laugh then.'

'You are a widow, madam?' said the sailor gently.

'Yes,' continued Mrs Lester—while Sophy quite liked him for his tender tone, and the way in which he laid down his fork to listen—and she briefly told her story.

The sailor looked very grave, and did not speak for some minutes; then he resumed his meal, and after a while addressed the widow. 'Dame Lester—since that is the name you are called by in the village—I am a sailor, just off a long voyage; I have money to spend, which, under other circumstances, I should have spent perhaps foolishly; I want a good rest. Will you take me to board and lodge at a pound a week? I could thus manage a good year's rest,

which would be better than broiling myself directly in a hot sun, or freezing myself up in the north seas. I have received a good education, and would help to teach the boys. I won't be in your way. I can fish, I can shoot sea-gulls, to pass the time; besides, I have books in my chest, which I will send for, and I can read. So come here—ten weeks in advance: done's the word. Is it so?'

Mrs Lester scarcely hesitated. She saw in the offer of the sailor something likely to be advantageous to her daughter. A pound a week was a munificent sum for her, but she felt that it was too munificent.

'I should be tempted to accept, sir,' said Mrs Lester, 'because certainly what you propose would be useful and agreeable to me; but a pound a week is too much for the accommodation I can give.'

'You will give me enough to eat, plenty of good cider; and you can let me swing my hammock aloft, I suppose. What more can I ask? Be sure I'll have my pound a week out of you. Come, ma'am, give me your hand, and let us say it is done.'

'But a total stranger'——

'I'm a jack-tar, rated on the ship's books as William Harvey. I choose to sail in a merchant-vessel instead of a man-of-war; and here I am pretty safe from the press. If you want my character, I'll get a written one from a parson.'

'No. I will take you on your looks,' said Mrs Lester, 'and trust to your word. You can send for your chest as soon as you like.'

And so it was settled. The same day, William Harvey wrote a letter, which he sealed up carefully, and sent by one of the young fishermen to a neighbouring town. In the evening, the lad returned with a box that had been brought as far as the edge of the cliff in a cart. William Harvey went up to assist him, and even then the driver had to help them. It was a large iron-bound chest. With great difficulty they got it up-stairs; but then the sailor paid them liberally, and they departed.

The young man at once brought down a collection of well-bound books, many of them works on navigation, but others consisting of poems, works of fiction, well selected and choice, with several historical productions, the whole desultory enough, but all good. A large family Bible finished the collection. Then Harvey produced a small box of rare tea, which was a great treat to Mrs Lester, and a thing she had scarcely tasted since her reverses. The house was now much changed. The school-hours, which were short, were generally spent by Harvey in roaming with a rod, a gun, or a book; then he would return, and if they could spare time, he would take them out for a walk, returning to supper; after which, they came out to their bench to gaze upon the sea, sometimes stormy, and at other times beautifully calm. Then they would sew for an hour or two, while William Harvey would read to them. At eleven, they retired to rest. On Sundays, they all walked to a little church in a village at

no great distance; and after dinner, they would join the villagers of Newton, amongst whom, one or two young men excepted, the sailor was very popular.

Mrs Lester soon became aware that it was her daughter's deep-blue eyes, sweet mild countenance, and amiable manners, that had decided the resolve of the young sailor. At a dance one evening, he refused to give up his partner to any one, and shewed to a rival claimant, for an instant, such fierce passion as to alarm the widow. She saw that beneath the calm surface lay concealed a volcano, and she could not help feeling some indefinite dread of the future. She called her daughter to her side that night, and warned her affectionately but earnestly against allowing the young sailor to win her affections.

'Why, mamma?' said Sophy, blushing deeply.

'Because he is a violent and passionate man, with whom no woman could ever be happy,' she replied, watching her child most anxiously.

'William! O no, mamma: he is the gentlest and kindest of human beings; and I am sure any woman might be happy with him. Besides—he means to ask your consent to-morrow,' added Sophy timidly.

'To what?' said Mrs Lester anxiously.

'To our marriage on his return from his next voyage,' replied Sophy.

'I have spoken too late. Of course, if he has charged you to say this, he has already won your consent. Ah me, in three months he has gained more power over my child than I in nineteen years!' said the widow sadly.

'My dear mother, if it pains you, I will not consent.'

'My dear child, I do not say it by way of reproach. I myself left father and mother to wed my husband after but a brief acquaintance. I have no objection to William Harvey—on the contrary, I am sure, from his superior education and manners, that he will rise. But I fear his temper, and the mystery that surrounds him.'

'He will explain all that, mother, when he returns. He says that he must make another voyage, and try to get rated mate, when we might be married comfortably.'

Mrs Lester smiled—she could not help it. She saw in the brief courtship of the young people so much of the usual routine, of the sage plans, of the sanguine belief in the future which is its usual attribute, that she could not but smile.

'It is all settled then,' she said. 'Why, you naughty girl, to say never a word to me!'

'I asked him to speak: I didn't like myself.'

This was natural. William Harvey, so lately a stranger, had, by his gentle manners, his knowledge and conversation, joined with his frank open face, completely won the heart of the simple young girl;

and this once owned by her, she became more free in some things with him than with her mother. By that time she could sooner have told him point-blank that she loved him, than have owned the fact to her mother unasked.

Next day, they all came to an understanding. William Harvey declared himself, was accepted, and then stated his intentions. He had £150 to begin the world with. This would suffice to furnish a house, and make a start in life. Besides, he expected to bring home something from his next voyage, and to qualify himself for mate. He said he should now go as soon as he got a ship, that he might return the sooner; and a few days after, went away to Plymouth, where his smart appearance at once obtained an engagement. The ship, however, was not to sail for three months, during which time he was to lie at Newton, out of reach of the press-gang, who were just then particularly active.

William Harvey spent the three months wholly in the society of his future wife and her mother. They took a girl now to do the household work, as their income permitted this little extravagance. The lovers had thus much more time for communion and study, in which they were indefatigable—perhaps because they read together; and thus time passed rapidly. The three months were nearly up before they thought they had commenced. The villagers, who now regarded him as the future husband of Sophy, gave him a farewell dance in the general store-room of the place. But the last evening he spent at home alone with his friends. After tea, he went up to his loft for a few minutes; and they were suddenly startled by his returning in the dress of a midshipman in the navy.

'Do not be surprised,' said he smiling; 'before I went, I wished you to know that I am an officer and a gentleman. Why I appear to be a common sailor, you shall know at my return. But remember this, my dear friends—I shall in future be only what I can make myself. I mean to carve my own fortunes, and owe nothing to favour.'

At this instant, there was a knock at the door.

'Who is there?' asked Sophy.

'Annie,' said the voice of the servant-girl.

'Come in,' replied William himself.

'O my!' cried the girl, starting back; 'why, they're here before me.'

'Who? what?' said William Harvey quickly.

'What, sir, is it you? Why, our Bill has just a come in from the town, and an officer gentleman there asked him a lot of questions—if he had seen a man like you, sir. Bill is foolish, and said yes; so they promised him ten pounds to keep all quiet until they came down—and they're coming to-night.'

'They shall never take me alive!' said the young man fiercely. 'I must away. First let me doff this hated dress.'

'But what have you done?' asked the mother anxiously.

'Nothing dishonourable. When I return, I will tell my story; but until then, you must put faith in me.'

In ten minutes more, William had said adieu, and set forth, with Bill for a guide, by a path only known to the fisherman. An hour later, six soldiers and a sergeant, with a peace-officer, reached the village, and were furious when they found that the young man had gone to return no more. The soldiers, however, staid a week in the village, keeping strict watch; but at length they departed, convinced that further stay was useless. The day after their departure, Bill returned with a packet of letters and little presents.

II.

Again Mrs Lester and her child were alone; and the mother regretted more than ever having consented to her being affianced to a sailor. But Sophy never desponded; she simply regretted that William had selected this occupation, and hoped that circumstances might enable them to live without his going to sea. Her ambition was to keep a school of a higher grade than the one she now had; and this with a view to render it unnecessary for her future husband to go any longer to sea. She accordingly spent all her leisure time in study. William Harvey had left in her hands his £150, with strict injunctions to use any part of it they thought proper. But both Mrs Lester and herself had at once determined not to break upon this sum under any circumstances. Of the money paid by him for his board and lodging, there remained a few pounds, besides tea and other necessaries. They, therefore, had a little before them.

At the end of two months, they received a cheerful, hopeful letter from William, who was then far advanced on his way to the line, being bound for China; and Sophy was full of joy and thankfulness —when Mrs Lester fell ill. The illness was sudden, and at the same time serious. It was an illness scarcely definable. She felt weak, and coughed. It became necessary to send for the doctor, who came round on certain special occasions to the village, rarely troubled with other invalids than those whose interesting state was matter rather of congratulation than otherwise. He came, and his dictum was decisive. She required to be taken away from the immediate vicinity of the sea, and to receive unremitting attention. For this purpose, he suggested removal to his own town, offering to attend her gratuitously, and to supply her with the medicines she required at a mere nominal price. He declared, however, that a little milder air and good nourishing food were the chief requirements in her case. So they gave up their cottage, and went away from dear Newton-Alnway, to live in a lodging in a town. This was comfortless enough; but then, they had now only their £10

a year. Mrs Lester could do nothing: her eyes were bad. All fell on Sophy. Assisted by the doctor, she found work. He had long noticed her superior education and lady-like manners; and, with his wife, did all he could to aid her, without hurting her pride. But, work hard though she did, she earned, after all, but a shilling or eighteenpence a day. Still, this was of great assistance, and enabled her to make her mother tolerably comfortable; for it is wonderful on how little moderate and careful women will exist.

This lasted two months, and Sophy had got used to the new state of things, when one day Dr Morris called the young girl into his private room, where sat a lady a few years older than herself, in deep mourning.

'My dear Miss Lester,' said the doctor kindly, 'I do not know whether my offer will suit you or not, but I have been speaking of you to Mrs Desmond of Leascombe Park, who is in want of a nursery-governess—a young lady to take care of a little boy, two years old, and a little girl, four, to teach them the rudiments of education. Now, as you have been used to this, I have taken upon myself to recommend you—ahem!—forty pounds a year, board, lodging—in fact, a happy home.'

'I know not how to thank you, sir; I am deeply grateful; but I cannot leave my poor mother,' faltered Sophy.

'Ah, Mrs Desmond, I told you so—deep knowledge of human nature—wouldn't leave her poor mother. I knew it. Good girl—clever—excellent principles. But do not alarm yourself, my dear young friend. Your room is four times as large as that you live in now, and Mrs Desmond offers to give it up to you. Mother an invalid—take your meals together in the nursery.'

'Then, madam, if I am thought worthy of the post, I am most happy to accept it; and be assured, madam, I will seek, by doing my duty, to prove my gratitude.'

'I am sure of it,' said Mrs Desmond gently. 'I shall be glad to see you next Saturday. As you may have some preparations to make, pray allow me to pay you your first quarter in advance.'

'Take it, my dear friend,' continued the good doctor, rubbing his hands. 'There—there! no thanks; tell all that to Mrs Morris: good-bye, my dear.' And pressing the £10 into her hands, he hurried poor Sophy out of the room.

The young girl was enraptured, but suddenly she recollected something, turned pale, and went back. She knocked timidly at the door.

'Come in,' said the doctor. 'Ah! you; but why so pale and trembling? Sit down, my dear.'

'I cannot accept this excellent offer; I forgot something. I am engaged to be married in about a year'—— she began timidly.

'Bravo! excellent! Good girl, 'pon my word. But to whom?' laughed the doctor, while Mrs Desmond turned very pale.

'To William Harvey—a young sailor.'

'That is but another recommendation, young girl,' said Mrs Desmond, in a voice of deep emotion. 'I am a sailor's widow myself, young as you see me. He sailed away only six months ago, to die in a month. I have a brother, an only brother, too, a sailor. You shall tell me the history of your fortunes another day;' and she herself, this time, led her kindly to the door.

O how grateful was that little heart now! She was quite happy. She loved the handsome young widow already; and so delighted was she, that on entering her humble home, her mother quite started.

'What good news bring you, my child? Have you had another letter from William?'

'No, mother; but I have good news.' And she told her story.

Mrs Lester was as much pleased as her child, if not more so. It hurt her feelings much to watch Sophy bending for hours over needle-work; and she saw in this new position, supposing any accident happened to William, some hope for the future career of her daughter: she thanked God, then, in her heart for His goodness, and felt deep gratitude to man. She was surprised at being herself so readily received, and perhaps justly ascribed this indulgence to the sympathy awakened in Mrs Desmond by her own recent affliction. They now set their whole energies to work to be ready by the day appointed; and on the Saturday they went up to Leascombe Park in a coach with their boxes. They were very kindly received by Mrs Desmond, and shewn by herself in person to their room, which they found to be on the third story, beside the nursery. The two children were nice little things, and Sophy was quite pleased at the prospect of their companionship.

The house was picturesquely situated in the centre of a vast park. It was not Mrs Desmond's own house. She resided with Sir Edward Templeton, Bart., and Lady Templeton, her parents; to whom, in the evening, the children being in bed, and Mrs Lester also asleep, Sophy was introduced. They were a grave and serious couple. Sir Edward was a little above fifty, gray-haired, and slight in figure. Benevolence and gentleness were indicated in his countenance; but there were tokens, likewise, of severe mental struggle. Sir Edward, in fact, had been a passionate and violent man; but in the middle passage of his life he had suffered so much from giving way to his feelings, that he had vowed to conquer them. He had now succeeded almost wholly, and for years had never allowed the old spirit to conquer him—that spirit which had been productive of so much misery. The house was not, indeed, a lively one for a young girl to come to. All its inhabitants were weighed down, it was clear, by sorrow. But the presence of so interesting a stranger seemed to rouse them; and in her cheerful society they shook off insensibly a little of the weight that bowed them down.

At the end of a week, Sophy was a general favourite. She was pleasant-spoken, cheerful, and amiable; and, somehow or other, no one explained it to themselves, or were hardly conscious of it, but she shed a warming influence around. The house was far less sad since she had come in to it. They wished her to join them at meals; but her mother was unable from weakness to come down-stairs, and Sophy would not leave her; so this idea was abandoned.

Meanwhile, she began her trial of the children. They were gentle little creatures, brought up under a mother's eye, but not spoiled, so that Sophy's task was easy. They gave very little trouble. The girl was quite proud of learning to read; and even little Henry prattled his letters. Then they took agreeable walks in the park and in the lanes; sometimes a long ride in a carriage. Mrs Desmond generally accompanied them when she could leave her parents, but oftentimes they went out alone. Thus several months passed on, during which Sophy received two letters from William. He was already impatient to return, called her his dear little wife, and said a hundred things to prove his earnest and true affection. Mrs Lester, too, warmly clad, with good and wholesome food, and the object of unremitting care and attention, was a little better in her health, so that this was truly a golden period in Sophy's life.

About six months after their arrival at Leascombe Park, little Harry fell ill—very ill. The malady was a fever; and he was instantly removed to a retired part of the house. Sophy at once constituted herself his nurse and guardian; but Mrs Desmond would not give up her mother's right. They both, therefore, remained with him night and day, taking now and then a little sleep in an arm-chair. It was on the third night, about midnight, and the danger was said to be passed. The little sufferer was in a sound and encouraging sleep; and Mrs Desmond, wearied and exhausted, had gone to sleep likewise. Sophy remained awake, and, to pass the time, had taken out her packet of William's letters from her pocket, and was reading them. She had nearly got through them once more, when she was startled by the voice of Mrs Desmond. On looking up she saw the young widow, who was now awake, gazing at her earnestly.

'What are you reading so intently?' said she.

'William Harvey's letters,' replied Sophy, blushing, and yet smiling faintly.

'You remind me of happy days, Miss Lester,' continued Mrs Desmond, 'when I as gladly pored over my poor Arthur's letters. What sort of hand does your betrothed write?'—Sophy quietly handed her an open letter.

'Merciful God! what do I see?' cried Mrs Desmond with a half-shriek. 'O Sophy, it is no common curiosity that urges me:

may I read these letters? It is matter of life and death—to you—to us—to all!'

'There is nothing I wish to hide in them,' said the amazed girl. 'Read them if you will.'

Mrs Desmond drew the lamp near to her and read them through. This done, she rose. 'Miss Lester, I will explain all to you presently; but I must go wake my father and mother. Will you watch the boy for half an hour? You must trust me with your letters. Fear not: they are as precious to me as to you; but they shall be returned;' and Mrs Desmond hurried away, leaving Sophy alone.

The girl was so thunderstruck, that she could not even endeavour to explain to herself the mystery. What could William Harvey be to them? It was useless racking her brain, so she turned to watch the child.

An hour passed, and Mrs Desmond had not returned. Sophy felt quite ill from anxiety. Suddenly, Mrs Desmond came softly into the room, accompanied by Sir Edward and Lady Templeton. The first act of the young widow was to run up to Sophy and fold her in her arms.

'My sister, my dear sister!' said she.

'What mean you, madam?' cried Sophy in amazement.

'Dear girl! that you have brought hope and happiness to this house. William Harvey is Henry Templeton, my brother, lost to us, we thought, for ever; but now restored by you.'

'William Harvey is your brother?'

'Listen!' said the father, taking her hand, and motioning for all to be seated. 'I was in my youth, and I fear am still now upon occasion, a headstrong and violent man. My boy, doubtless, has inherited a portion of my character. Sad events in years gone by induced me to attempt the cure of so radical a defect. I succeeded almost wholly, grieving much, however, to see that my Henry had inherited my fault. I tried by every art to cure him, but in vain. He was a good, generous, noble boy, but at times passionate and headstrong. He chose the sea as a profession, against my desire and command. I was sure that, with his character, he would never suit the service. But he would go; and for four years matters went on well enough. But it is now about a year ago, or a little more, that I was sitting taking my wine after dinner, when I heard a violent ring at the door, and in a few minutes my boy entered in the dress of a common sailor.

"My Harry!" exclaimed I; "but in what a costume!"

"I have left the service. Captain Elton put me in irons for twenty-four hours for mutiny, as he called it, because I told him that he wasn't speaking to a dog. He then reprimanded me before the whole crew, and released me. That night I got my chest ashore, with the connivance of the crew, ran away, and here I am, father."

"Good God!" cried I, "you a deserter! Return, sir, at once to your ship—I command you. I will use my influence to have your punishment made as slight as possible. But return, sir, on the instant to your ship."

"I will never return," he said firmly.

'My old temper got the mastery of me. "Do you dare to disobey me?" I exclaimed, advancing towards him with my hand raised.

"Do you wish to kill me, as you did your brother?" he replied with flashing eyes.

'My passion was now ungovernable; but it suffocated me, and I sank on a chair. Yes, in a fit of passion, I did strike a brother, who died a year later—I always thought from the effect of that blow. But it was cruel of my child to remind me of so fatal an act; and yet it calmed me; and a minute later, I opened my eyes to speak gently to my bad boy: he was gone; and from that hour I have never seen him, and probably never should, had it not been for you. I know him. He has made up his mind never more to see a father who threatened to strike him. Severely, then, have I been punished for an instant of passion; but God is good, and has directed your steps this way. In you we put our trust. Will you restore to us our child?'

'I will do anything in my power to serve you, sir,' said the wondering Sophy timidly.

'Understand me, child. You are our daughter henceforth. I would not thwart my boy again. He is a man, and has chosen for himself. We heartily approve his choice. Besides, we owe you a debt of eternal gratitude: we leave it to Henry to reward you.'

'But I am not worthy'—— began Sophy.

'Hush! my child,' said Lady Templeton; 'you are in every way worthy. You are gentle, kind, and sensible—just the wife for a man like Harry. Besides, he has chosen you: in you we put our trust to restore him to us.'

'Shall I write to him?' asked Sophy.

'Yes, my dear,' continued Sir Edward; 'but as William Harvey the sailor. Give him no suspicion of where you are, or of your knowing who he is. We must have him safe here by some means before he makes any discovery; we might else lose him again. And now recollect, you are no longer a governess: you are the companion and friend of Helen.'

'But I may teach the children?'

'Certainly; but we will get them a nursery-governess all the same, dear child. There must be no mistake as to your position in the house. Besides, if you do not object, you might spend the time previous to his return in learning many things that may be useful to you. Harry is passionately fond of music.'

And so they went on talking for an hour, until Mrs Desmond *feared they would disturb* the child, and sent her parents gently to

bed. She, however, and Sophy remained awake all night, the young girl telling the whole story of her acquaintance with William Harvey, whose chest had, on its arrival with their luggage, excited surprise by its weight, though, despite its resemblance to that of the young sailor, no one for a moment imagined it to be his.

III.

Next day, a room adjacent to that of Mrs Desmond—a charming room, beautifully furnished—was given to Sophy, or Miss Lester, as she was usually called. She had, too, a lady's-maid placed entirely at her orders. Her mother's apartment was selected as near to her as possible. Mrs Lester felt as if in a dream. She could hardly be brought to understand the truth at first, so bewildering were the circumstances. But how the poor widow rejoiced when she became a little calmer! Her dearest hopes were more than realised, and the future of her Sophy was now brilliant indeed.

Mrs Desmond herself undertook the finishing of Sophy's education. They devoted nearly the whole day to study in common; and the widow was surprised to find, that if she could teach Sophy some things, she in return could teach her many others. In return for music and singing, she imparted to her a taste for certain authors, which had hitherto been to her as sealed books. It was doubly delightful to read them, since they were Henry's!

Another letter came from him, dated Calcutta, saying that he was going a voyage as second-mate to the South Seas; and in this there occurred the following singular passage: 'Should you have an opportunity, make inquiries as to the health of a Sir Edward and Lady Templeton, and their daughter, Mrs Desmond. But as you love my peace and happiness, do not betray my having evidenced any interest in them. They were kind to me when I was young; but I shall never see them again, for reasons known only to myself. Still, I should be glad to know that they are well.' This paragraph caused deep grief to all—to Sophy more than any one, as it seemed to denote a feeling somewhat difficult to be conquered, and a headstrong character of rather unpromising tone. Still, they all lived in hope.

Sophy pursued her accomplishments with activity, taking a great delight especially in music, for which she had an excellent ear. She did not neglect the children, although they had, for form's sake, another governess. They were in a great degree a happy and united family, though anxiety for the return of the young Hope of Leascombe caused many moments of pain and sorrow; the more that from that day they had no more letters, nor any tidings of the vessel in which Henry had sailed from Calcutta. They made every inquiry—they wrote to merchants and agents; and then, at the

end of sixteen months, the ship was reported missing. Again there were sorrow and mourning in that house. No one gave up all hope, but they could not have much faith in the future. They began to fear at last, that either Henry was lost, or that he had been captured by some of the roving privateers of our neighbours the French.

IV.

The schooner *William Pitt* left Calcutta with an assorted cargo to trade in the South Seas. It was not a large vessel, and had few hands. There was the skipper, a mate, a second-mate, and four men, a boy serving as steward and cook. They were well armed, as they expected to deal with the natives, who were then very apt to take violent possession of articles intended for barter. Besides, they intended to do a little smuggling on the South American coast, if possible—this being in fact the real, the other rather the ostensible object of the voyage. But this was known only to the skipper and an illiterate sailor, who owned his post of first-mate to his being the skipper's brother. Harvey had been taken more for his scientific knowledge than for anything else. His place, therefore, was pleasant enough; as the others, having to trust their movements entirely to him, shewed him great deference and attention. He had none of the hard labour of the shipboard duties, being, in fact, more like the captain than the owner himself.

They sailed from Calcutta just after the April monsoon, along the coast of Sumatra and Java, worked round by Borneo, and then made for New Zealand, touching at all these places; they afterwards visited the Tonga and Marquesas Islands—the whole occupying about five months. At this juncture—they were about to sail from one of the Society Islands—the skipper called a solemn cabinet council; present himself, his brother, and William Harvey, as he was here called.

'Now, messmates,' said he, 'fill your pannikins, and stand by for a bit of a yarn. You see we've been a-knocking about these last five months, a-doing just nothing at all—but that's neither here nor there. It ain't cost much for victuals, as I've done a pretty good trade with the savages. But now I've got upon fresh ground, I'm a-going to do a stroke of serious business. The Spaniards aren't easy to trade with, because they have laws and a lingo I don't understand; but I've got a good cargo below of tobacco, silks, tea, coffee —things as all do, some for one place, and some for another. But if I goes and pays duty for these things, it ain't worth my while: I might as well sail for Lunnun. But now, my boys, I once was mate in a slaver—but that's not new—and I learned a deal at that trade. I know one or two nice little bays where we can run in and lie snug, and do a little business. Here's my brother speaks Spanish better

than e'er a Don of them. So what say you, William? Will you go with us, and lead the men?'

'I will go myself, and I answer for the men,' replied Harvey quickly. 'I'm not fond of any governments; and I can see no harm in doing business against the laws of Spain.'

'Spoken like a man, say I!' exclaimed the skipper, by name Red Thorn. 'But why are you so confident about the men?'

'Because they would follow me anywhere. Didn't I pick the crew myself? They'd throw you overboard if I told them to do so,' said William Harvey quietly.

'The deuce they would!' cried the startled skipper. 'Ha! ha! ha! I like that, though; hang me if I don't. You're the sort of chap for us. So, now, just push off the course to Valdivia. Hanged if I know where it is; but I know it when I see it.'

'Very good, sir,' said William Harvey quietly; 'I'll see exactly to-morrow. How's her head?' This was shouted to the man at the wheel.

'Sou'-west, sir.'

'Put her at south until midnight, and then south-east,' replied William Harvey.

'What a head he has got!' exclaimed the skipper, holding up his hands in amazement, and opening his eyes wide; for he himself, Harvey was already aware, knew nothing of navigation. This was his first voyage; and how he ventured out under such circumstances was a mystery. Harvey had shipped mysteriously. He had left his own vessel from some difference with his captain, and was doing nothing, when one night a man called upon him, and declared himself to be in want of a second-mate who knew navigation well, and could, in fact, take charge of a vessel at need. He had heard that William Harvey was his man, and offered him good wages for himself and any four men who would join. He wished, he said, to sail secretly, to avoid certain formalities and dues; so he lay concealed in a creek, known only to himself. If, then, the young man accepted his offer, he must come on board at midnight.

Harvey agreed at once. The affair pleased him. He was pleased at the secrecy, and even by the suspicious aspect of the whole matter: it looked piratical. But since the young man, in a fit of passion, had thrown off the yoke of discipline, he tried to blind himself to his own errors, by throwing the blame on the captain, the government, the laws—on anything rather than his own headstrongness. He took a kind of fierce delight in defying the law. At midnight, he was at the boat with four of his comrades, whom he had tempted away from the ship he had himself left. They found the skipper waiting for them. Nō words passed; they entered the boat, and pushed off. The four men began at once to pull, while the stranger steered. Harvey, who had taken a brace of pistols under his top-coat, sat near the skipper. It was a dark and windy

night; but the man seemed to know his way. For four hours he advanced, until at last he bade them pull gently, and suddenly entered a narrow creek, the entrance to which was all but invisible. It was very narrow indeed. They did not proceed far before they saw a light, and then heard a cry.

'Who goes there?'

'Red Thorn,' replied the skipper, 'with a jolly crew. All right.'

In an instant, they were alongside a schooner, which rode with bare poles in that secluded spot, surrounded by trees and jungle. They were glad enough to get on board; and as soon as they had enjoyed a hearty supper, they retired to rest. At a very early hour, however, they were roused up to haul the vessel out of its strange dock. This was effected with some difficulty; but all was happily got over, and at length they were in the open sea.

The ship-boy was about sixteen, and a greater slave never trod a deck. The captain was brutish in his manners, but evidently a coward; so he lavished his ferocity on the poor lad, who was driven hither and thither by his master like a patient dog. He worked night and day, and never grumbled. The captain would constantly threaten to shoot him like a dog. William Harvey pitied him; but he knew himself. He knew that if he interfered, and the captain hesitated to acquiesce in his desires, there would be a scene and a quarrel, and he could not trust his own temper; so he shut his eyes to the other's bad conduct, and contented himself with the feeling, that he was exercising a laudable self-denial in not interfering with the captain, whom he had no right to school. He was himself uniformly kind to the lad, by whom he was beloved as by the men.

This was the state of affairs at the moment when they turned their heads towards Valdivia, a place they were never destined to reach.

V.

A few days later, the wind suddenly increased to a gale, and they found themselves obliged to take in nearly all sail. It was clear to William Harvey from the first that they were about to pass through a severe storm—and he told the skipper so. Thorn turned very pale. Although an old sailor, he was obviously a coward; at least, although he had scarcely ever shewn any unmanly fear before, during the whole of this voyage he seemed afflicted by a sudden and unaccountable timidity. 'I leave it all in your hands,' he said quickly.

'I will do what is in my power,' replied William Harvey.

Thorn did not reply, but went below with his brother, drank with him nervously whole goblets of raw rum, and then they both turned in, leaving everything to our young hero, the four men, and the boy.

'A bad-looking sky, sir,' said the boy timidly. He was standing by Harvey on the quarter-deck.

'Very bad, Bob; I don't half like it; but, please God, we'll get over it.'

'I don't know. I never thought we'd ever end this voyage well,' mused the boy.

'Why so, Bob?'

'I don't know. I suppose it's only idear. But I never do.'

'Nonsense. Because you get blowed up a bit, you think it must end badly. Mind your helm, Peters; keep her straight before it.'

The gusts increased, grew more violent every moment, and soon became almost a hurricane. The sky was as black as night, although lurid flashes of lightning illumined the scene every five minutes, seeming to burst from clouds over their heads. The sea came rolling on now in vast billows, then breaking in short waves. Some of these swept the deck, and forced all to lay hold of the first ropes they could catch, to preserve their footing. The wind howled demoniacally in the rigging, and came with sudden gusts or blasts that threatened to lay the schooner every moment on her beam-ends.

William Harvey kept his eye about him everywhere, and looked anxiously now at the masts working wildly in their sockets, now at the shrouds and stays. 'We must lie-to close hauled,' he said to Peters. At that instant, a wave of vast dimensions came rushing madly on, dashed against the starboard bulwarks, broke and fell with awful force on the deck, blinding Harvey for a moment, and forcing him to look only to his own preservation. He shook himself, and stood erect to view the evil done. The main-mast was over the side; the vessel had been almost submerged by the mere weight of the wave; and Bob lay senseless in a flood of water by the lee-scuppers. Having raised him up, his next act was to rush with an axe to the larboard rigging, which he cut away, so that the mast lay completely free overboard, dragging behind. He then turned to Bob, who was recovering from the stunning blow he had received. He laid him down on a spare sail, and examined his wound. It was simply a great bruise, but not likely to be dangerous.

'I know'd it, I know'd it,' he muttered, as he recovered himself. 'We shall never get home: murder never prospers!'

'Murder! What mean you?' cried Harvey in a low tone.

'I don't care if he does kill me—I will tell,' groaned the boy. 'I 've always wished to, but he swore he 'd murder me too.'

'Peters, keep a sharp look-out. That puff was, I think, the worst of it. I shall go below for half an hour with Bob in the forecastle. Call me if there 's the least change.'

'Ay, ay, sir!' said Peters. Harvey saw at once that the worst of the gale was over. He wished to have taken measures to have saved the main-mast, but he deferred that until he had heard the

boy's confession. He aided him, then, below, and laying him in his berth, bade him speak. And this was the boy's story:

The real name of the schooner *William Pitt* was the *Ganges*, and she was usually devoted to the coasting-trade. She had been built for commerce between Calcutta and Bombay, and was the property of one Matthew Finlayson, who also, like a thrifty Scotchman, commanded his own vessel. He had made in his time much money, and purposed retiring shortly from active business, and giving up the concern to Thorn, the mate. But it seemed this did not suit that worthy's purposes. He knew that Finlayson always kept his cash about him, and conceived a desire to obtain possession, not only of the other's vessel, but his fortune. For this purpose, he allied himself with his brother, who was always his companion, and together they determined to effect their purpose, no matter by what means. The *Ganges* was fitted out for the voyage to Bombay in the creek already alluded to—her conduct not being exactly within the strict letter of the law—and her crew was already chosen, and had received orders to join their vessel at a certain fixed date. Three days before, Thorn rose early one morning and went ashore, accompanied by his brother. They made for the cabin inhabited by Matthew Finlayson, and knocking, were admitted. The boy rose himself and let them in, while the skipper asked them what they wanted.

'You!' said Thorn, giving him a sudden blow upon the head with a heavy stick, that stretched him lifeless on the floor. The brother gave him a second blow as severe, and the victim never moved afterwards.

'Let us kill the youngster,' said the brother.

'No! I want him. He's a good cook,' said Thorn. 'Now, you young rascal,' added he, 'none of your nonsense. If ever you speak of this, I 'll serve you as I have served him.'

The boy vowed to be true and faithful, frightened as he was, and then went on board with them. Thorn set out immediately for Calcutta, while his brother remained behind to guard the ship and the lad. The next night the new skipper returned with her crew, and the schooner sailed.

VI.

William Harvey sat like one in a dream when the boy had finished his story. And this was the end of his youthful career! His headstrong folly had brought him in league with robbers and assassins. He was liable at any moment to be taken up, not only for being in a ship without papers, sailing under a false name, but as a pirate and thief. His whole life flashed before him: his foolish defiance of his venerable and really kind superior officer—his quarrel with his father

—his abandonment of home—his second quarrel with the merchant captain; and he felt sick. But he resolved now, right or wrong—and here he acted with his usual impetuosity—to have no future connection with such ruffians as those by whom he was now commanded.

'Come on deck, Bob,' he said to the boy. 'You feel better now. But tell me, if I defend you against this man, will you be true to me?'

'Mr Harvey, I will be your slave,' began Bob.

'I don't want a slave; I want a good and obedient boy,' said Harvey. 'Now follow me, and go call the captain.'

The young man went on deck, followed by the trembling boy. Shortly after, Harvey went quietly below, and armed himself with a cutlass and a pair of pistols. He then sternly bade the men go do the same. They asked no questions, but all, save the man at the wheel, did as they were bid.

'Tell the skipper and his brother,' said William, 'that they must come on deck instantly.'

The storm still raged, but with somewhat less fury than before, the wind having abated somewhat, but not the waves. The sky was still dark and gloomy, clouds still coursed along the heavens, and lightning occasionally flashed. Nowhere was there the slightest sign of land or of human aid, and the schooner was all but disabled.

At this juncture, the skipper and his brother, uttering horrid oaths, came tumbling up the companion-way.

'Why, what's the matter now, that a fellow must be roused out of his sleep?' began Thorn.

'The matter is, that I arrest you both as murderers and pirates!' said Harvey, collaring the skipper, and clapping a pistol to his breast, while the men instinctively imitated him.

'That's you, you young serpent!' exclaimed Thorn, who turned ghastly pale, but offered no resistance. 'Jack was right—I should have cracked your head too.'

'There, master, you hear,' said Bob retreating.

'What you have said,' continued William Harvey sternly, 'is proof enough of what I arrest you for. My men, I take these two fellows into custody for the wilful murder of Matthew Finlayson, and for running away piratically with his ship. Aid me first to secure them, and I will then explain all.'

They made no resistance; they held down their heads, and suffered themselves to be manacled without a word. William Harvey, capturing them thus on the high seas, after so many months, in a fearful storm, seemed a kind of judgment upon them for their sins; and they felt already as if they had the fatal rope round their necks.

They were placed in a small open space in the hold, where Bob and one of the men had previously lain, while Harvey took possession of their cabin. He first addressed the crew in a brief speech,

told the terrible tale that Bob had communicated to him, and then warned them of the fearful consequences that might have ensued had they rendered themselves in any way the accomplices of the criminals. He undertook to take them home to Calcutta, there to throw themselves on the mercy of the law, and to give up the guilty to justice.

The men with one accord agreed to trust entirely to him, and to follow him, if need be, to the end of the world.

Harvey thanked them, and expressed his conviction that they would be rewarded instead of punished for their conduct. He then directed the mast, the storm having now completely abated, to be fished up from alongside, so that they might try and replace it in some fashion. For this purpose, he proposed to put into one of the islands they had left behind them, and there refit and prepare in every way for the journey home. The unfortunate schooner was accordingly fitted with jury-masts, and turned in the direction of the nearest island that its young commander found on the map.

The breeze was now warm and genial, and brought to them pleasing feelings after the excitement of the last few days. The prisoners were allowed to come on deck, with a strict injunction to confine their conversation to one another, as Harvey feared that, with their wily tongues and stores of gold, they might tamper with the men.

This order was obeyed with reluctance, as the society of fellow-criminals is never very pleasant or agreeable. But William Harvey felt no merciful feelings towards them. He could not but feel ashamed of much in the past, but he still laid more to the fault of others than to himself.

They were but seven days' easy sail from the island selected, and accordingly on the sixth they began keeping strict watch. It had been agreed that two men should keep watch in turn, although, in the event of rough weather, the prisoners, under careful precautions, were to be called on to work for their lives. There were many necessary things, too, to do, that Harvey ordered them to perform, under the penalty of stopping their meals. They sullenly acquiesced, utterly subjugated by the commanding tones of the young officer.

He was on deck with one man and the boy on the morning of the seventh day, and had announced that about twelve he expected to see land. At that hour, Peters came up with his watch to dinner, which Bob was diligently preparing.

'Bob!' exclaimed the captain suddenly, who had a telescope in his hand—'go aloft.'

The boy ran up the fore-rigging with extreme agility.

'Now look out about nor'-west!' cried Harvey, pointing in that direction with his glass.

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'Do you see anything?'

The men came crowding up in a state of great anxiety.

'No, sir.'

'Look again.'

'Land, oh! I see it—a little hill popping up like a cloud out of the water!' screamed the boy with delight, while the three men whispered their admiration of their young commander's accuracy and ability.

'Excellent, Bob! Now, come down, and give us dinner, after which we 'll splice the main-brace.'

Bob came down quite elated, handed out the boiled fish and peas, which they were about to eat on the deck, took the prisoners their portion, who sat amid-ships, smoking sullenly, and then relieved the man at the wheel, a task he was always fond of. Harvey gave him strict injunctions to keep steadily his course, and then sat quietly down to his dinner. He added a bottle or two of some good wine that had been usually drunk at the captain's table, and thus cautiously helping himself and the men, kept them talking and chatting for a couple of hours. He then rose to his feet.

'There! the island, my boys,' he said, as they followed his example. About five miles distant, lay a small island, green grassy, but not very elevated out of the water. There was a hill in the middle, but not a lofty one, and this was covered with trees. It looked pleasant, cheerful, and welcome enough; so the men hailed their arrival with three cheers. 'I don't know about its inhabitants,' continued Harvey; 'so arm yourselves, and uncover the swivel, of which I declare Bob the captain. But, now, mark me—no bad conduct with the natives, or we shall get the worst of it. We are few in number, and must be very cautious. You have behaved like men, and I hope I shall be able to report the same at home.'

The crew cheered him heartily, promising to obey him still, and Harvey felt the advantage of having selected four steady, well-behaved, docile men. He had chosen them because they were the opposites in many things of his own character. They were also always sober on duty, and married men, who thought of their wives and children in England. They were much older than William, but they were mere sailors, though Harvey had begun instructing them in navigation, at their own request, as his conduct had inspired them with ambition.

They were in another hour close to the shore. It was a beautiful spot. William had made for what looked like the opening of a bay; and scarcely had he placed the schooner's head right for it, when he perceived a crowd of men on the shore, close to some huts, and beheld the carcass of a large brig, quite overgrown by moss and creeping-plants.

'My God!' he cried, 'what Providence has brought me hither? But let us be on our guard, boys. These may be Christians like ourselves, or they may be cannibals. Hoist the English flag, Bob, and fire a gun.'

The lad rushed to obey. First, he hauled the ensign to the top of the main jury-mast, and then rushing to his dear Long Tom, as he called the swivel, he fired it off. Scarcely had the echoes died away, when a boat, manned by eight men, and in which sat also one steering, put off.

'That's an English cutter,' cried William. 'Send the prisoners below instantly, and stand by your arms.'

The schooner was advancing slowly up the bay, within a musket-shot of the shore. The cutter was now nearly alongside.

'What ship is that?—answer, in the name of Heaven!' cried one in English, his voice choked with emotion.

'The *Ganges*, bound for Calcutta,' replied William, equally moved; 'putting in for water, and to refit.'

'May I come on board?' continued the other, in so faint a voice he could scarcely be heard.

'Come on board; but, until we have had an explanation, if you please, alone.'

'Certainly, sir, certainly,' said the other; and in two minutes more he stood upon the deck.

He was a man of about fifty, whose long beard, white hair, dark features, and strange apparel, with axe, sword, and pistols, gave him the air of a semi-savage, semi-pirate. He was a fine man, but much care-worn.

'Blessed be God!' said he, falling on his knees, 'for ye are the first Christian men I have seen, save my companions in misfortune, for seventeen long years.'

'Compose yourself,' replied Harvey gently: 'you are with Englishmen, and therefore with friends. Peters, a glass of wine.'

'I thank you, sir; I needed it. The hope, perhaps vain, of leaving this place, and of once more seeing England, has been too much for me,' he continued.

'I know not what we may do with this poor craft,' said William Harvey; 'but if it be practicable, not one shall remain behind. But you seem numerous.'

'There are eleven Christians; the rest are our good friends the natives, who will, I fancy, be sorry to part with us. You are the captain, sir?' he asked timidly, as if just remarking his youth.

'I am; but pardon me, sir—I must attend to my schooner. Pray, bid your friends rejoin in an hour. We shall then have explained ourselves. In all sail; let go the anchor.'

The poor Englishman gently bade his companions go on shore, and come back in an hour with such fresh provisions as they could muster, as they were with good friends, disposed to do all they could wish. They gave a loud English cheer, and pulled at once for shore.

The schooner being once at anchor, Harvey left Peters in command of the deck, with strict injunctions to keep off all intruders, and to remain armed until he came up again. He then descended

to the cabin, caused the stranger to be seated, and bade him tell his story.

VII.

'My name, my dear sir,' he began, 'is Edward Lester, once a captain of an East Indiaman'——

'What name did you say?' gasped William.

'Edward Lester!' repeated the other, quite startled.

'Do you know that signature?' asked William, hurriedly opening a letter, and shewing the following words: 'Yours ever, my dear William, Sophy Lester.'

'Speak, man!' cried the other, grasping his hand convulsively—'can it be my child; and she, my wife'—— He could say no more.

'You must be that long-lost Edward Lester. Merciful God! thy ways are inscrutable. Your wife is well, still mourning ever for you.'

'God be for ever blessed!' said the poor man meekly. 'And you?'

'I am, with your permission, the affianced husband of Sophy Lester'——

'Whom God has sent to deliver me from bondage. But tell me all—how you met them—what they are doing.'

William briefly told all he knew.

'Heaven bless them! And now, my dear friend, I owe you my story. I sailed from Calcutta seventeen years ago, to come home by order round Cape Horn, and was wrecked with fifteen men there where you see the carcass of my brig. One life only was lost; and we saved cargo, and everything but the ship. We found the island inhabited by an inoffensive race of beings, whom we soon made our friends. We became, in fact, one family. Most of our crew married native women; and, save our poignant regrets for home, were comparatively happy. But we all have longed, and still long for England—that has been the hope of every hour; and now I dare look forward to a chance of its being realised. Three of our crew perished in a wild attempt to gain another island at a great distance: of the remainder, two, I know, will not quit the spot. They were very young, and married, and have children, whom they love beyond home. There are nine, then, in all, who desire a passage. I know your position is difficult, but I answer for my crew. At first, turbulent enough, they are now steady fellows, who will obey you as they should, grateful enough to be taken home at any price. Could you not leave your prisoners?'

'I could wish to do so; but where are my proofs of innocence save in the bringing forward of the guilty? My dear sir, if I let these men go, I and my crew proclaim ourselves pirates and murderers. Besides, they deserve punishment; and to leave them here would be to punish your colonists.'

'True, true. But now, from this moment, command us all. The island and its contents are at your disposal.'

'Thank you. In the first place, I wish the prisoners taken ashore, and placed under strict guard: you answer for your subjects.'

'As certainly as any other despot. But my tyranny, founded on their own choice, and capable of being overthrown in an instant, is far more powerful.'

'Let us go on shore, then, at once,' said William, leading the way.

The prisoners, well secured, were put into the schooner's boat; then all the crew followed with Harvey and the still wondering Lester, and in a few minutes stood upon terra firma. They were surrounded at once by about fifty men, as many women, and a number of children, all speaking English, or attempting to do so. They were wholly unarmed, arms being prohibited except for hunting, the natives being as yet so far uncivilised as to be ignorant of the art of war. A grand banquet was given to the new-comers, and then plans were entered into for the future. The nine men signed articles at once as portion of the crew, while the other two offered to do the same if their wives and children could accompany them. This Harvey could not consent to, from the size of the schooner, but promised to indicate their position so publicly, that some vessel must soon visit them.

Next day, all set to work, English and natives, although the latter laboured sadly enough, every one wishing his white friends to remain. But they only shook their heads, and still did their best to assist. The schooner was refitted, its mast set up firmly; it was provisioned amply for the home journey, and at the end of a month all was ready. Harvey, however, now agreed to remain a few days, that his men might rest and survey the island, which was small, but rich in fruits, fish, trees, and different kinds of wild-fowl according to the season. It was full, too, of sheep—a circumstance that was one source of delight to the natives, who owed this great blessing, as well as domestic ducks and fowls, to the brig being well stocked.

Captain Lester had, after one or two years, allowed his men and the natives to treat the brig as a complete wreck, and to take such goods as they thought fit. So they had an ample supply of tea and sugar, wore silks, rich shawls, and became wild dandies. Every man had a neat house, and many comforts; so that nearly the whole had a half inclination to stop after all, and even talked of returning, if they found no friends alive in England; as did indeed two some years later.

At last the schooner set forth on its long journey, in proper trim, well provisioned, splendidly manned, and by a willing crew, with two experienced officers at their head.

The prisoners had begged to be left behind; but not only did Harvey give the reasons already mentioned for not leaving them,

but the islanders refused to receive them on any condition. Murder was a thing unknown there, and excited such horror in the simple minds of the natives, that on their departure, the cabin in which they had lived was burned to the ground, and a post erected to mark the spot where two men-slayers had once dwelt.

The voyage was rapid and prosperous. The old captain was perhaps even more impatient than William to get home. The letters of his child spoke doubtingly of her mother's health, and the long-exiled sailor wished once more to see his wife, whom he had never forgotten, any more than the dear babe he had left with her. Harvey, too, was deeply anxious for this reunion; and his daily dream was of the joy his Sophy would feel when he brought back her father to bless their union. There were thoughts in his heart, too, of his own father, but these he kept down, unwilling to acknowledge his errors even to himself.

At last, to the delight of all, they arrived at the mouth of the Ganges—to the delight of all save the murderers, who now were the cowards most criminals of their nature are when the deed is done, found out, or even suspected. Just as they were about to enter the Ganges, an armed government schooner hailed them.

'What schooner is that?' asked the commander in a loud voice, sidling right up to them.

'The *Ganges*,' replied William in a calm voice.

'Where from?' said the other in shriller tones.

'From the South Seas, bound for Calcutta,' continued William.

'Lie to, then, and let the captain come on board,' said the other in ironical tones, that William Harvey well understood.

He, however, instantly obeyed, and stood in a few moments on the deck of the *Devastation* in a firm but respectful attitude.

'And pray who are you, sir?' asked a naval officer in a severe tone, while officers and crew of the armed schooner crowded round.

'William Harvey, captain of the *Ganges*, with the assassins of Matthew Finlayson on board.'

'Who are you, then?' said the officer, somewhat staggered, and staring at our adventurer.

'I declare, sir, that I shipped as second-mate of this schooner, under mysterious circumstances, that suited my age and disposition. But during a storm, learning from a terrified lad the manner in which my officer came into possession of the schooner, I mutinied, and took the command. I came home as fast as I could; but, providentially, putting into an island to refit, I have been able to bring away the captain and crew of the *Three Presidencies*, wrecked seventeen years ago.'

'I believe you, young man. Your manner is sufficient. But I may tell you that Finlayson is not dead. You have acted, however, like a man, and may expect the gratitude of government and of the owner of yonder schooner. What you say of the *Three Presidencies* is

really wonderful. But go back to your ship, Captain Harvey; we will sail up in company.'

Next day, William Harvey was the lion of Calcutta. The prisoners were given up, tried on the evidence of Finlayson himself and the boy, and sentenced to severe terms of imprisonment. The consignees of the *Three Presidencies* gave Harvey a handsome letter to the owner in London, and the command of a vessel bound thither, with the consent of the authorities; and so Harvey and Lester sailed for England.

VIII.

More than a year had passed without news of the wanderer, and the inhabitants of Leascombe began to lose all hope. The father was half inclined to think that his son might have taken offence at some word or expression in Sophy's letters; or that, as changeable as he was violent, he had again sought other affections. None would allow that it could be possible for any evil to have happened to him. The mind of man is not easily disposed to look at the worst side of events. Some natures there may be so constituted as to paint everything in black; but such were none at Leascombe. Sir Edward himself always thought that Harry had sailed on some fresh voyage, or that he had gone up the country, or entered into some foreign service. He never supposed for one moment that tempest or battle had deprived him of his son. Lady Templeton grieved in silence, said little, but hoped on ever. Sophy, though anxious and sometimes terrified, lived still in hope, and pursued her studies with avidity.

The society of Mrs Desmond, her reading, and her own natural character, had made of the humble Sophy a thorough gentlewoman. In thought and feelings she had always been so; but there is a certain refinement and polish never acquired but by constant association with the high-bred and highly educated.

Sophy in her secret heart had many painful misgivings about the prodigal son. She set too little store by her own powers of fascination, to believe herself capable of enchaining permanently the affections of any man. She believed that William Harvey had taken more than a fancy to her—a very sincere affection; but she thought it quite possible he might change. At other times, she had more hope on this point, but more firm hope on another. She traced a strange similarity in the fortunes of her father and her lover, and at length allowed herself to believe that perhaps some fate similar to that of her dear parent had befallen the young man. His last letter had been so cheerful, so hopeful, so affectionate, it was scarcely possible to think that in so short a time he had forgotten one he had entertained any real affection for.

It was early in May, and the breakfast-parlour was laid out,

awaiting its several guests. Mrs Desmond and Sophy came down first, then Mrs Lester, and a few minutes later Sir Edward and Lady Templeton. It was a charming morning, the trees were all in bud, many flowers were in bloom, and the sun shone serenely on the loan and park. The window was open, and the perfumed fragrance of morning came in, with still an odour of the sea-breeze, though the sea was five miles distant. The breakfast was instantly brought in, and Mrs Desmond, as usual, took the place of honour to pour out the tea.

'How long is it now, Miss Lester,' said Sir Edward, 'since you heard from my dear boy?' This was a question the father generally asked about twice a week.

'It is now, Sir Edward, nearly fourteen months,' replied Sophy gently. He was scarcely conscious how often the same question had been similarly replied to.

'It is a long, long time,' he continued. 'Would we could have some news!'

'I would we could!' echoed the mother with a deep sigh. There was a slight pause, and then there was a rustling at the door.

'Come in,' said Sir Edward simultaneously with the hurried entrance of the butler. 'What is it, Markham?' asked Sir Edward.

'A foreign letter, sir, for Miss Lester,' replied the butler in a low voice, and with some emotion. He was a servant who had been fifteen years in the family when Master Henry was born. All rose with one accord, and Sophy took the letter with a trembling hand.

'From Mr Henry, sir?' said the butler respectfully.

'I believe so, Markham,' replied Sir Edward in a trembling voice.

'Yes, Markham,' said Miss Lester.

'Thank you, sir—thank you, miss,' replied the butler, quite proud of the confidence; and then he retired.

'It is a very long letter,' said Sophy, blushing at the first words: 'may I just glance over it?'

'Of course, my dear girl. I am too happy to see his handwriting —God bless him!'

'Am coming home'—said Sophy, attempting to read aloud; but her voice trembled, and at length she said nervously: 'I cannot read it. Mrs Desmond will be kind enough.'

'Certainly, my dear,' replied the sister; and she began carefully and slowly to read the long letter. It told all that had happened, save the name of the rescued sailor. It finished thus:

'I am coming home, my dear Sophy, an altered man; not altered so far as you are concerned, but in many things. I do not suppose that my conduct or position will be much changed, but I hope to avoid many faults into which I have fallen in the course of my life. My terrible position in the schooner *Ganges*, headed by a murderer, whom my hasty temper brought me into contact with, brought home to me a lesson I shall not easily unlearn. I hope it may benefit me.

all the days of my life. God bless you! Perhaps I bring you news you little expect.'

'He means, I suppose,' said Sir Edward, 'that he will now own his family, and end this unfortunate separation.'

'O Heaven! if he meant something else,' cried Mrs Lester wildly.

'What, my dear madam?' asked the baronet kindly.

'If he meant that the rescued sailor was my poor long-lost husband,' she began.

'It is quite possible,' said Sir Edward musing.

'Do you think so?' asked Sophy timidly.

'I think the tone of his letter such, that this explanation is more likely to be correct than mine.'

'But, my dear mother, such a surprise would kill you,' faltered Sophy.

'No, my dear,' cried Mrs Lester; 'it is only grief that is fatal—joy never kills.'

'Then, my dear mother, it is true!' half shrieked Sophy—'it is true! Hear the rest: "Break it gently to your mother; but tell her that she may bless the day she met me, for I bring her home her husband, her own true, loving husband, whom, by the mercy of God, I have rescued from his seventeen years' imprisonment on a distant island of the South Seas."'

'My God!' was all the widow—widow no longer—could say.

'Wonderful indeed,' said the baronet. 'Mrs Lester, I congratulate you on your happiness. But in your own joy forget not us. I think my boy is coming home very well disposed to be all we could wish. He has perhaps not made up his mind to seek us, but I do not think he will avoid a meeting.'

'My dear sir, will you leave all to me?' said Sophy earnestly. 'I think I could manage him better than anybody. Nay, I am sure of it: let me at least try.'

'I trust wholly in you, Miss Lester—we all trust in you. Command—we obey. Restore to us our son, our hope, and our gratitude is illimitable.'

'And my husband is to be restored to me!' began Mrs Lester, beside whom her daughter was sitting.

'Yes, mamma; but do not excite yourself. You are not strong; and you must try to be well by the time he comes home.'

'He does not mention any particular time, I think I remarked?' said the baronet, who was anxious to read the letter himself, although too well-bred to exhibit such desire in any direct manner.

'Pray, read it yourself, sir; I have perused it rather hurriedly. Never mind,' she added blushing, 'the first few lines—it's all nonsense about me.'

'The simple truth, so far as it describes your charms and your character. I hope and believe it is equally so as regards his own *estimation of your worth*,' said the baronet emphatically. He then

eagerly devoured the letter, presently taking his wife aside, and reading it over to her; while Sophy and her mother, folded in each other's arms, talked anxiously of him who had been as it were raised from the dead.

'Come, come!' said Mrs Desmond suddenly: 'no one has taken any breakfast, which is neither wise nor prudent. I insist on everybody sitting down and doing justice to my fragrant tea and new eggs. You must all be well and strong to hail the return of Harry and his father-in-law.'

This well-timed speech brought them back to a little reason, and the breakfast proceeded. The rest of the day was spent in commenting on the letter.

Two days later, another came. It was brief and definite. William Harvey, as he still styled himself, had arrived in England. His ship required his presence for forty-eight hours; but after that he would be free, and would bring Mr Lester down to Newton-Alnway.

'To Newton-Alnway of course,' said Sophy; 'of course he thinks us there. You leave all to me. Well, mamma, you and I must set out to-night for the village and our old house for a couple of days. Ask me no questions. There shall be no delay; no, not the delay of an hour. But I must have a talk with him first. I will then bring him here; I answer for it.'

'God bless you!' said Lady Templeton.

'Act as you will,' added Sir Edward.

'Then, please, sir, let us have the carriage at once. Let it then be sent every morning to wait for us at the *Little Red Cow* above our village, and I promise to be here in little more than an hour after he arrives.'

The carriage was placed at their disposal; Mrs Lester and Sophy, dressed in their village costume, entered it, and drove down to Alnway. The cottage was inhabited by old friends, who readily gave it up for a week. Sophy was quite happy in her old home once more, although she felt she should never like again the drudgery she had once submitted to with so much complacency. But she was glad to renew her acquaintance with the sea, to see her old friends the children, and to talk with some of her young companions, now hard-working fisherwomen. Still, nothing drew her thoughts away from those who were coming; and it was with a wildly beating heart she saw, on the morning of the second day, two men descending the pathway to the house. They moved slowly, for one was obliged to lean on the other for support.

'My husband!'—'My wife!' was one cry, and the long-separated pair were folded in a trembling embrace.

'My dear Sophy!' said William Harvey, with a fond and happy smile, kissing her, sailor-like, on both cheeks. 'What a beautiful woman you have become!'

'You are only a little darker, and a little more manly,' replied she trembling.

'My dear girl!' exclaimed Mr Lester; 'but let this brave young man say his say to you, for to him we owe all under God's blessing.'

'We owe more than we can ever repay,' added the wife gently; 'but come in and sit down, my husband; I cannot stand.' The long-separated pair entered the cottage, leaving the lovers on the outer bench.

'And now, my dear friend,' began Sophy, after ten minutes had passed, 'now that we have spoken of ourselves, let us think of others. During your absence, my mother's illness compelled me to leave this place. We went to live in a family, where we have remained ever since. They have been very kind to us, and take a deep interest in our welfare. They made me promise to bring you to them at once. Besides, the owners of this house want to come back again. Will you oblige me, William, and do all I ask of you for one day?'

'For one day, and every day!' exclaimed William eagerly.

'Then do not let my friends wait longer,' said Sophy. 'Come, mamma, let us go home.'

'Are you not at home?' said Mr Lester curiously.

'No, papa. We left this because the sea-air was too keen for mamma; but you will like our other home better still. Mamma will tell you all about it as we walk. Let us make haste, because we promised to lose no time, you know.' And she took William's arm, and pressed on first. 'O William!' she said tenderly, 'what a blessing it is to find both one's parents alive! What a blessing to have a kind father and mother!'

'It is,' replied he with a sigh.

'You sigh, William dear,' she added; 'have you no father and mother?'

'No—that is—yes; but I am not friends with them,' faltered William.

'What! not friends with your father and mother, Willy? Why, how is that? How can people be unfriendly with their father and mother? There must surely be something dreadfully bad about them if their very son abandons them.'

'No, love; they are everything that is good and kind; and'——

'It is you, then, who must be a bad man!' said Sophy, gently taking away her arm. 'How can I respect a son who will not be friends with a good father and mother?'

'The fact is, my dear Sophy,' exclaimed William eagerly, 'it is simply that our tempers are different. We could not agree; we had a quarrel.'

'And do you mean to keep it up, William—a quarrel with your father and mother?' asked Sophy gravely.

'One cannot argue with you; but I will explain all, and leave you *to judge me. By* your advice I will then be guided.' And here

William Harvey told his story, calmly and dispassionately, without disclosing his name, but with scrupulous regard for truth, and rather for than against his father. So animated did he become, that he never remarked that for ten minutes he had been standing still, restrained from advancing by the gentle pressure of Sophy's arm. 'And now, my beloved,' said he fondly, 'what would you have me do? Command: I will obey.'

'I will have you, Henry Templeton, step with me into your father's carriage, and drive "home"—to your own home, and my home, where your parents are waiting for you with an impatience you can readily understand!'

'Henry Templeton! you know my name; you have been living in my father's house; your home is my home!' said the young man wildly.

'Within a few months of your departure, I became the inmate of Leascombe Park, as companion to your widowed sister; the handwriting of your letters did the rest. They have read them all, Henry,' said the young girl, now as timid as a child.

'Then let us go,' cried the young man—'let us go and ask their blessing.' And he leaped into the carriage, which, in twenty minutes, swept them up the broad avenue of the park, to stop only at the door of the hall.

Markham was standing there. Sir Edward and Lady Templeton were too much moved to come to meet them; but the servants raised such a clamour, that they knew all was right; and in one minute more, the Hope of Leascombe was embraced by his mother, while one warm pressure of the hand was sufficient explanation between father and son. That was the only reference ever made to their estrangement.

'God bless you, my dear father!' said Henry, when he saw that Mrs Desmond, Sophy, and her mother had left the room. 'I know not how to thank you.'

'For what, my boy? How the fellow has got himself burned and tanned! But speak, Harry.'

'For your kindness to Sophy—to Miss Lester. I hope that—I hope that'——

'What, my boy?'

'She is not here in any menial capacity?'

'She is here as my sister in heart, and as one who I hope will soon be my sister-in-law,' said Mrs Desmond, returning with Sophy beautifully and simply dressed.

Henry stood still, overwhelmed with very natural amazement. 'What!' said he, turning away to hide his deep emotion—'is this my punishment?'

'Harry, my boy,' exclaimed his father quickly, 'we discovered, during your absence, that you had selected her as your future bride, and we thought we should please you by making her the companion

of your sister. Miss Lester has done us the honour to reside with us almost ever since you set out on your journey.'

'How to thank you,' replied Henry, deeply moved, 'I know not.'

'To begin, let us sit quietly down to breakfast, Master Harry. I have myself seen to the domestic affairs this morning, and I expect you to do justice to it. Breakfast is waiting, and Markham is getting fidgety.'

And so they sat down to their morning meal with very different feelings from those of the last few years. Henry was bewildered. The whole was like a wild fantastic dream, but he felt most keenly all his father's kind and generous conduct. He considered his reception, and the explanation about Sophy, delicate in the extreme. That day the future of the young man was decided. The conduct of his parents completely upset all his preconceived notions. He felt how wrong he had been to yield to a momentary fit of passion; and he promised to himself, and kept his promise, that he would never again give way to sudden impulses.

Sir Edward managed the young man's return to the navy by the assistance of his old friend the captain of the frigate. This was done at Henry's own wish, and gratified his father, as an evidence of his son's anxious desire to please him. Henry then obtained leave of absence to be married, and Sophy became his wife. At the peace, he retired from the service; and now, old and well stricken in years, Sir Henry and Lady Templeton have around them children and grandchildren, to whom they inculcate the useful lesson—that in this world we must never expect to have everything our own way, or think that we ourselves are always right; and that passion and impulse are very evil counsellors in a life where sometimes a minute of thought may save a whole year of misery.

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

IN a state of ignorance persons are liable to numerous impositions; they are easily imposed on by rumours and reports which they have not the power of investigating, and still more easily imposed on by their own impressions or notions. Of all the impositions which have vexed the ignorant, a belief in the reality of spectral appearances has been one of the most ridiculous, yet one of the longest and most zealously supported. This belief was once current even among men reputed for their learning—that is, a kind of learning, not founded on a correct knowledge of nature—but, by the progress of inquiry, it has gradually been abandoned by persons of education, and now is maintained only by those whose minds have not been instructed on the subject. Considering that this belief, like every other error, is injurious to happiness, and that, in a particular manner, the young require to be put on their guard against it, we propose, in the present paper, to explain the theory of spectral illusions—how they originate in the mind, and are in no respect supernatural in their character.

To obtain right ideas of this curious, and, to many, mysterious subject, it is necessary to understand, in the first place, what kind of a thing the human mind is, and how it operates in connection with the senses, or at least two of them—seeing and hearing. The seat of the mind is in the brain; in other words, the brain is the organ or mass of organs by which the thinking faculties act. Like

an instrument finely tuned, the brain, when in a sound state of health, performs its part in our economy with fidelity. Shut up in the skull, however, it has no communication with external nature except through the medium of the senses. The senses are the channels of intelligence to the brain. When the eye receives the impression or picture of a thing presented to it, that impression is carried by a nerve to the brain, where the consciousness or mind recognises it; and the same thing occurs with the ear in the transmission of sound. The ordinary notion, therefore, that the eye sees, is scarcely correct. It is the mind, through the operation of the brain, the optic nerve, and the eye, which sees. The eye is only an instrument of vision and recognition. Such is the ordinary process of seeing, and of having a consciousness of what is presented to the eye; and we perceive that the outer organ of vision performs but an inferior part in the operation. There is, indeed, a consciousness of seeing objects, without using the eyes. With these organs shut, we can exert our imagination so far as to recall the image of objects which we formerly have seen. Thus, when in an imperfect state of sleep, with the imagination less or more active, we think that we see objects, and mingle in strange scenes; and this is called *dreaming*. Dreams, therefore, arise principally from a condition of partial wakefulness, in which the unregulated imagination leads to all kinds of visionary conceptions. In a state of entire wakefulness, and with the eyes open, unreal conceptions of objects seemingly present may also be formed; but this occurs only when the system is disordered by disease.

We are now brought to an understanding of the cause of those illusions which, under the name of ghosts, apparitions, or spectres, have in all ages disturbed the minds of the credulous. The disorder which leads to the formation of these baseless visions may be organic or functional, or a combination of both. Organic disorder of the body is that condition in which one or more organs are altered in structure by disease. Functional disorder is less serious in character: it is that condition of things where the healthy action of the organ or organs, in part or whole, is impeded, without the existence of any disease of structure. Lunacy, if not arising from organic disorder, hovers between it and functional derangement, in either case producing unreal conceptions in the mind. Functional disorder may arise in various ways, and be of different kinds. It may be said that violent excitement of the imagination or passions constitutes functional mental disorder: 'Anger is a short madness,' said the Romans wisely. As for functional bodily disorder, temporary affections of the digestive organs may be pointed to as common causes of such cases of physical derangement. All these disorders, and kinds of disorders, may appear in a complicated form; and, what is of most importance to our present argument, the *nervous system*, on which depend the action of the *senses*, the

powers of the will, and the operation of all the involuntary functions (such as the circulation of the blood, and digestion), is, and must necessarily be, involved more or less deeply in all cases of constitutional disorder, organic or functional. These powers of the nerves, which form, as we have seen, the sole medium by which mind and body act and react on each other, are clearly, then, connected with the production of every kind of illusory impression.

In lunacy, from organic derangement, these impressions are usually the most vivid. Every lunatic tells you he sees spectres, or unreal persons; and no doubt they are seemingly present to his diseased perceptions. The same cause, simple insanity, partial or otherwise, and existing either with or without structural brain disease, has been, we truly believe, at the foundation of many more apparition-cases than any other cause. By far the greatest number of such cases ever put on record, have been connected with fanaticism in religious matters; and can there be a doubt that the majority of the poor creatures, men and women, who habitually subjected themselves, in the early centuries of the church, to macerations and lacerations, and saw signs and visions, were simply persons of partially deranged intellect? St Theresa, who lay entranced for whole days, and who, in the fervour of devotion, imagined that she was frequently addressed by the voice of God, and that St Peter and St Paul would often in person visit her solitude, is an example of this order of monomaniacs. That this individual, and others like her, should have been perfectly sensible on all other points, is a phenomenon in the pathology of mind too common to cause any wonder. We would ascribe, we repeat, a large class of apparition-cases, including these devotional ones, to simple mental derangement. The eye in such instances may take in a correct *impression* of external objects, but this is not all that is wanting. A correct *perception by the mind* is essential to healthy and natural vision, and this perception the deranged intellect cannot effect.

We should go further than this for a complete elucidation of spectral illusions. At the time the spectre makes its appearance, the mind may be neither altogether diseased nor altogether healthful; the perceptive powers may recognise through the eye all surrounding objects exactly as they appear, but, almost in the same instant of time, the mind may mix up an unreal object with them. How, then, is the unreal object introduced into the scene? There is the strongest ground for believing that the unreal object—the spectre—is an idea of the mind acting on the optic nerve, and impressing a picture on the retina, just as effectually as if the object were external to the person. The mind, as it were, daguerreotypes the idea—the flash of thought—on the retina, or mirror of the eye, where it is recognised by the powers of perception. That spectres are mental pictures, is forcibly stated as follows by Sir David Brewster: 'I propose to shew that the "mind's eye" is actually the

body's eye, and that the retina is the common tablet on which both classes of impressions are painted, and by means of which they receive their visual existence according to the same optical laws. Nor is this true merely in the case of spectral illusions. It holds good of all ideas recalled by the memory, or created by the imagination, and may be regarded as a fundamental law in the science of pneumatology.

'In the healthy state of the mind and body, the relative intensity of these two classes of impressions on the retina are nicely adjusted. The mental pictures are transient, and comparatively feeble, and in ordinary temperaments are never capable of disturbing or effacing the direct images of visible objects. The affairs of life could not be carried on if the memory were to intrude bright representations of the past into the domestic scene, or scatter them over the external landscape. The two opposite impressions, indeed, could not co-exist. The same nervous fibre which is carrying from the brain to the retina the figures of memory, could not at the same instant be carrying back the impressions of external objects from the retina to the brain. The mind cannot perform two different functions at the same instant, and the direction of its attention to one of the two classes of impressions necessarily produces the extinction of the other. But so rapid is the exercise of mental power, that the alternate appearance and disappearance of the two contending impressions is no more recognised than the successive observations of external objects during the twinkling of the eyelids.'*

With these general observations, we proceed to an analysis of the different kinds of spectre-seeing, beginning with a short explanation of dreaming and somnambulism, with which apparitional illusions are intimately associated.

DREAMS—SOMNAMBULISM.

Dreaming is a modification of disordered mental action, arising usually from some kind of functional derangement. In sound sleep, the functions of digestion, the circulation of the blood, and all others, may be said to be duly in action, and the mind is accordingly not disturbed. If, however, any of the bodily functions be in a state of derangement; if, in particular, the digestion be incommoded, which it ordinarily is in an artificial mode of life, the senses, the nerves, the mind, will also be probably affected, and an imperfect sleep, with an imperfect consciousness, is the result. According to the best writers on the subject, it has been ascertained that, in beginning to sleep, the senses do not unitedly fall into a state of slumber, but drop off one after the other. The sight ceases, in consequence of the protection of the eyelids, to receive impressions first, while all

* Letters on Natural Magic.

the other senses preserve their sensibility entire. The sense of taste is the next which loses its susceptibility of impressions, and then the sense of smelling. The hearing is next in order; and, last of all, comes the sense of touch. Furthermore, the senses are thought to sleep with different degrees of profoundness. The sense of touch sleeps the most lightly, and is the most easily awakened; the next easiest is the hearing; the next is the sight; and the taste and smelling awake the last. Another remarkable circumstance deserves notice; certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Sleep commences at the extremities, beginning with the feet and legs, and creeping towards the centre of nervous action. The necessity for keeping the feet warm and perfectly still, as a preliminary of sleep, is well known. From these explanations, it will not appear surprising that, with one or more of the senses, and perhaps also one or more parts of the body imperfectly asleep, there should be at the same time an imperfect kind of mental action, which produces the phenomenon of dreaming.

A dream, then, is an imperfectly formed thought. Much of the imperfection and incoherency of such thoughts is from having no immediate consciousness of surrounding objects. The imagination revels unchecked by actual circumstances, and is not under the control of the will. Ungoverned by any ordinary standards of reason, we, in dreaming, have the impression that the *ideas* which chase each other through the mind are *actual occurrences:* a mere ill-formed thought is imagined to be an action. As thought is very rapid, it thus happens that events which would take whole days or a longer time in performance, are dreamed in a few moments. So wonderful is this compression of a multitude of transactions into the very shortest period, that when we are accidentally awakened from a profound slumber by a loud knock at, or by the rapid opening of, the door, a train of actions which it would take hours, or days, or even weeks to accomplish, sometimes passes through the mind. Time, in fact, seems to be in a great measure annihilated. An extensive period is reduced, as it were, to a single point, or rather a single point is made to embrace an extensive period. In one instant we pass through many adventures, see many strange sights, and hear many strange sounds. If we are awaked by a loud knock, we have perhaps the idea of a tumult passing before us, and know all the characters engaged in it—their aspects, and even their very names. If the door open violently, the flood-gates of a canal may appear to be expanding, and we may see the individuals employed in the process, and hear their conversation, which may seem an hour in length; if a light be brought into the room, the notion of the house being in flames invades us, and we are witnesses to the whole conflagration from its commencement till it be finally extinguished. The thoughts which arise in such situations are endless, and assume an infinite variety of aspects.

'One of the most remarkable phenomena attendant upon dreaming, is the almost universal absence of surprise. Scarcely any event, however incredible, impossible, or absurd, gives rise to this emotion. We see circumstances at utter variance with the laws of nature, and yet their discordancy, impracticability, and oddness never strike us as at all out of the usual course of things. This is one of the strongest proofs that can be alleged in support of the dormant condition of the reflecting faculties. Had these powers been awake and in full activity, they would have pointed out the erroneous nature of the impressions conjured into existence by fancy, and shewn us truly that the visions passing before our eyes were merely the chimeras of an excited imagination—the airy phantoms of imperfect sleep.'*

Dreams are in general connected with snatches of waking recollections, and assume a character from the dreamer's ordinary pursuits and feelings. Shakspeare has admirably described the effects of dreams of different classes of persons; and the subject has been also well illustrated by Stepney in the following lines:

'At dead of night imperial reason sleeps,
And Fancy with her train her revels keeps.
Then airy phantoms a mixed scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wished by day;
For memory those images retains
Which passion formed, and still the strongest reigns.
Huntsmen renew the chase they lately run,
And generals fight again their battles won.
Spectres and fairies haunt the murderer's dreams;
Grants and disgraces are the courtier's themes.
The miser spies a thief, or a new hoard;
The cit's a knight; the sycophant a lord.
Thus Fancy's in the wild distraction lost,
With what we most abhor, or covet most.
Honours and state before this phantom fall;
For sleep, like death, its image, equals all.'

Chaucer's description, versified by Dryden, is also worthy of being quoted:

'Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes;
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings:
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
Both are the reasonable soul run mad;
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, or are, or e'er can be.

* Macnish's *Philosophy of Sleep*.

'Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truth received,
And the man dreams but what the boy believed;
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day;
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece
In chimeras all; and more absurd or less.'

In ordinary dreaming, the powers of voluntary motion are often exercised to a slight extent. A dreamer, under the impression that he is engaged in an active battle, will frequently give a bed-fellow a smart belabouring. Often also, in cases of common dreaming, the muscles on which the production of the voice depends are set in action, through the instrumentality of that portion of the brain which is not in a quiescent state, and the dreamer mutters, or talks, or cries aloud. Sometimes nearly all the senses, along with the muscles of motion, are in activity, while part of the cerebral organs are dormant, and in this condition the dreamer becomes a *somnambulist*, or sleep-walker. 'If we dream,' says Mr Macnish, 'that we are walking, and the vision possesses such a degree of vividness and exciting energy as to arouse the muscles of locomotion, we naturally get up and walk. Should we dream that we hear or see, and the impression be so vivid as to stimulate the eyes and ears, or more properly speaking, those parts of the brain which take cognizance of sights and sounds, then we both see any objects, or hear any sounds, which may occur, just as if we were awake. In some cases the muscles only are excited, and then we simply walk, without hearing or seeing.' In other cases we both walk and see, and in a third variety we at once walk, see, and hear. In the same way the vocal organs alone may be stimulated, and a person may merely be a sleep-talker; or, under a conjunction of impulses, he may talk, walk, see, and hear.

Cases of persons in a state of somnambulism rising from bed and walking to a distant part of the house, or of looking for some object of which they were dreaming, and so forth, are exceedingly common, and the seeming marvel is explained by the fact already noticed—only certain senses and portions of brain are asleep while others are waking. The boy who, according to the common story, rose in his sleep and took a nest of young eagles from a dangerous precipice, must have received the most accurate accounts of external objects from his visual organs, and must have been able to some extent to reason upon them, else he could never have overcome the difficulties of the ascent. He dreamed of taking away the nest, and to his great surprise found it beneath his bed in the morning in the spot where he only thought himself to have put it in imagination. The following case, mentioned by Mr Macnish, is scarcely less wonderful. It

occurred near one of the towns on the Irish coast. 'About two o'clock in the morning, the watchmen on the Revenue Quay were much surprised at descrying a man disporting himself in the water, about a hundred yards from the shore. Intimation having been given to the Revenue boat's crew, they pushed off, and succeeded in picking him up; but, strange to say, he had no idea whatever of his perilous situation, and it was with the utmost difficulty they could persuade him he was not still in bed. But the most singular part of this novel adventure was, that the man had left his house at twelve o'clock that night, and walked through a difficult and to him dangerous road, a distance of nearly two miles, and had actually swum one mile and a half when he was fortunately discovered and picked up.' The state of madness gives us, by analogy, the best explanation of the condition of these climbers and swimmers. With one or more organs or portions of his brain diseased, and the rest sound, the insane person has the perfect use of his external senses, yet may form imperfect conclusions regarding many things around him. The somnambulist, with one or more of his senses in activity, but with some of his cerebral organs in a torpid state, is in much the same position as regards his power of forming right judgments on all that he hears or sees.

A respectable person, captain of a merchant-vessel, told Sir Walter Scott the following story, in illustration of illusion from somnambulism. While lying in the Tagus, a man belonging to his ship was murdered by a Portuguese, and a report soon spread that the spirit of the deceased haunted the vessel. The captain found, on making inquiry, that one of his own mates, an honest, sensible Irishman, was the chief evidence respecting the ghost. The mate affirmed that the spectre took him from bed every night, led him about the ship, and, in short, worried his life out. The captain knew not what to think of this, but he privately resolved to watch the mate by night. He did so, and, at the hour of twelve, saw the man start up with ghastly looks, and light a candle; after which he went to the galley, where he stood staring wildly for a time, as if on some horrible object. He then lifted a can filled with water, sprinkled some of it about, and, appearing much relieved, went quietly back to his bed. Next morning, on being asked if he had been annoyed in the night, he said: 'Yes; I was led by the ghost to the galley; but I got hold, in some way or other, of a jar of *holy-water*, and freed myself, by sprinkling it about, from the presence of the horrible phantom.' The captain now told the truth, as observed; and the mate, though much surprised, believed it. He was never visited by the ghost again, the deception of his own dreaming fancy being thus discovered.

Had the mate burned his hand with the candle, and, by the same mode of reasoning which led him to believe in the banishment of the ghost by holy-water, formed the conclusion that the spectre had touched his hand to imprint on it a perpetual mark, what would

have been said of the matter by his comrades and himself in the morning, supposing no watching to have taken place? They would assuredly have held the scar as an indubitable proof of the supernatural visitation, and the story would have remained as darkly mysterious as could be desired.

The condition of nightmare, in which the sufferer is under the feeling of some terrible oppression, is one of the most afflicting kinds of dreaming. In the more simple order of cases of nightmare, the dreamer is only labouring under the influence of indigestion; but in the more severe, the cause is ascribed to cerebral disorder. A gentleman in Edinburgh was afflicted for years with a nightmare which rendered existence almost unsupportable. On falling asleep, he dreamed that he was chased by a bull; and frequently, in terror of being tossed by the horns of the infuriated animal, he leaped from the bed to the opposite side of the room, on one occasion doing himself a serious injury. At the death of this unhappy gentleman, his head was opened, and a portion of his brain found to be affected with a deep-seated ulcer. In cases of this kind, the spectral illusions of the dreamer are usually most vivid, and on awakening, it requires a strong effort of reason to be convinced that the appearances were nothing more than airy phantoms of the disordered brain.

With these explanations on the subject of dreaming, we are prepared for a consideration of those unreal impressions made on the mind while in a wakeful condition.

ILLUSIONS FROM CONGESTION OF THE BLOOD-VESSELS.

One of the more simple kinds of functional disorder producing false impressions on the mind, is an overfulness of blood in the circulatory vessels. Persons who have followed the discommendable practice of blood-letting periodically, and have neglected it for more than the usual length of time, are the most liable to this species of illusion. Upwards of seventy years ago, Nicolai, a celebrated bookseller in Berlin, experienced the feeling of seeing spectres from this cause. According to an interesting account he has given on the subject, it appears that he was a man of a vivid imagination and excitable temperament, who, some years previous to the occurrences he relates, was troubled with violent vertigo, which he relieved by periodical bleeding with leeches. It became with him a custom to be bled twice in the year; but at length having on one occasion neglected this means of relieving the system, his mind became depressed, and apparitions began to be seemingly present to his eyes. The following is his narration of this painful condition:

'My wife and another person came into my apartment in the morning in order to console me, but I was too much agitated by a series of incidents, which had most powerfully affected my moral feeling, to be capable of attending to them. On a sudden I perceived,

at about the distance of ten steps, a form like that of a deceased person. I pointed at it, asking my wife if she did not see it. It was but natural that she should not see anything; my question, therefore, alarmed her very much, and she immediately sent for a physician. The phantom continued about eight minutes. I grew at length more calm, and being extremely exhausted, fell into a restless sleep, which lasted about half an hour. The physician ascribed the apparition to a violent mental emotion, and hoped there would be no return; but the violent agitation of my mind had in some way disordered my nerves, and produced further consequences which deserve a more minute description.

'At four in the afternoon, the form which I had seen in the morning reappeared. I was by myself when this happened, and, being rather uneasy at the incident, went to my wife's apartment, but there likewise I was persecuted by the apparition, which, however, at intervals disappeared, and always presented itself in a standing posture. About six o'clock there appeared also several walking figures, which had no connection with the first. After the first day the form of the deceased person no more appeared, but its place was supplied with many other phantasms, sometimes representing acquaintances, but mostly strangers; those whom I knew were composed of living and deceased persons, but the number of the latter was comparatively small. I observed the persons with whom I daily conversed did not appear as phantasms, these representing chiefly persons who lived at some distance from me.

'These phantasms seemed equally clear and distinct at all times and under all circumstances, both when I was by myself and when I was in company, as well in the day as at night, and in my own house as well as abroad; they were, however, less frequent when I was in the house of a friend, and rarely appeared to me in the street. When I shut my eyes, these phantasms would sometimes vanish entirely, though there were instances when I beheld them with my eyes closed; yet when they disappeared on such occasions, they generally returned when I opened my eyes. I conversed sometimes with my physician and my wife of the phantasms which at the moment surrounded me; they appeared more frequently walking than at rest; nor were they constantly present. They frequently did not come for some time, but always reappeared for a longer or shorter period, either singly or in company; the latter, however, being most frequently the case. I generally saw human forms of both sexes; but they usually seemed not to take the smallest notice of each other, moving as in a market-place, where all are eager to press through the crowd; at times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with each other. I also saw several times people on horseback, dogs, and birds.

'All these phantasms appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct as if alive, exhibiting different shades of carnation in the

uncovered parts, as well as different colours and fashions in their dresses, though the colours seemed somewhat paler than in real nature. None of the figures appeared particularly terrible, comical, or disgusting, most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some presenting a pleasing aspect. The longer these phantasms continued to visit me, the more frequently did they return, while at the same time they increased in number about four weeks after they had first appeared. I also began to hear them talk: these phantoms sometimes conversed among themselves, but more frequently addressed their discourse to me; their speeches were commonly short, and never of an unpleasant turn. At different times there appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes, whose addresses tended to appease my grief, which had not yet wholly subsided: their consolatory speeches were in general addressed to me when I was alone. Sometimes, however, I was accosted by these consoling friends while I was engaged in company, and not unfrequently while real persons were speaking to me. These consolatory addresses consisted sometimes of abrupt phrases, and at other times they were regularly executed.'

Having thus suffered for some time, it occurred to him that the mental disorder might arise from a superabundance of blood, and he again had recourse to leeching. When the leeches were applied, no person was with him besides the surgeon; but during the operation his apartment was crowded with human phantasms of all descriptions. In the course of a few hours, however, they moved around the chamber more slowly; their colour began to fade; until, growing more and more obscure, they at last dissolved into air, and he ceased to be troubled with them afterwards.

ILLUSIONS FROM DERANGEMENT IN DIGESTION.

Any derangement of the digestive powers acts on the brain; when the derangement is excessive, and the health otherwise impaired, the mind becomes affected, so as to deceive the senses and to produce spectral illusions. Sir David Brewster, in his *Letters on Natural Magic*, narrates the case of a lady of high character and intelligence, but of vivid imagination, who was so affected from only simple derangement of the stomach. The facts were communicated by the husband of the lady, a man of learning and science, and are as follow:

'1. The first illusion to which Mrs A. was subject was one which affected only the ear. On the 26th of December 1830, about half-past four in the afternoon, she was standing near the fire in the hall, and on the point of going up stairs to dress, when she heard, as she supposed, her husband's voice calling her by name: "—— ——, come here! come to me!" She imagined that he was calling at the door to have it opened; but upon going there and opening the

door, she was surprised to find no person there. Upon returning to the fire, she again heard the same voice calling out very distinctly and loudly: "——, come; come here!" She then opened two other doors of the same room, and upon seeing no person, she returned to the fireplace. After a few moments, she heard the same voice still calling: "—— ——, come to me! come! come away!" in a loud, plaintive, and somewhat impatient tone. She answered as loudly: "Where are you? I don't know where you are;" still imagining that he was somewhere in search of her: but receiving no answer, she shortly after went up stairs. On Mr A.'s return to the house, about half an hour afterwards, she inquired why he called to her so often, and where he was; and she was of course greatly surprised to learn that he had not been near the house at the time.

'2. The next illusion which occurred to Mrs A. was of a more alarming character. On the 30th of December, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs A. came down stairs into the drawing-room, which she had quitted only a few minutes before, and on entering the room she saw her husband, as she supposed, standing with his back to the fire. As he had gone out to take a walk about half an hour before, she was surprised to see him there, and asked him why he had returned so soon. The figure looked fixedly at her with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but did not speak. Supposing that his mind was absorbed in thought, she sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and within two feet at most of the figure, which she still saw standing before her. As its eyes, however, still continued to be fixed upon her, she said, after the lapse of a few minutes: "Why don't you speak, ——?" The figure immediately moved off towards the window at the farther end of the room, with its eyes still gazing on her, and it passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation in the air. Although she was now convinced that the figure was not her husband, yet she never for a moment supposed that it was anything supernatural, and was soon convinced that it was a spectral illusion. The appearance was seen in bright daylight, and lasted four or five minutes. When the figure stood close to her, it concealed the real objects behind it, and the apparition was fully as vivid as the reality.

'3. On these two occasions Mrs A. was alone, but when the next phantasm appeared her husband was present. This took place on the 4th of January 1831. About ten o'clock at night, when Mr and Mrs A. were sitting in the drawing-room, Mr A. took up the poker to stir the fire, and when he was in the act of doing this, Mrs A. exclaimed: "Why, there's the cat in the room!" "Where?" asked Mr A. "There, close to you," she replied. "Where?" he repeated. "Why, on the rug to be sure, between yourself and the coal-scuttle." Mr A., who had still the poker in his hand, pushed it in the direction

mentioned. "Take care," cried Mrs A.; "take care, you are hitting her with the poker." Mr A. again asked her to point out exactly where she saw the cat. She replied: "Why, sitting up there close to your feet on the rug: she is looking at me. It is Kitty—come here, Kitty?" There were two cats in the house, one of which went by this name, and they were rarely if ever in the drawing-room. At this time Mrs A. had no idea that the sight of the cat was an illusion. When she was asked to touch it, she got up for the purpose, and seemed as if she were pursuing something which moved away. She followed a few steps, and then said: "It has gone under the chair." Mr A. assured her it was an illusion, but she would not believe it. He then lifted up the chair, and Mrs A. saw nothing more of it. The room was then searched all over, and nothing found in it. There was a dog lying on the hearth, which would have betrayed great uneasiness if a cat had been in the room, but he lay perfectly quiet. In order to be quite certain, Mr A. rung the bell, and sent for the two cats, both of which were found in the housekeeper's room.

'4. About a month after this occurrence, Mrs A., who had taken a somewhat fatiguing drive during the day, was preparing to go to bed about eleven o'clock at night, and, sitting before the dressing-glass, was occupied in arranging her hair. She was in a listless and drowsy state of mind, but fully awake. When her fingers were in active motion among the papillotes, she was suddenly startled by seeing in the mirror the figure of a near relation, who was then in Scotland, and in perfect health. The apparition appeared over her left shoulder, and its eyes met hers in the glass. After a few minutes, she turned round to look for the reality of the form over her shoulder; but it was not visible, and it had also disappeared from the glass when she looked again in that direction.'

Passing over from the fifth to the ninth cases, we come to the tenth. 'On the 26th of October, about two P.M., Mrs A. was sitting in a chair by the window in the same room with her husband. He heard her exclaim: 'What have I seen!' And on looking at her, he observed a strange expression in her eyes and countenance. A carriage and four had appeared to her to be driving up the entrance road to the house. As it approached, she felt inclined to go up stairs to prepare to receive company, but, as if spell-bound, she was unable to move or speak. The carriage approached, and as it arrived within a few yards of the window, she saw the figures of the postilions and the persons inside take the ghastly appearance of skeletons and other hideous figures. The whole then vanished entirely, when she uttered the above-mentioned exclamation.

'11. On the morning of the 30th October, when Mrs A. was sitting in her own room with a favourite dog in her lap, she distinctly saw the same dog moving about the room during the space of about a minute or rather more.

'12. On the 3d December, about nine P.M., when Mr and Mrs

A. were sitting near each other in the drawing-room, occupied in reading, Mr A. felt a pressure on his foot. On looking up, he observed Mrs A.'s eyes fixed with a strong and unnatural stare on a chair about nine or ten feet distant. Upon asking her what she saw, the expression of her countenance changed, and upon recovering herself, she told Mr A. that she had seen his brother, who was alive and well at the moment in London, seated in the opposite chair, but dressed in grave-clothes, and with a ghastly countenance, as if scarcely alive!

'From the very commencement of the spectral illusions,' observes Sir David in conclusion, 'both Mrs A. and her husband were well aware of their nature and origin, and both of them paid the most minute attention to the circumstances which accompanied them, not only with the view of throwing light upon so curious a subject, but for the purpose of ascertaining their connection with the state of health under which they appeared.'

ILLUSIONS FROM DELIRIUM TREMENS.

A bodily disorder, which in itself ought to afford a solution of nearly all apparitions, is that called *delirium tremens*, or vulgarly *blue devils*. This is most commonly induced, in otherwise healthy subjects, by continued intemperance in intoxicating liquors. It is a disorder intimately connected with a derangement of the digestive functions. So long as the drinker can take food, he is comparatively secure against the disease, but when his stomach rejects common nourishment, and he persists in taking stimulants, the effects are for the most part speedily visible, at least in peculiarly nervous constitutions. The first symptom is commonly a slight impairment of the healthy powers of the senses of hearing and seeing. A ringing in the ears probably takes place; then any common noise, such as the rattle of a cart on the street, assumes to the hearing a particular sound, and arranges itself into a certain tune perhaps, or certain words, which haunt the sufferer, and are by and by rung into his ears on the recurrence of *every* noise. The proverb, 'As the fool thinks, so the bell tinks,' becomes very applicable in his case. His sense of seeing, in the meanwhile, begins to shew equal disorder; figures float before him perpetually when his eyes are closed at night. By day also, objects seem to move before him that are really stationary. The senses of touch, taste, and smell are also involved in confusion. In this way the disturbance of the senses goes on, increasing always with the disorder of the alimentary function, until the unhappy drinker is at last visited, most probably in the twilight, by visionary figures as distinct in outline as living beings, and which seem to speak to him with the voice of life. At first he mistakes them for realities; but, soon *discovering his* error, is thrown into the deepest alarm. If he

has the courage to approach and examine any one of the illusory figures, he probably finds that some fold of drapery, or some shadow, has been the object converted by his diseased sense into the apparition, and he may also find that the voice was but some simple household sound, converted by his disordered ear into strange speech: for the senses, at least in the milder cases of this sort, rather *convert* than *create*, though the metamorphosed may differ widely from the real substance. The visitations and sufferings of the party may go on increasing, till he takes courage to speak to the physician, who, by great care, restores his alimentary organs to a state of health, and, in consequence, the visions slowly leave him. If, however, remedies are not applied in time, the party will probably sink under the influence of his disorder. The spectral figures and voices being solely and entirely the creation of his own fancy, will seem to do or say anything that may be uppermost in that fancy at the moment, and will encourage him to self-murder by every possible argument—all emanating, of course, from his own brain. The whole consists merely of his own fancies, bodied forth to him visibly and audibly in his seeing and hearing organs. His own poor head is the seat of all; there is nothing apart from him—nothing but vacancy.

Dr Alderson, a respectable physician, mentions his being called to a keeper of a public-house, who was in a state of great terror, and who described himself as having been haunted for some time with spectres. He had first noticed something to be wrong with him on being laughed at by a little girl for desiring her to lift some oyster-shells from the floor. He himself stooped, but found none. Soon after, in the twilight, he saw a soldier enter the house, and, not liking his manner, desired him to go away; but receiving no answer, he sprang forward to seize the intruder, and to his horror found the shape to be but a phantom! The visitations increased by night and by day, till he could not distinguish real customers from imaginary ones, so definite and distinct were the latter in outline. Sometimes they took the forms of living friends, and sometimes of people long dead. Dr Alderson resorted to a course of treatment which restored the strength of the digestive organs, and gradually banished the spectres.

ILLUSIONS FROM SEVERE DISORDERS.

Among the other varieties of bodily ailments affecting either structure or function, which have been found to produce spectral illusions, fevers, inflammatory affections, epileptic attacks, hysteria, and disorders of the nerves generally, are among the most prominent. As regards fevers and inflammatory affections, particularly those of the brain, it is well known to almost every mother or member of a large family, that scarcely any severe case can occur

without illusions of the sight to a greater or less extent. In hysteric and epileptic cases also, where fits or partial trances occur, the same phenomena are frequently observed. But we shall not enlarge on the effects produced by the influence of severe and obviously existing maladies, as it is in those cases only where the spectre-seer has exhibited *apparent* sanity of mind and body that special wonder has been excited. It is so far of great importance, however, to notice that these diseases do produce the illusions, as in most cases it will be found, on inquiry, that the party subject to them, however sound to appearance at the time, *afterwards* displayed some of these complaints in full force; and we may then rationally explain the whole matter by supposing the seeds of the ailments to have early existed in a latent state. A German lady, of excellent talents and high character, published an account some years back of successive visions with which she had been honoured, as she believed, by Divine favour. The case of this lady throws so much light on delusions arising from deranged temperament and kindred maladies, that we take the liberty of extracting it from the interesting work of Dr Hibbert.

'The illusions which the lady experienced first came on in the fourth year of her age, while she was sitting with her little doll upon her knees; and, for the greater convenience of dressing and undressing it, resting her feet upon a large folio Bible. "I had scarcely taken my place," she observes, "above a minute, when I heard a voice at my ear say: 'Put the book where you found it;' but as I did not see any person, I did not do so. The voice, however repeated the mandate, that I should do it immediately; and, at the same time, I thought somebody took hold of my face. I instantly obeyed with fear and trembling; but not being able to lift the book upon the table, I called the servant-maid to come quickly and assist me. When she came, and saw that I was alone and terrified, she scolded me, as nobody was there." It may be remarked of this part of the account, that the voice which the narrator heard can only be regarded as a renovated feeling of the mind, resulting from some prior remonstrances that she might have incurred from her protectors, whenever she treated with unbecoming irreverence the holy volume; while the impression of a person taking hold of her face, may be referred to some morbid sensation of touch, incidental to many nervous affections, which would easily associate itself with the imaginary rebuke of her mysterious monitor, so as to impart to the whole of the illusion a certain degree of connection and consistency. The patient (for such I shall call her) next describes the extreme diligence and the peculiar delight with which, as she grew up in years, she read twice over, from the beginning to the end, the pages of the Scriptures; and she likewise dwells upon her constant endeavour to render the Bible more *intelligible*, by often hearing sermons and reading religious books.

It is certainly of importance to know the subject of her incessant and anxious studies, as it is well calculated to explain the nature of her visions, which, as we might expect, were generally of a religious description. We are, in the next place, told by the lady, that after she had reached her seventh year, she saw, when playing, a clear flame which seemed to enter through the chamber door, while in the middle of it was a long bright light about the size of a child of six years old. The phantasm remained stationary for half an hour near the stove of the room, and then went out again by the room-door; the white light first, and the flame following it. After this vision, we hear of no other until the lady is married, when, unfortunately, her husband made her life so bitter to her, that she could think only of death. Hence must have necessarily arisen the combining influence of strong mental emotions, which could not but act as powerful exciting agents upon a frame the mental feelings of which, from constitutional causes, were of the most intense kind. Spectral illusions would of course become very frequent. Thus, on one occasion, when she had received some ill-treatment from her husband, she made a resolution to desist from prayer, thinking the Lord had forsaken her; but, upon further consideration, she repented of this purpose, and, after returning thanks to Heaven, went to bed. She awakened towards the morning, and then, to her astonishment, found that it was broad daylight, and that at her bed-side was seated a heavenly figure in the shape of a man about sixty years of age, dressed in a bluish robe, with bright hair, and a countenance shining like the clearest red and white crystal. He looked at her with tenderness, saying nothing more than "*Proceed, proceed, proceed!*" These words were unintelligible to her, until they were solved by another phantasm, young and beautiful as an angel, who appeared on the opposite side of the bed, and more explicitly added: "*Proceed in prayer, proceed in faith, proceed in trials.*" After this incident, a strange light appeared, when she immediately felt herself pulled by the hairs of her head, and pinched and tormented in various ways. The cause of this affliction she soon discovered to be the devil himself, who made his *début* in the usual hideous form under which he is personated, until at length the angel interfered and pushed away the foul fiend with his elbow. "Afterwards," as the lady added, "the light came again, and both persons looked mournfully at it. The young one then said: 'Lord, this is sufficient;' and he uttered these words three times. Whilst he repeated them, I looked at him, and beheld two large white wings on his shoulders, and therefore I knew him to be an angel of God. The light immediately disappeared, the two figures vanished, and the day was suddenly converted into night. My heart was again restored to its right place, the pain ceased, and I arose."'

Dr Crichton, author of an able work on insanity, found that this

unfortunate lady was always affected with the *aura epileptica* during the prevalence of the illusions; or, in other words, that she was labouring under slight attacks of epilepsy. Thus simply was explained a series of phenomena which, from the high character for veracity of the subject of them, astonished a great part of Germany.

ILLUSIONS OF THE IMAGINATION.

Persons in a desponding or gloomy state of mind are exceedingly liable to be deceived by their fancies. The morbid imagination catches at every seemingly mysterious appearance, and transforms it into a spectre, or warning of approaching dissolution. 'A man who is thoroughly frightened,' observes a popular American writer,* 'can imagine almost anything. The whistling of the wind sounds in his ears like the cry of dying men. As he walks along trembling in the dark, the friendly guide-post is a giant; the tree gently waving in the wind is a ghost; and every cow he chances to meet is some fearful apparition from the land of hobgoblins. Who is there that cannot testify, from personal experience, of some such freaks of imagination? How often does one wake up in the night and find the clothes upon the chair, or some article of furniture in the room, assuming a distinctly defined form, altogether different from that which it in reality possesses!

'There is in imagination a potency far exceeding the fabled power of Aladdin's lamp. How often does one sit in wintry evening musings, and trace in the glowing embers the features of an absent friend! Imagination, with its magic wand, will there build the city with its countless spires—or marshal contending armies—or drive the tempest-shattered ship upon the ocean. The following story, related by Scott, affords a good illustration of this principle:

'"Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through

* *Scientific Tracts* (Boston, 1832).

which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw right before him, in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and position of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onward towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen occupied by great-coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as are usually found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavoured with all his power to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this he was unable to do. And the person who had witnessed the apparition, or, more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to return into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured."

'Most persons under such circumstances would have declared unhesitatingly that the ghost of the departed had appeared to them, and they would have found great multitudes who would have believed it. When the imagination has such power to recall the images of the absent, is it at all wonderful that many persons should attribute such appearances to supernatural visitations? Had the poet himself been in the place of the screen, he probably would not have been more vividly present. How many, then, of the causes of vulgar fear are to be attributed to the effect of imagination! A lady was once passing through a wood, in the darkening twilight of a stormy evening, to visit a friend who was watching over a dying child. The clouds were thick—the rain beginning to fall; darkness was increasing; the wind was moaning mournfully through the trees. The lady's heart almost failed her as she saw that she had a mile to walk through the woods in the gathering gloom. But the reflection of the situation of her friend forbade her turning back. Excited and trembling, she called to her aid a nervous resolution, and pressed onward. She had not proceeded far, when she beheld in the path before her the movement of some very indistinct object. It appeared to keep a little distance in advance of her, and as she made efforts to get nearer to see what it was, it seemed proportionably to recede. The lady began to feel rather unpleasantly. There was some pale white object certainly discernible before her, and it appeared mysteriously to float along at a regular distance, without any effort at motion. Notwithstanding the lady's good sense and unusual resolution, a cold chill began to come over her. She made every effort to resist her fears, and soon succeeded in drawing nearer the

mysterious object, when she was appalled at beholding the features of her friend's child, cold in death, wrapped in its shroud. She gazed earnestly, and there it remained distinct and clear before her eyes. She considered it a monition that her friend's child was dead, and that she must hasten on to her aid. But there was the apparition directly in her path. She must pass it. Taking up a little stick, she forced herself along to the object, and behold, some little animal scampered away. It was this that her excited imagination had transformed into the corpse of an infant in its winding-sheet. The vision before her eyes was undoubtedly as clear as the reality could have been. Such is the power of imagination. If this lady, when she saw the corpse, had turned in terror and fled home, what reasoning could ever have satisfied her that she had not seen something supernatural? When it is known that the imagination has such a power as this, can we longer wonder at any accounts which are given of unearthly appearances?'

The numerous stories told of ghosts, or the spirits of persons who are dead, will in most instances be found to have originated in diseased imagination, aggravated by some abnormal defect of mind. We may mention a remarkable case in point; it is told by the compiler of *Les Causes Célèbres*. Two young noblemen, the Marquises De Rambouillet and De Precy, belonging to two of the first families of France, made an agreement, in the warmth of their friendship, that the one who died first should return to the other with tidings of the world to come. Soon afterwards, De Rambouillet went to the wars in Flanders, while De Precy remained at Paris, stricken by a fever. Lying alone in bed, and severely ill, De Precy one day heard a rustling of his bed-curtains, and turning round, saw his friend De Rambouillet in full military attire. The sick man sprung over the bed to welcome his friend, but the other receded, and said that he had come to fulfil his promise, having been killed on that very day. He further said that it behoved De Precy to think more of the after-world, as all that was said of it was true, and as he himself would die in his first battle. De Precy was then left by the phantom; and it was afterwards found that De Rambouillet had fallen on that day. De Precy recovered, went to the wars, and died in his first combat. Here, after a compact—the very conception of which argues credulousness or weakness of mind—we not only have one of the parties left in anxiety about the other, but left in a violent fever, and aware that his friend was engaged in a bloody war. That a spectral illusion should occur in such a case, is a thing not at all to be wondered at, as little as the direction and shape that the sick man's wanderings took. The fulfilment of the prophecy is the point of interest; and regarding it we would simply use the words of Dr Hibbert, in referring to the story of Lord Balcarras and Viscount Dundee. Lord Balcarras was confined as a Jacobite in the castle of Edinburgh, while Dundee *was fighting for* the same cause; and on one occasion the apparition

of the latter came to the bedside of Balcarras, looked at him steadfastly, leaned for some time on the mantel-piece, and then walked away. It afterwards appeared that Dundee fell just about the time at Killiecrankie. 'With regard to this point,' says Dr Hibbert, 'it must be considered that, agreeably to the well-known doctrine of chances, the event [of Dundee's death] might as well occur then as at any other time; while a far greater proportion of other apparitions, less fortunate in such a supposed confirmation of their supernatural origin, are allowed quietly to sink into oblivion.' This observation applies equally as well to the case of De Precy as to that of Balcarras, each of whom knew that his friend was then hotly campaigning, and could most probably even guess, from the latest bulletins, on what day the hostile armies would decisively meet. We are not told whether or not Balcarras, like De Precy, was in ill health, but the Scottish lord was confined on a charge of high treason, and on Dundee's life or death, victory or defeat, the fate of the prisoner must have been felt by himself to rest. This was enough to give his lordship a vivid dream, and even to give him a waking portraiture of Dundee, after the fashion of the bust of Curran case.

But though explanations may thus be given of the common run of apparition cases, it may seem to some that there are particular cases not to be so accounted for. Of this nature, such readers may say, is the well-warranted story of the Irish lady of rank, who, having married a second time, was visited in the night-time by the spirit of her first husband, from whom she received a notification of the appointed period of her own death. The lady was at first terrified, but regained her courage. 'How shall I know to-morrow morn,' said she boldly to the spectre, 'that this is not a delusion of the senses—that I indeed am visited by a spirit?' 'Let this be a token to thee for life,' said the visitant, and, grasping the arm of the lady for an instant, disappeared. In the morning a dark mark, as if of a fresh burn, was seen on the wrist, and the lady kept the scar covered over while she lived. She died at the time prophesied.

This story is told with great unction by some memoir writers, and the circumstances are said to have been long kept secret by the lady's family. For argument's sake let us admit the most striking points of the case to be true. As for the circumstance of her death at the time foretold, it is well known how powerful imagination is in causing fulfilment in these cases; and at all events, one instance of such a fulfilment is no great marvel amid hundreds of failures. But the black mark—what of it? We confess to the reader, that if we had actually seen the scar upon the wrist of the lady, we should not have been one step nearer to the admission of supernatural agency. Supposing, however, that the mark actually existed, could it not have been explained by somnambulism? The lady may readily have risen in her sleep, burnt her hand against the bedroom grate, and, conscious of an unpleasing sensation, though not awakened by

it, her fancy may have formed the whole story of the preternatural visitation, precisely as the Irish mate of the merchant vessel invented the circumstances connected with the holy-water. When we find that such an explanation of the matter is accordant with observed and unquestionable facts, it would be irrational to overlook it, and seek a solution in a supposed breach of the laws of nature.

In some instances, it may be difficult to decide whether spectral appearances and spectral noises proceed from functional derangement or from an overwrought state of mind. Want of exercise and amusement may also be a prevailing cause. A friend mentions to us the following case. An acquaintance of his, a merchant in London, who had for years paid a very close attention to business, was one day, while alone in his counting-house, very much surprised to hear, as he imagined, persons outside the door talking freely about him. Thinking it was some acquaintances who were playing off a trick, he opened the door to request them to come in, when, to his amazement, nobody was there. He again sat down at his desk, and in a few minutes the same dialogue recommenced. The language employed was now very alarming. One voice seemed to say: 'We have the scoundrel safe in his counting-house; let us go in and seize him.' 'Certainly,' replied the other voice; 'it is right to take him; he has been guilty of a great crime, and ought to be brought to condign punishment.' Alarmed at these threats, the bewildered merchant rushed to the door; and there again no person was to be seen. He now locked his door and went home; but the voices, as he thought, followed him through the crowd, and he arrived at his house in a most unenviable state of mind. Inclined to ascribe the voices to derangement in mind, he sent for a medical attendant, and told his case; and a certain kind of treatment was prescribed. This, however, failed: the voices menacing him with punishment for purely imaginary crimes continued, and he was reduced to the brink of despair. At length a friend prescribed entire relaxation from business, and a daily game of cricket; which, to his great relief, proved an effectual remedy. The exercise banished the phantom voices, and they were no more heard.

In bygone times, when any kind of nonsense was believed without investigation, the Lowland Scotch, as they alleged, occasionally saw *wraiths*, or spectral appearances of persons who were soon to quit this mortal scene; the Irish were also accustomed to the spectacle of *fetches;* and the Highlanders had their *second-sight;* the whole, be it observed, being but a variety of mental disease or some kind of delusion. In some instances the appearances were a result of atmospheric refraction, but generally they were nothing more than the phantoms of a morbid and overexcited fancy. The progress of education and intelligence has almost everywhere *banished such* delusions.

ILLUSIONS FROM DERANGEMENT OF THE EYES.

In our preliminary observations, it was shewn that spectral appearances produced by mental disorder were really formed or daguerreotyped on the eye; but an unsound state of the eye itself may also cause these phantoms. Dr Abercrombie mentions two cases strikingly illustrative of this fact. In one of these, a gentleman of high mental endowments, and of the age of eighty, enjoying uninterrupted health, and very temperate in his habits, was the person subject to the illusions. For twelve years this gentleman had daily visitations of spectral figures, attired often in foreign dresses, such as Roman, Turkish, and Grecian, and presenting all varieties of the human countenance, in its gradations from childhood to old age. Sometimes faces only were visible, and the countenance of the gentleman himself not unfrequently appeared among them. One old and arch-looking lady was the most constant visitor, and she always wore a tartan plaid of an antique cut. These illusory appearances were rather amusing than otherwise, being for the most part of a pleasing character. The second case mentioned by Dr Abercrombie was one even more remarkable than the preceding. 'A gentleman of sound mind, in good health, and engaged in active business, has all his life been the sport of spectral illusions, to such an extent that, in meeting a friend on the street, he has first to appeal to the sense of touch before he can determine whether or not the appearance is real. He can call up figures at will by a steady process of mental conception, and the figures may either be something real, or the composition of his own fancy.' Another member of the family was subject to the same delusive impressions.

These very curious cases indicate, we think, a defective condition of the retina, which may be held as one distinct and specific source of spectral deceptions. That defective condition seems to consist in an unusual sensitiveness, rendering the organ liable to have figures called up upon it by the stimulus of the fancy, as if impressed by actual external objects. In ordinary circumstances, on a friend being vividly called to one's remembrance, one can mentally form a complete conception of his face and figure in their minutest lineaments. 'My father!' says Hamlet; 'methinks I see him now!' 'Where, my lord?' 'In my *mind's eye*, Horatio.' In Hamlet's case, an apparition is described as having followed this delineation by the memory, and so may a vivid impression of any figure or object be transferred from the mind to the retina, where the latter organ is permanently or temporarily in a weak or peculiarly sensitive state. In this way the spectral illusions seem to have been habitually caused in the two cases described. There the defect in the retina was the fundamental or ultimate cause of their existence, and the fancy of the individual the power which regulated their

frequency and character. Slighter cases of this nature are of comparatively common occurrence—cases in which the retina is for a short time so affected as to give the impression of an apparition. Every one is aware that a peculiarly bright or shining object, if long gazed upon, does not leave the retina as soon as the eye is withdrawn from it. It remains upon the nerve for a considerable time afterwards, at least in outline, as may be observed by closing the eyelids on such occasions. This retentive power, when aided by the imagination, and perhaps by a little bodily derangement with which the senses sympathise, may be carried so far as to produce an actual and forcible spectral illusion. A gentleman, who had gazed long and earnestly on a small and beautiful portrait of the Virgin and Child, was startled, immediately on turning his eye from the picture, by seeing a woman and infant at the other end of his chamber of the full size of life. A particular circumstance, however, disclosed in a moment the source of the appearance. The picture was a three-parts length, and the apparitional figures also wanted the lower fourth of the body, thus shewing that the figures had merely been retained on the tablet of the eye. But the retina may retain an impression much longer than in this case; or rather may recall, after a considerable time, an impression that has been very vividly made at the first. A celebrated oculist in London mentioned to us that he had been waited on by a gentleman who laboured under an annoying spectral impression in his eye. He stated that, having looked steadfastly on a copy of the Lord's Prayer, printed in minute characters within a circle the size of a sixpence, he had ever since had the impression of the Lord's Prayer in his eye. On whatever object he turned his organs of vision, there was the small round copy of the Lord's Prayer present, and partly covering it.

It appears, then, from the cases described, that the eye, through defectiveness of its parts, or through the power of the retina in retaining or recalling vivid impressions, may itself be the main agent in producing spectral illusions. From one particular circumstance, we may generally tell at once whether or not the eye is the organ in fault on such occasions. In Dr Abercrombie's cases, the spectral figures *never spoke*. This is equivalent to a positive indication that the sense of hearing was not involved in the derangement; in short, that the eye, and not the whole of the senses, or general system, constituted the seat of the defect.

ILLUSIONS EXPLAINED BY PHRENOLOGY.

In previous sections, it has been stated that maladies of various kinds are capable of producing spectral illusions by their effects on the brain and nervous system. In some cases, it was stated that the *brain is directly diseased*; in other cases, that the perceptions made

by that organ are only indirectly deranged by sympathy with some bodily malady. Madness, for example, having its origin in diseased cerebral structure, may be attended with spectral illusions; and disorder of the alimentary organs, caused by dissipation, may be an indirect source of them; the senses, and the brain which forms perceptions through their reports, being functionally disordered from sympathy. That a peculiar temperament of body, and, in part, a particular mental constitution, are requisite to give a predisposition to the affection, there can be little doubt. Some mental philosophers go a great way further. The phrenologists hold that it is chiefly on a particular development of one portion of the brain, which they describe as the seat of the sentiment of Wonder, that the tendency to see visions depends. It is observed by them that this 'sentiment, when in a state of extreme exaltation (great development and high excitement), may stimulate the perceptive faculties to perceive objects fitted to gratify it; and that spectres, apparitions, spirits, &c. are the kind of ideas suited to please an inordinate Wonder.' They class pretenders to supernatural messages and missions, the seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, and workers of miracles, among such patients. Separating the remark just quoted from its reference to the organology of the phrenological science, we may hold it to signify that the sentiment of wonder, when predominant in an individual's mind, will stimulate those faculties which take cognizance of the forms, colours, sizes, &c. of material existences, to such a pitch of activity, that illusory perceptions of objects, characterised by qualities fitted to gratify wonder, will be formed in the brain. The following case, contributed by Mr Simpson to the *Phrenological Journal*, No. 6, affords an interesting example of the manner in which spectral illusions are accounted for by the strict rules of this science.

'Miss S. L., a young lady under twenty years of age, of good family, well educated, free from any superstitious fears, and in perfect general health of body and soundness of mind, has, nevertheless, been for some years occasionally troubled, both in the night and in the day, with visions of persons and inanimate objects, in numerous modes and forms. She was early subject to such illusions occasionally, and the first she remembers was that of a carpet spread out in the air, which descended near her, and vanished away.

'After an interval of some years, she began to see human figures in her room as she lay wide awake in bed, even in the daylight of the morning. These figures were whitish, or rather gray, and transparent like cobweb, and generally above the size of life. At this time she had acute headaches, very singularly confined to one small spot of the head. On being asked to point out the spot, the utmost care being taken not to lead her to the answer, our readers may judge of our feelings as phrenologists when she touched with her forefinger and thumb each side of the root of the nose, the com-

mencement of the eyebrows, and the spot immediately over the top of the nose—the ascertained seats of the organs of Form, Size, and Individuality! Here, particularly on each side of the root of the nose, she said the sensation could only be compared to that of running sharp knives into the part. The pain increased when she held her head down, and was much relieved by holding her face upwards. Miss S. L., on being asked if the pain was confined to that spot, answered, that 'some time afterwards the pain extended to right and left along the eyebrows, and a little above them, and completely round the eyes, which felt often as if they would have burst from their sockets.' When this happened, her visions were varied precisely as the phrenologist would have anticipated, and she detailed the progress without a single leading question. Weight, Colouring, Order, Number, Locality, all became affected; and let us observe what happened. The whitish or cobweb spectres assumed the natural colour of the objects, but they continued often to present themselves, though not always, above the size of life. She saw a beggar one day out of doors, natural in size and colour, who vanished as she came up to the spot. Colouring being overexcited, began to occasion its specific and fantastical illusions. Bright spots, like stars on a black ground, filled the room in the dark, and even in daylight; and sudden and sometimes gradual illumination of the room during the night seemed to take place. Innumerable balls of fire seemed one day to pour like a torrent out of one of the rooms of the house down the staircase. On one occasion the pain between the eyes, and along the lower ridge of the brow, struck her suddenly with great violence—when instantly the room filled with stars and bright spots. On attempting on that occasion to go to bed, she said she was conscious of an inability to balance herself, as if she had been tipsy; and she fell, having made repeated efforts to seize the bedpost, which, in the most unaccountable manner, eluded her grasp, by shifting its place, and also by presenting her with a number of bedposts instead of one. If the organ of Weight, situated between Size and Colouring, be the organ of the instinct to preserve, and power of preserving equilibrium, it must be the necessary consequence of the derangement of that organ to overset the balance of the person. Overexcited Number we should expect to produce multiplication of objects, and the first experience she had of this illusion was the multiplication of the bedposts, and subsequently of any inanimate object she looked at, that object being in itself real and single: a book, a footstool, a work-box, would increase to twenty, or fifty, sometimes without order or arrangement, and at other times piled regularly one above another. Such objects deluded her in another way, by increasing in size, as she looked at them, to the most amazing excess—again resuming their natural size—less than which they never seemed to become—and again swelling out. Locality, *overexcited,* gave her the illusion of objects, which she had been

accustomed to regard as fixed, being out of their places; and she thinks, but is not sure, that on one occasion a door and window in one apartment seemed to have changed places; but, as she added, she might have been deceived by a mirror. This qualification gave us the more confidence in her accuracy, when, as she did with regard to all her other illusions, she spoke more positively. She had not hitherto observed a great and painful confusion in the visions which visited her, so as to entitle us to infer the derangement of Order. Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Colouring, Locality, and Number only seemed hitherto affected.

'For nearly two years Miss S. L. was free from her frontal headaches, and—mark the coincidence—untroubled by visions or any other illusive perceptions. Some months ago, however, all her distressing symptoms returned in great aggravation, when she was conscious of a want of health. The pain was more acute than before along the frontal bone, and round and in the eyeballs; and all the organs there situated recommenced their game of illusion. Single figures of absent and deceased friends were terribly real to her, both in the day and the night, sometimes cobweb, but generally coloured. She sometimes saw friends on the street, who proved phantoms when she approached to speak to them; and instances occurred where, from not having thus satisfied herself of the illusion, she affirmed to such friends that she had seen them in certain places, at certain times, when they proved to her the clearest *alibi*. The confusion of her spectral forms now distressed her. (Order affected.) The oppression and perplexity was intolerable when figures presented themselves before her in inextricable disorder, and still more when they changed—as with Nicolai—from whole figures to parts of figures, faces and half faces, and limbs—sometimes of inordinate size and dreadful deformity. One instance of illusive disorder which she mentioned is curious, and has the further effect of exhibiting what cannot be put in terms, except those of the derangement of the just perception of gravitation or equilibrium. (Weight.) One night, as she sat in her bedroom, and was about to go to bed, a stream of spectres, persons' faces, and limbs, in the most shocking confusion, seemed to her to pour into her room from the window, in the manner of a cascade! Although the cascade continued apparently in rapid descending motion, there was no accumulation of figures in the room, the supply unaccountably vanishing after having formed the cascade. Colossal figures are her frequent visitors. (Size.)

'Real but inanimate objects have assumed to her the form of animals; and she has often attempted to lift articles from the ground, which, like the oysters in the pothouse cellar, eluded her grasp.

'More recently, she has experienced a great aggravation of her alarms; for, like Nicolai, she began to hear her spectral visitors speak! (The organs of Language and Tune, or Sound, affected.)

At first her crowds kept up a buzzing and indescribable gibbering, and occasionally joined in a loud and terribly disagreeable laugh, which she could only impute to fiends. These unwelcome sounds were generally followed by a rapid and always alarming advance of the figures, which often on those occasions presented very large and fearful faces, with insufferable glaring eyes close to her own. All self-possession then failed her, and the cold sweat of terror stood on her brow. Her single figures of the deceased and absent then began to gibber, and soon more distinctly to address her; but terror has hitherto prevented her from understanding what they said.

'She went, not very wisely, to see that banquet of demonology, *Der Freischutz;* and of course, for some time afterwards, the *dramatis personæ* of that edifying piece, not excepting his Satanic majesty in person, were her nightly visitors. Some particular figures are persevering in their visits to her. A Moor, with a turban, frequently looks over her shoulder, very impertinently, when she uses a mirror.

'Of the other illusive perceptions of Miss S. L., we may mention the sensation of being lifted up, and of sinking down and falling forward, with the puzzling perception of objects off their perpendicular; for example, the room, floor, and all, sloping to one side. (Weight affected.)

'Colours in her work, or otherwise, long looked at, are slow to quit her sight. She has noises in her head, and a sensation of heat all over it; and, last of all, when asked if she ever experienced acute pain elsewhere about the head than in the lower range of the forehead, she answered that three several times she was suddenly affected with such excruciating throbbing pain on the top of the head, that she had almost fainted; and when asked to put her finger on the spot, she put the points of each forefinger precisely on the organ of Wonder, on each side of the coronal surface!'

In the same paper Mr Simpson adduces the singular illusive perceptions suffered occasionally by Mr John Hunter, the great anatomist, several of which are identical with Miss S. L.'s. In the eighteenth and other numbers of the *Phrenological Journal*, other cases of spectral illusions are mentioned, several with local pain, which are held to corroborate the inferences drawn from that of Miss S. L. But the case of that lady seems to us the most comprehensive on the subject.

In a subsequent paper by Mr Simpson (in No. 7), the most brief and satisfactory explanation of the illusions of the English Opium-Eater is given. The forms and faces that persecuted him in millions (Form diseased)—the expansion of a night into a hundred years (Time)—his insufferable lights and splendours (Colour)—his descent for millions of miles without finding a bottom (Weight or Resistance, giving the feeling of support, diseased)—all described by him with *an eloquence that* startled the public—are only aggravated illusions,

due to his irregularities. It is extremely probable that the intoxicating gas affects the same organs.

ILLUSIONS FROM ARTIFICE.

Illusions from the use of phantasmagoria, magic lanterns, mirrors, and other means of deception connected with professed jugglery, need not here be more than alluded to. Illusions arising from the alleged appearance of, and intercourse with, spirits, are of a different kind, and a regular notice of such would form a dark chapter in the history of our popular superstitions. In all ages, there have been persons who lived by imposing on the vulgar, and pretending to possess supernatural powers. Others, either through heedlessness or a wanton spirit of mischief, have inflicted scarcely less injury on society by terrifying children and weak-minded persons with tales of ghosts and other spectral appearances. It is little more than a century since the metropolis was thrown into a state of extraordinary excitement by the Cock Lane ghost; and as the history of this affair will best illustrate the absurdity of this class of illusions, we may be allowed to add it to our list of apparition anecdotes.

About the year 1759, Mr Kempe, a gentleman from the county of Norfolk, came to reside with the sister of his deceased wife, in the house of a Mr Parsons in Cock Lane, near Smithfield. The lady, it appears, slept with a girl, the daughter of Parsons, and complained of being disturbed with very unaccountable noises. From this or some other cause, Mr Kempe and his sister-in-law removed to another lodging in Bartlett Street. Here, unfortunately, the lady, who passed by the name of Mrs Kempe, was attacked with small-pox, and died; and on the 2d of February 1760, her body was interred in a vault in St John's Church, Clerkenwell.

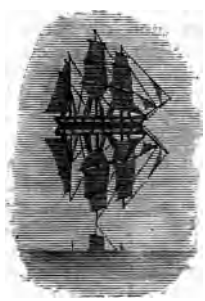
From this event two years elapsed, when a report was propagated that a great knocking and scratching had been heard in the night at the house of Parsons, to the great terror of all the family; all methods employed to discover the cause of it being ineffectual. This noise was always heard under the bed in which lay two children, the eldest of whom had slept with Mrs Kempe, as already mentioned, during her residence in this house. To find out whence it proceeded, Mr Parsons ordered the wainscot to be taken down; but the knocking and scratching, instead of ceasing, became more violent than ever. The children were then removed into the two pair of stairs room, whither they were followed by the same noise, which sometimes continued during the whole night.

From these circumstances, it was apprehended that the house was haunted; and the elder child declared that she had, some time before, seen the apparition of a woman, surrounded, as it were, by a blazing light. But the girl was not the only person who was favoured with a sight of this luminous lady. A publican in the neighbour-

abstinence. Therefore, as a *little* too often leads to *much* in the matter of drinking, those who would break off the practice should not be over-indulgent to themselves, through fear of the consequences of change. If opium have been the cause of the illusions, a *gradual* cessation from its use may be advisable.

Should the sufferer from spectral illusions be conscious of no error as regards the use of stimulants or narcotics, some affection of the brain may be suspected, and headaches will corroborate this suspicion. Local or general blood-letting will prove in most cases the best remedy. Leeches or cupping may be tried in the first place, and, if tried ineffectively, the lancet may then be employed.

With respect to the demonstrable truthfulness of stories of apparitions, we consider that the whole may be referred to natural causes. Let us think of the apparent reasons for the majority of spectral communications, supposing them to be supernatural. Can we deem it accordant with the dignity of that great Power which orders the universe, that a spirit should be sent to warn a libertine of his death? Or that a spiritual messenger should be commissioned to walk about an old manor-house, dressed in a white sheet, and dragging clanking chains, for no better purpose than to frighten old women and servant-girls, as said to be done in all haunted-chamber cases? Or that a supernatural being should be charged with the notable task of tapping on bed-heads, pulling down plates, and making a clatter among tea-cups, as in the case of the Stockwell ghost, and a thousand others? The supposition is monstrous. If to any one inhabitant of this earth—a petty atom, occupying a speck of a place on a ball which is itself an insignificant unit among millions of spheres—if to such a one a supernatural communication was deigned, certainly it would be for some purpose worthy of the all-wise Communicator, and fraught with importance to the recipient of the message, as well, perhaps, as to his whole race.



SELECTIONS FROM

THE ELIZABETHAN POETS.

OLD AGE.

AND next in order sad, Old Age we found:
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assigned
To rest, when that the Sisters had untwined
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast-declining life:

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek!

But, an the cruel fates so fixed be,
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he—
That in such withered plight, and wretched pain,
As Eld, accompanied with her loathsome train,

Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit;
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it:
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had ne'er into the world been brought:

But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast—as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone—
He would have mused, and marvelled much whereon
This wretched Age should life desire so fain,
Yet know full well life doth but lengthen pain.

—THOMAS SACKVILLE (1536—1608).

SLEEP.

COME, Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease:
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554—1586).

HIGHER ASPIRATIONS.

LEAVE me, O Love! which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
Oh! take fast hold, let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out of death,
And think how ill becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world, thine uttermost I see;
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

—*Ibid.*

THE COUNTRY'S RECREATIONS.

HEART-TEARING cares and quivering fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports;
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,
And Grief is forced to laugh against her will;
Where mirth 's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly;
Sad troop of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You 'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds perhaps our woods may sometimes shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make;
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

* * * *

Blest silent groves! Oh, may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents

Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
Which we may every year
Find when we come a-fishing here!

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552—16

TO SLEEP.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn.
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

—S. DANIEL (1562—16

THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

—CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1563—1593).

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb:
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

—ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1560—1595).

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHERE words are weak, and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And *silent* sees, that speech could not amend.

Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish;
There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardochéus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe.
The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven—to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May;
Yet grass is green, when flowers do fade away.

CONTENTMENT.

ENOUGH I reckon wealth;
That mean, the surest lot
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil:
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I fear no care for gold;
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride;
Their fall is worst that from the height
Of greatest honour slide.

Since sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear;
I bear so low and small a sail
As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage,
  While fury's flame doth burn;
It is in vain to stop the stream
  Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
  And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
  Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proof,
  A tempered calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
  Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
  My clothes more fit than fine:
I know I feed and clothe a foe,
  That, pampered, would repine.

I envy not their hap
  Whom favour doth advance;
I take no pleasure in their pain
  That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall,
  I deem a losing gain;
All states with others' ruin built,
  To ruin run amain.

No change of fortune's calm
  Can cast my comforts down;
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
  How quickly she will frown.

And when, in froward mood,
  She proves an angry foe,
Small gain I find to let her come—
  Less loss to let her go.

—*Ibid.*

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend:

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

—Sir Henry Wotton (1568—1639).

FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;
Honour, the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damasked skin;
State, but a golden prison to live in,
And torture freeborn minds; embroidered trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own:
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

* * * *

Welcome, pure thoughts; welcome, ye silent groves;
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves:
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.

Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears:
Then here I 'll sigh, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect a holy melancholy;
And if Contentment be a stranger then,
I 'll ne'er look for it but in heaven again.

—*Ibid.*

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

—BEN JONSON (1573—1637).

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—*Ibid.*

SONG—TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I 'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

HYMN TO DIANA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close;
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver:
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

TO MY SON.

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well:
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places.

I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

—RICHARD CORBET (1582—1635).

THE DIRGE.

WHAT is the existence of man's life,
But open war, or slumbered strife;
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;
And never feels a perfect peace
Till Death's cold hand signs his release?

It is a storm—where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood;
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds, and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
Is moralised in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wandering as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay,
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
The sunset, as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight;
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes, include;

The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

—Dr Henry King (1591—1669).

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER.

Mortality, behold and fear,
What a charge of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heap of stones:
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where, from their pulpits sealed with dust,
They preach—in greatness is no trust.
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royalest seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
Though gods they were, as men they died:
Here are wands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

—Francis Beaumont (1585—1616).

MELANCHOLY.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
  Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
  But only melancholy!

Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up, without a sound!

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy.

—*Ibid.*

VIRTUE.

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shews ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—GEORGE HERBERT (1593—1632).

BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read, how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:

And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you, a while, they glide
Into the grave.

—ROBERT HERRICK (1591—1674)

TO CORINNA:

TO GO A-MAYING.

Get up, get up, for shame! the blushing morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn;
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh quilted colours through the air;
Up, up, sweet slug-a-bed! and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you are not dressed:
Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their grateful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you.
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them, while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the Night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth; nay, then, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best when we do go a-Maying.

* * * *

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time:
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty:
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;

So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lie drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

—*Ibid.*

TO PRIMROSES,

FILLED WITH DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shewn
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:
'That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.'

—*Ibid.*

A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof;

Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee—
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent:
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land:
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly thine:
But the acceptance—that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

—*Ibid.*

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

—*Ibid.*

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

—JAMES SHIRLEY.

TEMPERANCE, OR THE CHEAP PHYSICIAN.

GO, now, and with some daring drug
Bait thy disease; and, whilst they tug,
Thou, to maintain their precious strife,
Spend the dear treasures of thy life.
Go, take physic, dote upon
Some big-named composition,
The oraculous doctors' mystic bills—
Certain hard words made into pills;
And what at last shalt gain by these?
Only a costlier disease.
That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed.
Hark, hither, reader! wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well;
Her garments that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit;
A well-clothed soul that's not oppressed,
Nor choked with what she should be dressed:
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine;
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aërial veil, is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shews the blushing bride;
A soul, whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams—
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?

A man whose tunèd humours be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
Age? Wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark, hither! and thyself be he.

—RICHARD CRASHAW.

FLOWERS.

NOT Iris in her pride and bravery,
Adorns her arch with such variety;
Nor doth the Milk-white Way in frosty night,
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
As do these fields and groves, and sweeter bowers,
Bestrewed and decked with party-coloured flowers,
Along the babbling brooks, and silver glide,
That at the bottom doth in silence slide,
The watery flowers, and lilies on the banks,
Like blazing comets, burgeon all in ranks;
Under the hawthorn, and the poplar-tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be:
The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet and wholesome minthe,
The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen
Of summer flowers, do overpeer the green;
And round about the valley as you pass,
Ye may no see, for peeping flowers, the grass.

—G. PEELE (1584).

RETIREMENT.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.

Oh, how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve!
Oh, how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

—WILLIAM DRUMMOND (1585—1649).

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care.
Well pleasèd with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

—*Ibid.*

SPRING.

SWEET Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers.
Sweet Spring, thou com'st; but ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air
Is gone; nor gold nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot lie closèd in a tomb.

—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

THERE is no worldly pleasure here below
  Which by experience doth not folly prove;
But among all the follies that I know,
  The sweetest folly in the world is love.

But not that passion which, by fools' consent,
  Above the reason bears imperious sway,
Making their lifetime a perpetual Lent,
  As if a man were born to fast and pray.

No! that is not the humour I approve,
  As either yielding pleasure or promotion;
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
  Although I do not like it in devotion.

For it hath no coherence with my creed,
  To think that lovers die as they pretend;
If all that say they die had died indeed,
  Sure long ere now the world had had an end.

Besides, we need not love but if we please,
  No destiny can force men's disposition;
And how can any die of that disease
  Whereof himself may be his own physician?

But some seem so distracted of their wits,
  That I would think it but a venial sin
To take one of these innocents that sit
  In bedlam out, and put some lover in.

Yet some men, rather than endure the slander
  Of true apostates, will false martyrs prove;
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,
  I'll neither drown nor hang myself for love.

Methinks a wise man's actions should be such
  As always yield to reason's best advice;
Now, for to love too little, or too much,
  Are both extremes, and all extremes are vice.

Yet have I been a lover by report,
  Yea, I have died for love as others do;
But praised be God, it was in such a sort
  That I revived within an hour or two.

Thus have I lived, thus have I loved till now,
And found no reason to repent me yet;
And whosoever otherwise will do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

—SIR ROBERT AYTON (1570—1638).

ON A LADY THAT PAINTED.

PAMPHILIA hath a number of good arts,
Which commendation to her worth imparts;
But, above all, in one she doth excel—
That she can *paint* incomparably well;
And yet so modest, that if praised for this,
She 'll swear she does not know what painting is,
But straight will blush with such a portrait grace,
That one would think *vermilion* dyed her face.
One of her pictures I have ofttimes seen,
And would have sworn that it herself had been;
And when I bade her it on me bestow,
I swear I heard the picture's self say—No!
What! think you this a prodigy? It 's none—
The *painter* and the *picture* both were one!

—*Ibid.*

ON RETURNING LATE AT NIGHT FROM COURT.

THE other night, from court returning late,
Tired with attendance, out of love with state,
I met a boy, who asked if he should go
Along to light me home. I answered, No!
Yet he did urge the darkness of the night,
The foulness of the way required a light.
'It 's true, good boy,' quoth I; 'yet thou mayst be
More useful to some other than to me;
I cannot miss my way; but they that take
The way from whence I came, have need to make
A light their guide; for boldly do I say,
It 's ten to one but they shall lose their way.'

—*Ibid.*

DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;

As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
  Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win
  My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
  And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

—THOMAS CAREW (1589—1639).

FAIRY ARMOUR.

PIGWIGGEN arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
  Yet could it not be pierced:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
  Whose sharpness naught reversed:

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
  No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting;
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanced to hurt the king,
  It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
  Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossèd by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
  And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round;
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

—M. DRAYTON (1563—1631).

SUMMER'S' EVE.

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All checkered was the sky,
Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.

The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,
Looked as they most desired,
To see whose head with orient pearls
Most curiously was tyred.

The rills that on the pebbles played
Might now be heard at will;
This world the only music made,
Else everything was still.

And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it received too large a share
From Nature's rich perfumes.

—*Ibid.*

RICHES SHOULD NOT DESPISE POVERTY.

IF well thou viewest us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty;
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:
Our ends and births alike; in this, as I,
Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou, having more than much, yet seekest more:
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and who so wants, is poor:
  Then this must follow of necessity—
  Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gettest, yet is thy want not spent,
But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch:
But with my little I have much content.
Content hath all, and who hath all, is rich:
  Then this in reason thou must needs confess—
  If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever,
To reckon how, and where, and when he spent;
Then thus thou braggest, thou art a great receiver:
  Little my debt, when little is my store;
  The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

—PHINEAS FLETCHER (1584—1650).

CONTENT.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

—ROBERT GREENE (1560—1592).

TIME BREEDETH CHANGE.

IN time we see the silver drops
  The craggy stones make soft;
The slowest snail in time we see
  Doth creep and climb aloft.

With feeble puffs the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall;
The hardest heart in time doth yield
To Venus' luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire;
Where deep disdain bred noisome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap:
What care in time not eased?
In time I loathed that now I love,
In both content and pleased.

—*Ibid.*

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

AND what's a life?—a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life?—the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day! hour eats up hour:
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit!—how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy: here's nothing worth a smile.

—FRANCIS QUARLES (1592—1644).

MAN.

CAN he be fair, that withers at a blast?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?

Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?
So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;
So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He's old enough to-day, to die to-morrow:
Why bragg'st thou, then, thou worm of five feet long?
Thou 'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young.
—*Ibid.*

SONG.

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day;
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, larks, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the lark, I 'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them both I 'll borrow.

Wake from thy rest, robin redbreast;
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird, and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.
—THOMAS HEYWOOD (1580).

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

MY mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That God or nature hath assigned:

Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, nor wealthy store,
  Nor force to win a victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to win a loving eye:
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind despise them all.

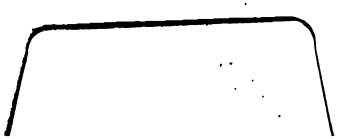
I see that plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as are aloft,
  Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway;
  I wish no more than may suffice;
I do no more than well I may,
  Look what I want, my mind supplies:
Lo! thus I triumph like a king;
My mind's content with anything.

I laugh not at another's loss,
  Nor grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
  I brook what is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
  And conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
  Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all do so as well as I!

—BYRD.



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